FEB. 18,
1939

★ Liberty

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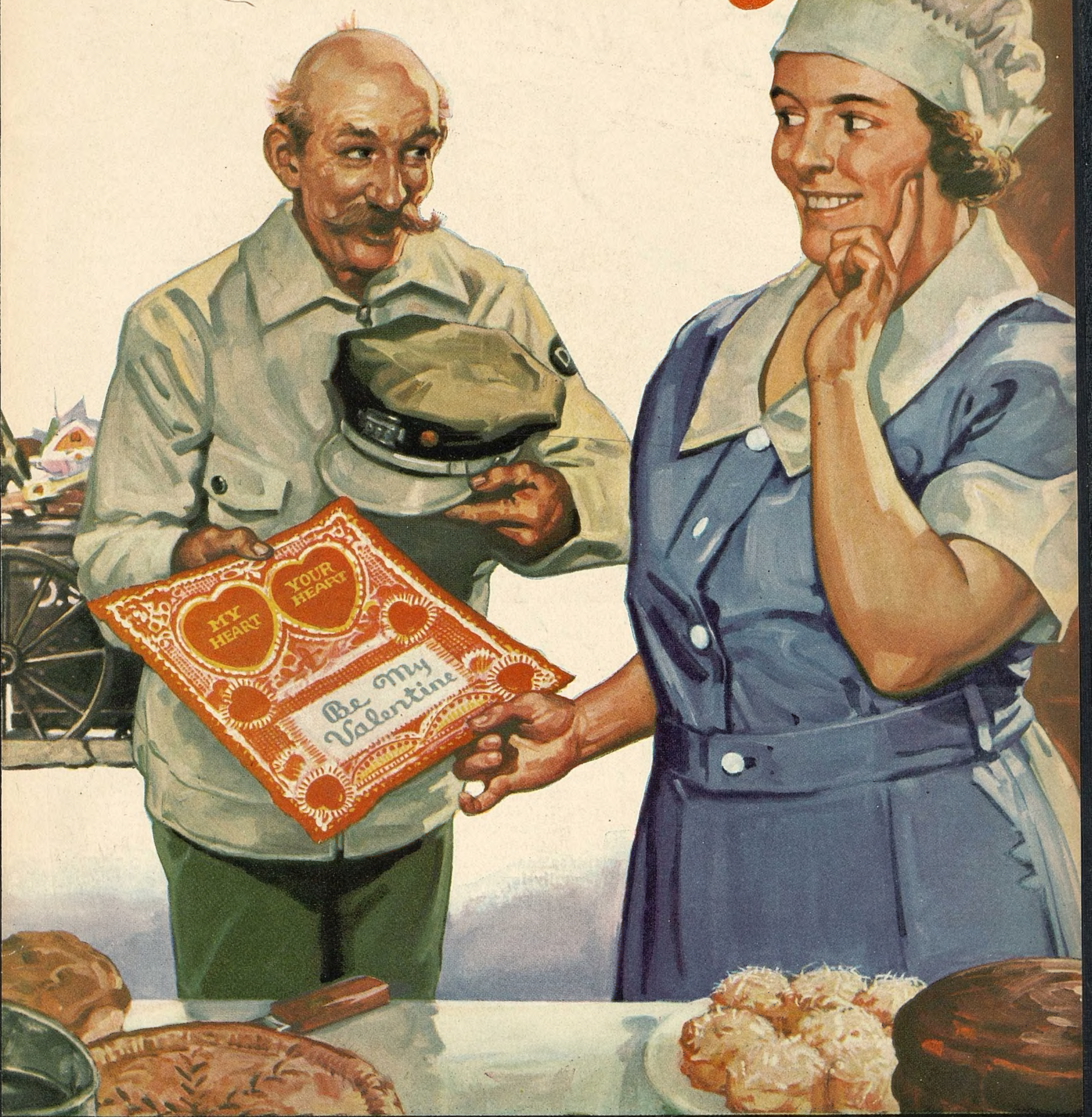
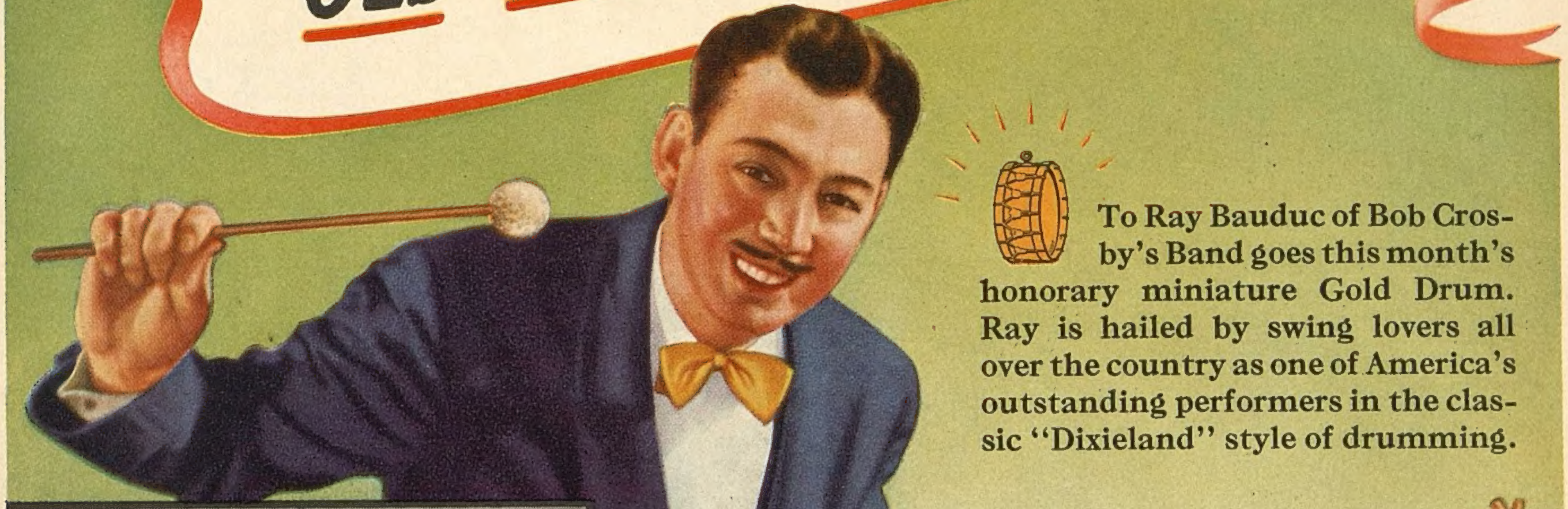

MY HEART
YOUR HEART
Be my Valentine

MARRIED A NAZI: A NARRATIVE FROM LIFE ABOUT AN AMERICAN WIFE IN GERMANY

WHAT IS JIMMY ROOSEVELT'S REAL JOB IN HOLLYWOOD?

THE BATTLE OF THE FAIRS: NEW YORK vs. SAN FRANCISCO

SWING OUT TODAY'S BIG HIT— OLD DRUM'S A FAVORITE!



To Ray Bauduc of Bob Crosby's Band goes this month's honorary miniature Gold Drum. Ray is hailed by swing lovers all over the country as one of America's outstanding performers in the classic "Dixieland" style of drumming.

MIXED OR STRAIGHT ITS FLAVOR'S GREAT!
OLD DRUM

Old Drum's delicious flavor . . . its mellow richness and smoothness will prove to you that it's truly a whiskey of the highest quality. So get a bottle today! Whether mixed or straight, it's the perfect drink!

OLD DRUM GIN

TRY OLD DRUM DISTILLED DRY GIN

. . . for a marvelous Martini, a smoother Bronx or Pink Lady!

AND PRICED FOR ME YOU'LL SAY WITH GLEE

For a really superb whiskey . . . a whiskey that has *everything* . . . Old Drum tops them all! Best of all, the price of this splendid blend is really low, too!

Calvert
OLD DRUM
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO. BALTIMORE, MD.
90 PROOF
A CALVERT PRODUCT
FULL PINT

FOR FLAVOR, QUALITY— AND PRICE, YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!
OLD DRUM
WHISKEY
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

OLD DRUM

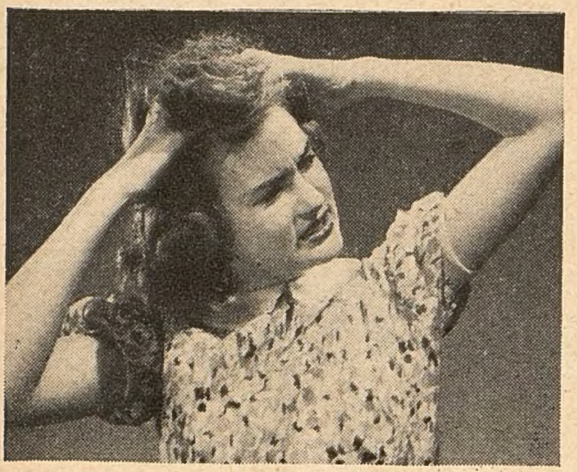
BRAND · *Blended Whiskey*

COPR. 1939 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERIES: BALTIMORE, MD., AND LOUISVILLE, KY., EXEC. OFFICES: CHRYSLER BLDG., N. Y. C. OLD DRUM BRAND BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. OLD DRUM BRAND DISTILLED DRY GIN—DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—85 PROOF.

Listerine cured my daughter's dandruff in ten days

Writes MRS. ELEANOR HUNTER—Little Neck, N.Y.

Posed by professional models



My teen age daughter had dandruff so badly that it was extremely disagreeable.

I spent weeks trying to get rid of it; came to the conclusion nothing would do it.

DANDRUFF at last
found CURABLE
LISTERINE

Then in a magazine I saw an ad telling how Listerine cures dandruff.

DANDRUFF at last
found CURABLE!
LISTERINE

I read about the amazing scientific tests that proved Listerine kills the dandruff germ.

I tried Listerine, applying it daily to her scalp with little bits of cotton.

In ten days the condition was entirely cleared up. And she hasn't had a sign of dandruff since.

Here's why the Listerine Treatment works: Dandruff is a germ disease . . . Listerine Antiseptic kills the germ

Do conflicting claims of dandruff remedies bewilder you? Then you will be glad to know there is one logical, scientifically sound treatment, proved again and again in laboratory and clinic . . . Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Recently, in the most intensive research of its kind ever undertaken, Scientists proved that *dandruff is a germ disease.* And, in test after test, Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle, mastered dandruff by killing the queer, bottle-shaped dandruff germ —Pityrosporum ovale.

At one famous skin clinic patients were instructed to use the Listerine Antiseptic treatment once a day. Within *two weeks,* on the average, a substantial number had obtained marked relief! At another clinic, patients were told to use this same Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. By the end of a month 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms.

Try the delightful, stimulating Listerine Antiseptic treatment today. See for yourself how wonderfully soothing it is . . . how quickly it rids hair and scalp of ugly scales . . . how much cleaner and healthier both scalp and hair appear.

And remember, even after you have rid yourself of dandruff, it is wise to massage your scalp occasionally with Listerine Antiseptic to guard against reinfection. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.* **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

LISTERINE
LAMBERT

Tested and Approved 4602 Good Housekeeping Bureau

LISTERINE

the *PROVED* treatment for dandruff

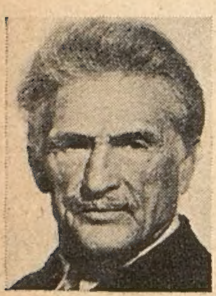
FEBRUARY 18, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 7

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

AT ONE TIME THERE WERE STATES' RIGHTS


BERNARR MACFADDEN

Will wonders never cease?

The Governor of Vermont has discovered that his state has certain rights which the federal government cannot seize, and the legislature has adopted a resolution petitioning Congress to repeal the law under the authority of which the Secretary of War has taken possession of certain lands in the State of Vermont for flood-control purposes.

In a resolution denouncing the grasping powers of the federal administration, and referring to the arbitrary, ambitious, and unscrupulous minority in Washington, he asked and received funds to fight the Washington government in what he claims is usurpation of the rights of his state.

We have begun to acquire the impression that whatever rights the states might have had disappeared long ago. The Washington government has been borrowing money on the credit of the states of this country to the extent of billions, without a protest from a single state official. To be sure, this money has been divided up among the various states, although it has never been prorated in accordance with the population or the taxpaying records. The decision of the President has been the sole authority in passing out this huge amount of money.

We have heard of people being bribed into silence. Perhaps the money has been needed so badly in the various states that the officials have remained silent. Furthermore, realizing as they do that ultimately they will have to pay the taxes to clear up this huge indebtedness, they feel doubtless that it is their right to get their share of the loot—if it might be so termed.

But if the states of this country are to retain the rights to which they are entitled in accordance with the Constitution under which we are governed, it is about time for state officials to make some effort to protect them.

The emergency measures under which the President is operating at the present time gives him more power than has ever been swayed by any king at any time in the history of the world; but there is no constitutional authority for making these powers permanent, and if our present Congress does not take some action to rescind these special enactments, they are derelict in their duties.

To a large extent, state lines have been erased. Secretary Wallace tells the farmers how much they can raise. He is the agricultural dictator. Secretary Hopkins operated the stupendous charity program . . . taking the money borrowed on the credit of the states, and giving it back, to a large extent, in accordance with his judgment.

The Wage and Hour Bill recently passed enabled the Washington government to dictate what wages shall be paid to every employee in interstate industries in every state throughout the Union.

In the various state governments we had opportunities to experiment with crackpot legislation without doing a great deal of harm to any one. When the state learned of its disastrous consequences, a law could be quickly annulled. But federal legislation includes the entire nation. We are experimenting with 130,000,000 people.

The Wagner Labor Law has industry by the throat. It has scared business men everywhere and favors one group against another in a manner that outrageously ignores individual rights. There should be no favoritism in the laws of this country. . . . Rich or poor . . . high or low . . . we should all be equal before the law.

This administration doubtless has helped the forgotten man. It has definitely called attention to the needs of what we term the lower classes. But to help one group by bludgeoning another is not the American system. Equal rights to all, and no special privileges.

We congratulate the Governor of Vermont for his spirited defense of the rights of his state. It is about time for the governors of the various states to awaken to the dangers with which they are threatened. If the federal government is allowed to continue in its present lawmaking rampage, state lines will soon be abolished altogether.

Bernarr Macfadden

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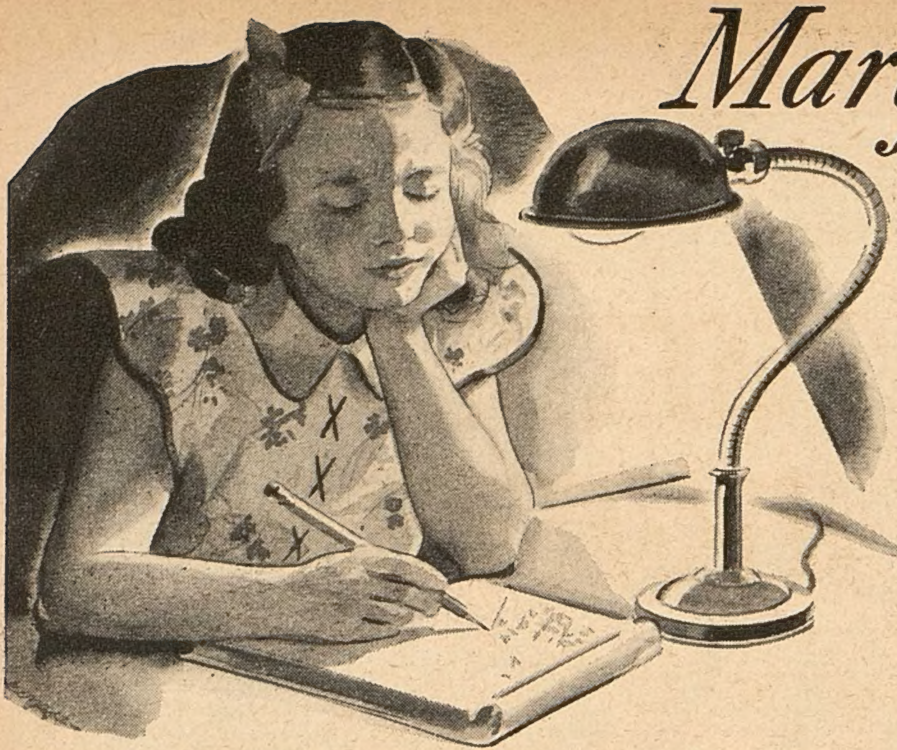


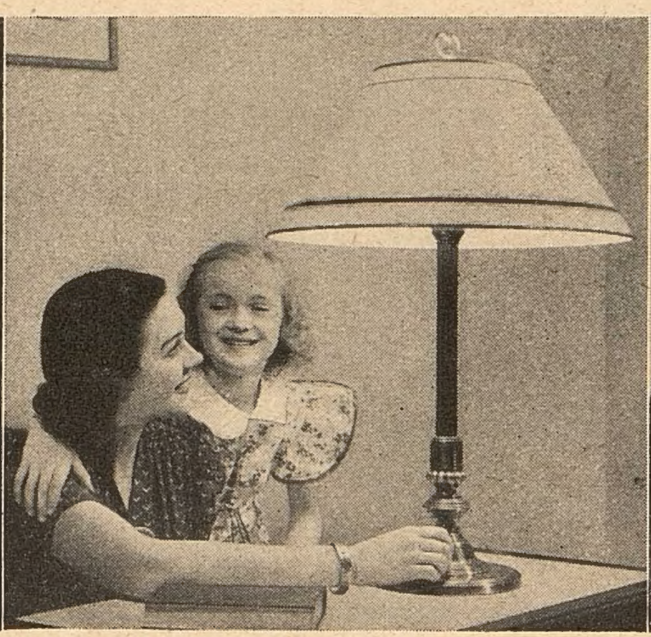
Mary got a "D" in ARITHMETIC

. . . because Mother flunked in lighting

Poor Mary! She fell down in arithmetic because Mother flunked in lighting. Eyestrain was really to blame for that "D" . . . eyestrain caused by the harsh, glaring light in Mary's room. Close work under poor lighting breeds eyestrain that often masquerades as dullness, lack of interest, headaches.

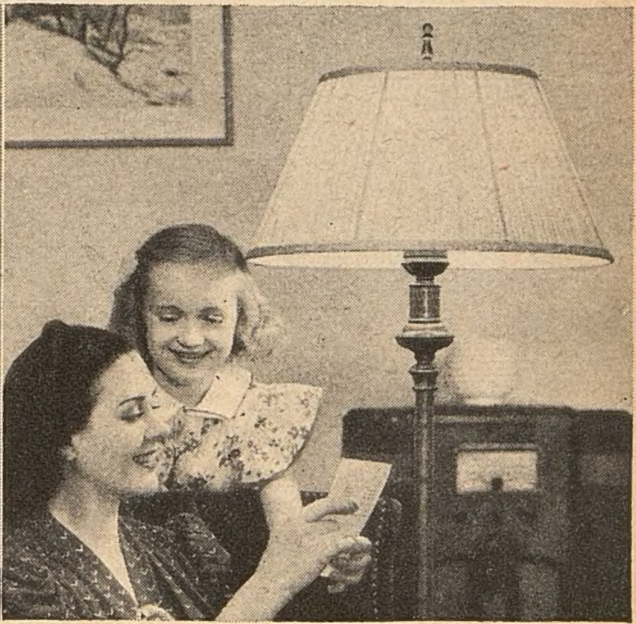
But her mother never suspected . . . UNTIL . . .

1. She read a magazine article on Better Light for Better Sight. It told her why poor lighting caused eyestrain . . . often slowed children down in school. And so . . .



2. A new lamp went into Mary's room . . . an I. E. S. Lamp, the kind that bears this certification tag of good light and good value. What a difference the soft, restful light made!

CERTIFICATE AS TO
COMPLIANCE WITH
I. E. S.
SPECIFICATIONS



3. No "D's" now! Mary's card showed marked improvement . . . and so does Mother's "lighting." In fact, after Mother tried Mary's lamp she was delighted to find out how little it cost to give the whole family better light.

4. Dad gets a bigger kick out of his workshop now. That 150-watt Silvered Bowl G-E bulb gives him plenty of soft, glareless light — helps him do jobs he's proud of — cuts down eyestrain.

5. "Even dish washing seems less of a chore," says Mary's mother, "since I installed that new 75-watt bulb in the fixture over the kitchen sink and a 150-watt bulb in the ceiling fixture."

SIGHT IS PRICELESS ...LIGHT IS CHEAP

The right size bulb in the right socket may help some member of your family avoid eyestrain.

100-watt . . . for I. E. S. Better Sight Table, bridge and pinned up lamps. Now only	**15c**
150-watt Silvered Bowl . . . inexpensive way to have soft, indirect light, now	**65c**
100-200-300-watt . . . Three-Lite MAZDA Lamps, for 3-light I. E. S. lamps, now only	**60c**
75, 60, 40, 25, 15-watt . . . . . now only	**15c**

Ask your dealer to help you select an assortment of G-E bulbs to fit your needs and begin Light Conditioning now.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

Here comes

"Huck Finn"..

... to make you forget the hustle and bustle of the world we live in ... to take you back ... through the way of the heart ... to childhood's happy, adventurous days!

Mark Twain's favorite character ... played by a boy who was *born* to be Huckleberry Finn. A boy whose wholesome personality, impish smile and essential "boyishness" proclaim him as the living image of "Huck."

Mickey Rooney will make you a child again—as you watch him splitting a catfish open ... plotting against the Duke of Bilgewater and the Lost Dauphin ... tormenting and protecting black Jim by turns ... He's as honest as Mississippi mud. He's as human as a cold in the nose. He's the immortal Huckleberry Finn!

Mark Twain's

"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

STARRING

MICKEY ROONEY

with WALTER CONNOLLY

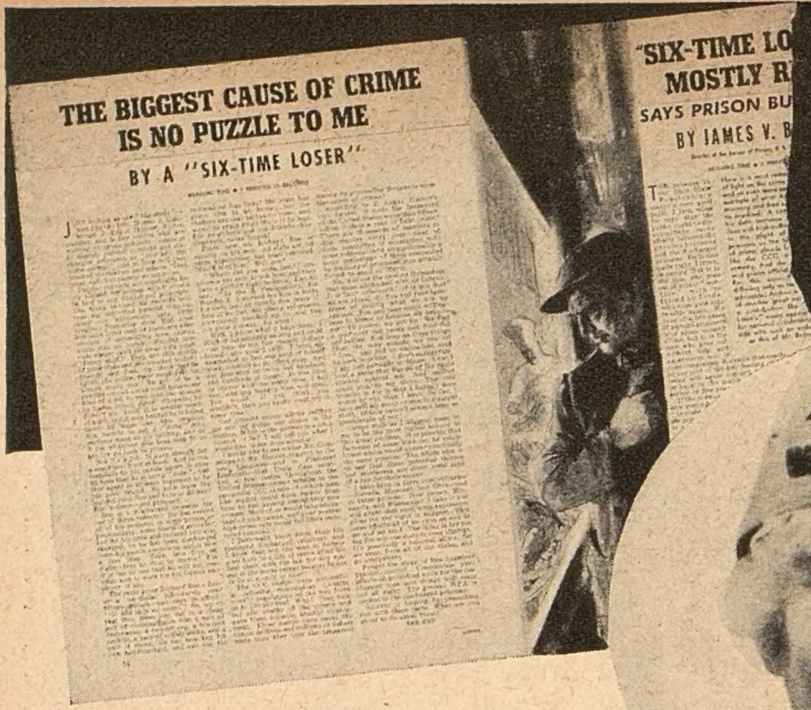
WILLIAM FRAWLEY • REX INGRAM

LYNNE CARVER • JO ANN SAYERS

Screen Play by Hugo Butler • Directed by Richard Thorpe • Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

"The Wizard of Oz" (in Technicolor) now in production at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios



THE BIGGEST CAUSE OF CRIME IS NO PUZZLE TO ME

BY A "SIX-TIME LOSER"

"SIX-TIME LO

MOSTLY R

SAYS PRISON BU

BY JAMES V. B

OLD-TIME PRISONERS DO MAKE GOOD!

BY MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH

From one who knows—A heartfelt and arresting challenge to the U. S. A.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

I HAVE read with interest the two articles in which Liberty presented to the public the views of "Six-Time Loser" and the opinion of James V. Bennett, Director of the United States Bureau of Prisons. The facts are all too true. How often in my forty-four years of close contact with the prisons and with thousands of individual prisoners, have I heard the same tragic story!

My experience with the prison population convinces me that the large majority of those in prison have learned their lesson and would go straight after their first jail term if given a fair chance. This conviction has come to me through my long years of service for those who have trusted me with their confidence as their "Little Mother."

Even among the old-timers—the men who have returned to prison again and again—only a few whom we have helped have proved failures. I found that these men who had never had a true friend or a real chance, had a wonderful sense of loyalty when they were trusted.

I am writing this message as I travel to Trenton to spend the day with the New Jersey prisoners, and that brings to my mind the story of a notorious forger. It must have been thirty-five years ago, as I was leaving the prison chapel, that the man who was playing the organ and leading the choir stepped forward and grasped me by the hand, saying, "Only six more months, Little Mother, and I will be free to come to you!"

Later, the warden told me the man's story.

"He is one of the cleverest professional forgers we have ever had to handle," he said. "He is educated, writes well, speaks several languages and is a professional musician. When they brought him in here he was very bitter and antagonistic toward everything. He jeered at any of the men who went to the chapel services or prayed or asked for a Bible. Now, however, his influence is for good. The change is a miracle!"

The six months passed. His fifteen-year sentence was over. The man came home to me.

So fine was his influence that I used him for two years in helping other men. He saved his money and opened a little business in a New England town. It prospered and he made many friends. He married and built a home. Year after year, when he came to the city, he would call to see me and before leaving he would slip a check into my hand, with the words, "This is to help others who come to you penniless!"

I have found in my ministry to the prisoners a very earnest turning away from the evil past and a sincere desire for God's help in atoning for it. I agree with Six-time Loser that the discharged prisoner has a hard row to hoe. But the paroled man today is also up against bitter disappointment and needs understanding help. The law requires that those who are given their parole, having fulfilled all requirements of the law and the prison, must still remain within the walls until they have definite employment to go to. Friendless men, or those who have spared their friends and relatives the knowledge of their imprisonment, wait on hopelessly for a sponsor and the promise of a job.

Employers, when approached with a request for a job for these men, almost always say, "I cannot give work to a man I have not seen or talked with."

Here, Mr. Bennett's suggestion touches the very vital point. If such men could go out and seek a job with the promise to return without dishonor if they failed, the difficulty facing our parole officers and the paroled men would be lessened.

The camp idea suggested by Six-Time Loser would, to my thinking, prove unwise. Such a camp would be more or less under restrictions, which would make the man feel he was still a prisoner. There would also be a danger of exploitation. They would be marked men. Again, any crime committed within a radius of miles around them would surely be attributed to them. For these reasons I do not see a hopeful outlook for state or federal work such as Mr. Bennett suggests as possible in the future. These men, when they come out, must become free agents, must mix with the world at large and lose the brand of their past experience.

I have a suggestion that I want to broadcast to the world as a challenge to the religious ministers of our nation—Protestant, Catholic, and Hebrew.

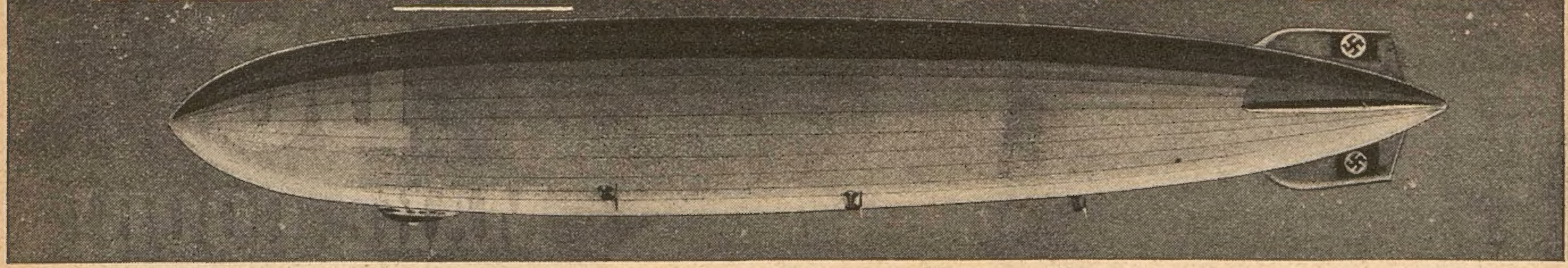
If every church in America would undertake the finding of one job a year for one returning prisoner, either discharged or paroled, tens of thousands of men could be saved from despair. Of course the secret of the man's past would have to be guarded by his employer. But friends could be found for him and a suitable lodging place, and he could be watched over by a kindly guardian during those difficult first months of readjustment.

Such work is purely the duty and the privilege of the Church of God! We should all be losing our opportunity by putting it up to the state or federal government.

It is not charity these men ask, nor pity—just practical friendship; and I believe when given generously and wisely, as by Jean Valjean's bishop, it will meet with a response of gratitude that in itself will bind the recipient to keep faith and prove worthy.

THE END

THEY CAN BOMB NEW YORK!



READING TIME
4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Once it was nearly done—An insider unveils a startling military secret

BY IVAN SOMERVILLE

NEW YORK *can* be bombed. The fact that war has been averted in Europe by an eyelash should not blind the United States to her danger from an overseas enemy.

Few people know that New York had a hairbreadth escape from bombing in 1918. Only the chance intervention of an alert British patrol in the North Sea prevented it. One Zeppelin was shot down, the other turned back. A search of the control cabin of the disabled Zeppelin brought to light the order for the expedition, revealing the entire plan, which military men admitted would have been successful.

The facts concerning that proposed raid were not published, and few New Yorkers ever knew of all the preparations that were made to meet the threat that never came through.

Before the World War, Germany, bidding for the moral support of the United States, flooded this country with misleading propaganda. To counter this, a bureau was established to supply correct information on the European situation. As a director of the staff of this bureau after the United States entered the war, I had access to official information, much of it confidential at the time. From that material, and from personal talks with army and navy authorities, members of Allied commissions, espionage officials, and others, there was constantly before me a picture of activities that were never made known to the public. Now that the world is again faced with universal disaster, I believe it time for these grave possibilities to be uncovered.

Today Germany stands ready to carry to successful completion the attempts which failed in 1918. Plans are on file, mechanical equipment is ready, military aviators are trained. Many of these men, under commercial subterfuges, have flown over New York and its approaches, checking data and correcting inaccuracies.

When will such a raid take place? Who knows?

That the German General Staff does not merely denounce the democratic and economic policies of the United States, but counts on being ready to defeat those policies when necessary, is only too evident. Since a rapid march of favorable events has advanced Germany a long way toward her objectives in Europe, the Nazi party leaders are now preparing for the next step.

We have seen how, but for the vigilance of that British patrol in 1918, we should have been rudely awakened from our dream of security by a Zeppelin bombing of New York City. Now that the power of the British navy to act as our first line of defense has been temporarily paralyzed by a forced agreement, which has rendered Britain impotent, her reputation blighted in the eyes of the dictatorships, Germany is again in a position to threaten us.

The rapid expansion of civil aviation in America gave Germany the opportunity, by false claims of co-operation, to work out a plan for an air attack on the Atlantic seaboard. The carefully studied flights of the Hindenburg were an important part of this plan. Captain Ernst A. Lehmann, the Hindenburg's commander, was a high-ranking wartime Zeppelin commander. His experience admirably fitted him for the task of plotting raid objectives and gathering military information. The Hindenburg's voyages were flagrant and successful espionage moves. Not only did these voyages cover the coastline from Chesapeake Bay to Cape Cod, but many loops were made inland which in every case seem to have reached places vital to our industrial, communication, and defense plans.

Germany's trials of her catapult ship on the North Atlantic crossing was another part of her plan. This venture, she announced, was an experiment in mail transport, a part of her civil aviation program.

Military observers in the United States viewed with apprehension the carefully tested and timed flights from various parts of the Atlantic to Port Washington, Long Island; flights that gave all the facts needed to route bombers, by a slight change in compass adjustment, to important civil and naval centers on the Atlantic coast.

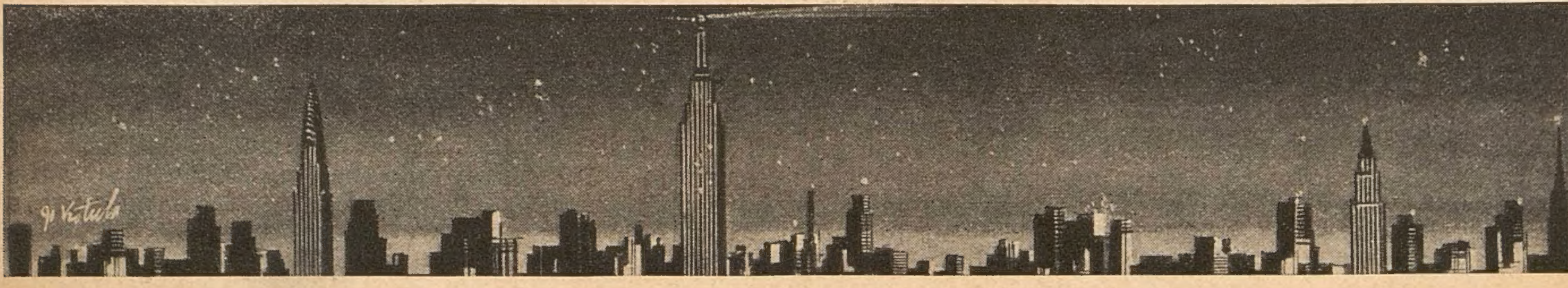
How could this be done? Easily enough.

The airplanes to be used have powerful engines, and they would not be required to carry one ounce of weight other than fuel and bombs. The range of each plane would be limited to the trip to the coast and back to the catapult carrier lying somewhere in the Atlantic. A Zeppelin, floating high in the heavens, safe from the gunfire of navy craft, could radio information on the movements of American ships, and a slight shift in the position of the plane carriers would take them out of the course of our scouting craft.

The catapult ships could be protected by a screen of submarines in a wide circle ahead of them. The Canary Islands, the Azores, and the Madeira group—obvious bases for fleet operations in mid-Atlantic—are known to have been extensively surveyed by German submarines in Spanish waters. That our government is uneasy about these supply bases is evident from inquiries now being made informally of Great Britain and France for information on " the extent to which Germany is now using the Canaries as a submarine base."

Yes, New York *can* be bombed. And it *will* be, if and when the dictator nations decide it suits their purpose. Are we going to continue our ostrichlike refusal to face facts, or are we going to do something about it?

THE END

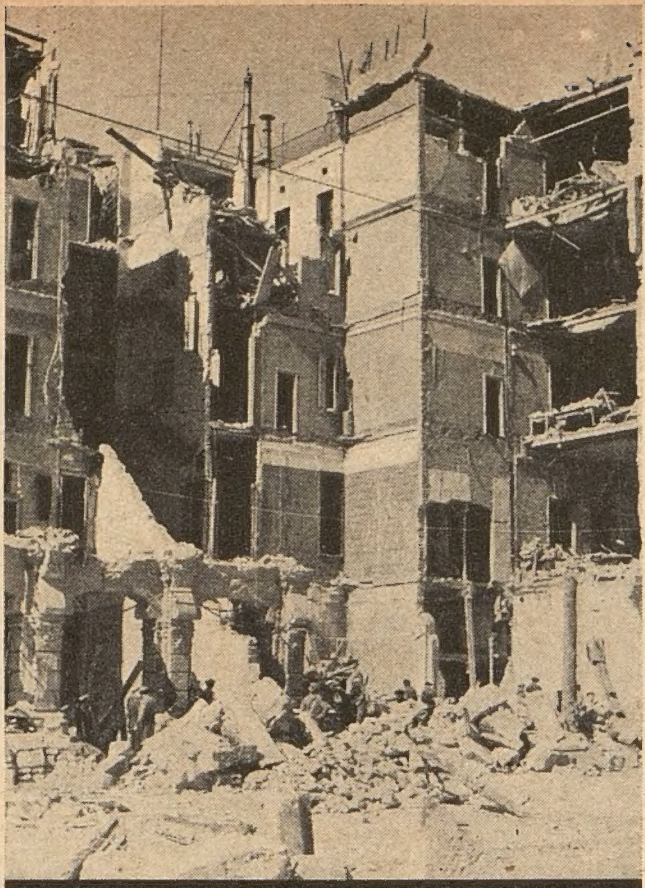


READING TIME
4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHY SCARE US TO DEATH?

BY MAJOR FREDERIC I. LORD

A fighting flyer offers a differing view of the menace from the sky



Left: Outer walls torn away, but buildings standing, in Barcelona.

NEW YORK cannot be destroyed by bombs! It cannot be gassed by airplanes! Why scare us to death?

"But haven't our aviation 'experts,' both civil and military, claimed otherwise?" you say. "Why, then, the sudden cry for 12,000 planes by 1940?"

Well, we are a gullible nation. And we are air-conscious—so much so that we accept improbable sensationalism as the truth. We "take the doctor's word" for things. Before we start digging bomb shelters or deserting our cities, let's face facts.

"Airplanes made 5,280 raids during which 1,925,000 pounds of explosives were used."

Reading the above, you start hunting a hole. Why should you? Those 5,280 raids *have already happened!* And hardly made the daily papers! The above is a quotation from a United Press report of April 28, 1938, from Lisbon, Portugal, revealing a statement from Spanish Rebel headquarters of their aerial activities over Loyalist territory for a three-weeks period.

Lest you think this was unusual air activity, read then that the small province of Catalonia alone "suffered 552 air raids during the first six months of 1938, during which 12,777 bombs were dropped."

Yet Loyalist Spain did not succumb, nor was Barcelona terror-stricken. All these raids were not winning the war for Franco.

It is generally admitted that the Rebels have superiority in the air and that the Loyalists have but few planes, which they cannot spare for the defense of Barcelona. Likewise, they have few antiaircraft guns.

The city is the easiest sort of victim for bombing planes. Practically unprotected, it lies on the seacoast. The raiders take off from the Balearic Islands, only a few minutes' flight away, silently glide down over the city, and drop their load of destructiveness. They are gone again before their bombs explode.

Yet over a six-months period, in many hundreds of air raids, the total number of houses destroyed in all of Catalonia was but 2,093. The point is that, under the most favorable conditions, the Fascist-Nazi air power has failed in the primary purpose of "total" air warfare—to destroy the will to win of the victims.

Airplanes will never win wars, sink fleets, or destroy modern steel-and-concrete cities. Most air forces today accept General Douhet's theories as their Bible. (General Douhet is the Italian who first propounded the theory of "total" warfare: destruction of nerve centers, bombardment of civilian centers—destruction of the will to win.) Yet in practice his theories don't work. Planes don't create panic; they only unite the victims in greater effort. And, once people are war-wary, but few casualties result.

After observing the war in Spain and China, our own air corps has abandoned Douhet's theories.

During the World War I participated in ineffectual bomb raids—and was on the receiving end. But airplanes were new at that time? All right. In 1919 I flew in north Russia, when the enemy had but few opposing aircraft and few antiaircraft guns. The air was ours. And we took a licking by the Soviet. "But airplanes will win the *next* war," the pilots said.

In Ethiopia the Fascists rained liquid mustard gas on bare black backs. Then the natives learned to take cover, and today the Italian does not dare wander from town without machine-gun protection.

"But wait," advocates of Douhet yelled, "until a war against modern cities comes! Then watch the airplane clean up."

Always the next war! Well, that war is now going on in Spain. Four thousand residences have been destroyed in Madrid. Franco's bombs have created a million orphans. Entire blocks of apartments are blasted away in Barcelona. Terror? Not a bit of it. The Spaniard shakes his fist at the bombers, pulls in his belt, and starts rebuilding.

Modern steel-and-concrete buildings aren't toppled by bombs. Spanish buildings are generally of old construction. An explosive force can easily destroy them.

When a bomb explodes near a building, several forces act. First there is the explosion, compressing the air and exerting a pushing force against the walls. This is followed by a powerful suction as air rushes in to replace that displaced by the explosion. It is this suction that Spanish buildings are not built to withstand, and accounts for the pictures one sees of an outer wall torn away, leaving furniture undisturbed and pictures still hanging.

But University City in Madrid has modern buildings which have been bombed and shelled for two years, yet do not collapse. That is our modern American city. It can be shattered but not destroyed.

Airplanes today are faster, larger, and more reliable; but their destructiveness is not a great deal greater than our old World War "flaming coffins'."

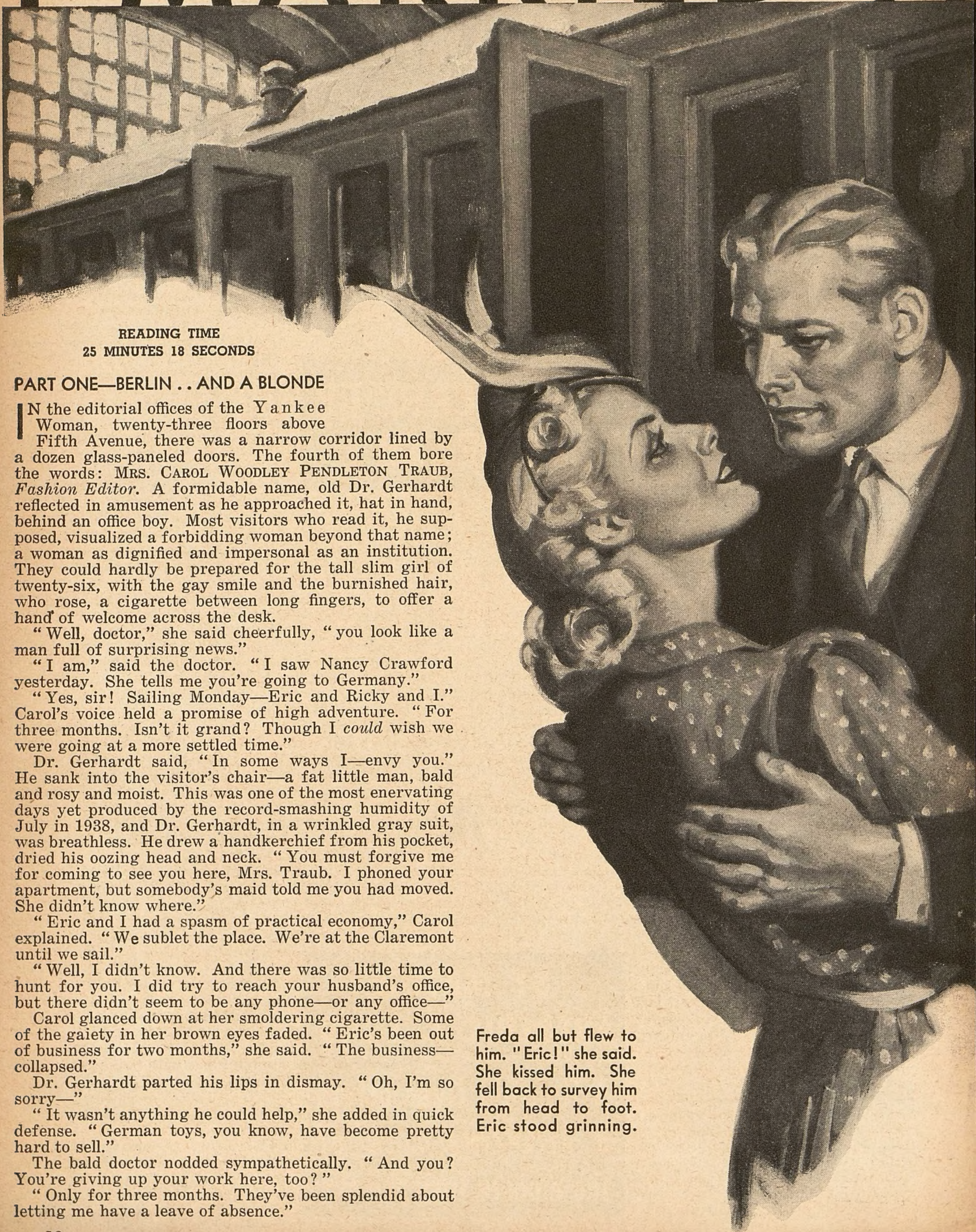
And no nation can reach us with its bombers, even on a suicide raid. Aircraft carriers don't carry large bombers and wouldn't be risked near enough our coast to be effective. Should the improbable happen and an enemy establish a base on this continent, the advantages of defense would be ours, because the attacker always suffers heaviest casualties. Rebel raids on Spanish Loyalist territory in 1937 cost them 293 airplanes as against the defending Loyalist losses of 92 planes.

And we wouldn't choke with poison gas! We see photos of London and Paris being provided with gas masks. Yet in Barcelona none have been issued. Why? Because the Spaniard knows that gas from the air is just another bugaboo. Search of all records fails to reveal that there ever have been any gas bombs dropped from planes. It would take a tremendous fleet to carry enough to do real harm. Weather conditions must be just right or gas is useless. And, as gas must hug the ground to be effective, skyscrapers would be safe in a gas raid.

Since 1917 I've been in several "next wars," and I don't find one much more terrible than the last. No raiding planes are going to knock your buildings down about your ears—so forget the sensational yarns you've read.

THE END

I MARRIED A



READING TIME
25 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

PART ONE—BERLIN . . AND A BLONDE

IN the editorial offices of the Yankee Woman, twenty-three floors above Fifth Avenue, there was a narrow corridor lined by a dozen glass-paneled doors. The fourth of them bore the words: MRS. CAROL WOODLEY PENDLETON TRAUB, *Fashion Editor.* A formidable name, old Dr. Gerhardt reflected in amusement as he approached it, hat in hand, behind an office boy. Most visitors who read it, he supposed, visualized a forbidding woman beyond that name; a woman as dignified and impersonal as an institution. They could hardly be prepared for the tall slim girl of twenty-six, with the gay smile and the burnished hair, who rose, a cigarette between long fingers, to offer a hand of welcome across the desk.

"Well, doctor," she said cheerfully, "you look like a man full of surprising news."

"I am," said the doctor. "I saw Nancy Crawford yesterday. She tells me you're going to Germany."

"Yes, sir! Sailing Monday—Eric and Ricky and I." Carol's voice held a promise of high adventure. "For three months. Isn't it grand? Though I *could* wish we were going at a more settled time."

Dr. Gerhardt said, "In some ways I—envy you." He sank into the visitor's chair—a fat little man, bald and rosy and moist. This was one of the most enervating days yet produced by the record-smashing humidity of July in 1938, and Dr. Gerhardt, in a wrinkled gray suit, was breathless. He drew a handkerchief from his pocket, dried his oozing head and neck. "You must forgive me for coming to see you here, Mrs. Traub. I phoned your apartment, but somebody's maid told me you had moved. She didn't know where."

"Eric and I had a spasm of practical economy," Carol explained. "We sublet the place. We're at the Claremont until we sail."

"Well, I didn't know. And there was so little time to hunt for you. I did try to reach your husband's office, but there didn't seem to be any phone—or any office—"

Carol glanced down at her smoldering cigarette. Some of the gaiety in her brown eyes faded. "Eric's been out of business for two months," she said. "The business—collapsed."

Dr. Gerhardt parted his lips in dismay. "Oh, I'm so sorry—"

"It wasn't anything he could help," she added in quick defense. "German toys, you know, have become pretty hard to sell."

The bald doctor nodded sympathetically. "And you? You're giving up your work here, too?"

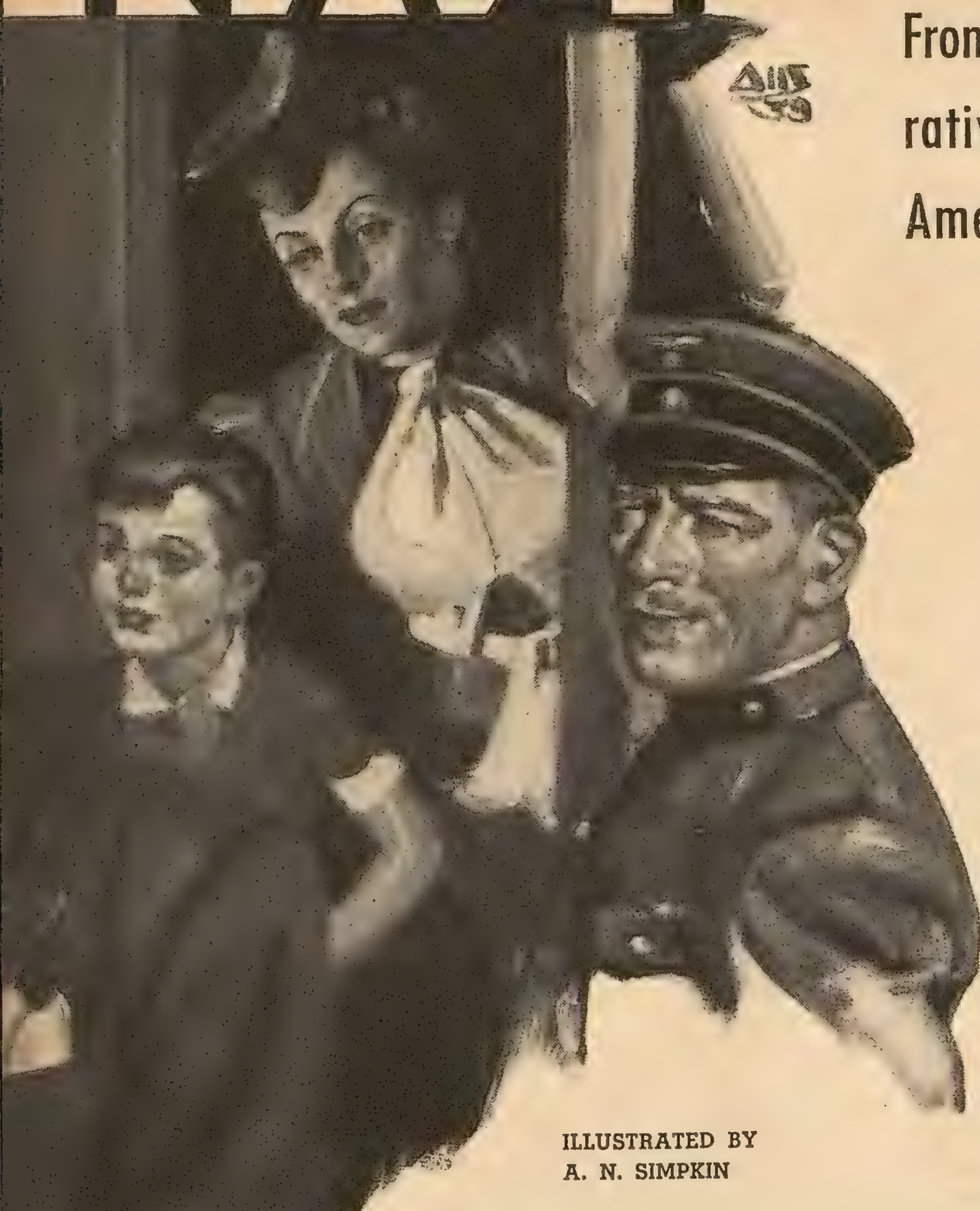
"Only for three months. They've been splendid about letting me have a leave of absence."

Freda all but flew to him. "Eric!" she said. She kissed him. She fell back to survey him from head to foot. Eric stood grinning.

NAZI

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

From life!—A dramatic, revealing narrative, founded on fact, about an American wife in today's Germany



ILLUSTRATED BY
A. N. SIMPKIN

"It will do you good," predicted the doctor. "You'll come back with a thousand fresh ideas. "You expect to go to Berlin?"

"Of course. Eric's father lives there."

"Ah, yes! What a treat for little Ricky to meet his grandfather! And what a treat for the grandfather!"

"And what about me?" laughed Carol. "I've never met Eric's family, either."

The door opened, and a boy brought a few drawings of winter furs to Carol's desk. Dr. Gerhardt waited until they were alone again before he inquired with some doubt: "Tell me—did your husband ever take out his second citizenship papers? I remember he spoke of doing it last year—"

"No-o," Carol had to confess, a faint frown troubling her eyes. "He never quite got around to it."

"That's too bad, too bad. . . . I think it might have made it easier for him—I mean traveling in Germany as an *American.*"

"Oh, it's one of those things he kept putting off," Carol explained with an attempt at lightness. "You know Eric. Of course," she went on casually, "he can't get any naturalization papers now until the courts open in the fall. But it really doesn't matter—as far as his coming back is concerned, I mean. He has a three-months permit."

"Oh, I'm sure he'll be all right," assented the doctor. "Still—"

He shrugged and seemed disappointed.

"I came, really, to ask a favor—a serious and difficult favor. But I want you to understand that if you feel it's going to give you any kind of embarrassment—"

"You make it sound like some mysterious request out of E. Phillips Oppenheim," Carol chided playfully.

"It is like that, in a way." His earnestness surprised her. He leaned closer to the desk, his eyes suddenly pained. "Mrs. Traub, did I ever tell you I had a brother in Berlin? Though God knows where he is now. Six months ago they sent him to a concentration camp."

Carol Traub stared at the man in amazement. She had started to light another cigarette, but she put it down.

"You've never heard me speak of him?" the doctor pressed.

"Why, no—"

"An older brother. A strange sort of fellow, a little eccentric but—but brilliant in his way. Years ago he used to be a clergyman. He had one of the biggest Lutheran churches in Frankfort. And at the height of his success he left the ministry to become a professor of philosophy at the University in Berlin. Professor Hugo Gerhardt! He made speeches to his classes that the Nazi government didn't like. They called him an enemy of the Reich, and six months ago he was arrested for treason."

Her eyes wide in astonishment, Carol whispered, "And in six months you haven't heard what's become of him?"

Dr. Gerhardt slowly shook his head. "I have written many letters." He sighed. "I have sent money, too—to Hugo's wife in Berlin. To his daughter in Hanover. But there has never been an answer." He glanced at Carol uncertainly. "That is why I wanted to ask you if you could take some money from me with you. I could manage five hundred dollars or so. If you could try to find either my brother or his wife—"

"Of course!" Carol said impulsively. She spoke in deep tones, on a wave of sympathy. "I'm sure we'll find *some* way of locating them."

"But I wouldn't like it to bring you any trouble. After all, trying to communicate with a prisoner in a concentration camp may have its difficulties."

"What trouble can it possibly cause?" Carol demanded. "Hundreds of Americans establish contact with relatives in German prisons, don't they? I've never heard of anybody getting into trouble over it. And it's certainly no crime to bring American money to some one in Germany."

Dr. Gerhardt was studying her with pained eagerness. "Then you *will* take it, Mrs. Traub? You will?"

"Certainly."

"You don't think your husband will object?"

"Why on earth should Eric object?"

"Well, I don't know—"

"Of course he won't. I'm sure he'll be as happy as I to do whatever we can."

Dr. Gerhardt rose unsteadily, smiling his gratitude.

He leaned on her desk and looked ages older than he had seemed a few minutes ago.

"It is thirty-seven years since I left Germany," he said. "In all that time I saw my brother only once—when I visited Berlin in '28." He checked himself, bit into his lip. "I will bring the money to your hotel tomorrow evening. And thank you, Mrs. Traub, thank you! You don't know how much I—appreciate this."

NOT until Dr. Gerhardt had departed did Carol have her first pang of misgiving. But she scoffed at it. "I can't become involved in trouble," she assured herself. "It's absurd!"

She rode home that afternoon atop a Fifth Avenue bus. She sat smiling introspectively, a small hat tilted above her right eye, black net gloves on the hands she kept folded over her purse. Just four days more, she mused. Monday they'd be on the Europa, racing toward Bremen.

At the beginning, curiously enough, when the urgent letter had come from Eric's father calling them to Berlin, she hadn't wanted to go. She had protested. But Eric had pulled her down into his lap. He had brushed a playful fist against her chin and mocked, "Come on, kid, be a man! Your family hasn't stepped off American soil in four generations. It's high time one of you woke up and took a look at the rest of the world. Be a pioneer! Give Ricky a break, too! We'll come back by way of Paris and London."

"I'm thinking of my job," she had answered. She hadn't dared risk the loss of that. It was all they had, now that Eric's business had foundered. Keeping it had seemed desperately important.

Yet Eric, tweaking her nose, had argued in that cheery way of his, "Oh, forget the job. Once we get to Germany, we'll be all right. I own a half interest in my father's business, don't I? What more can you ask? Father wants to sell out, and so do I. So we'll sell and have plenty."

"But, Eric," she had objected, "if they won't let you take your money out of Germany, what good is it? I don't want to stay in Berlin till it's spent and come home broke."

"We'll get the money out," he had promised confidently. "We'll be back in New York with it in three months."

"How?"

"There are ways, my dear, there are ways."

"I don't see—"

He had reasoned with exaggerated patience: "Father writes that three firms stand ready to buy us out. Firms with branches in America. So why can't I sell to one of them? And stipulate that payment be made to me in New York? See what I mean?" And then he had added more soberly, "Besides, I've *got* to go. If father is so sick that he can't attempt to liquidate the business himself—well, I've got to be there."

Carol could see the logic of that, of course. Still she continued to worry about her job. It was the only job she had ever held.

She remembered now, with a wry twist of her lips, how importantly Eric had strutted just before their honeymoon in Bermuda.

"But you won't *have* to work now!" he cried.

"Wrong, dear. I do. At heart I'm one of those impossible professional women. Some day I'll wind up with a pince-nez and the presidency of a women's club."

That was one of the times, fortunately, when her own Midwest doggedness had resisted all his arguments. If it hadn't, she reflected, there would have been many lean days in the saga of the Traub family. For Eric's German toy business soon sailed into bad weather, and his hundred and twenty-five a week had to be cut and cut again, and yet again, until only a meager fragment of it dribbled into the Traub treasury. Then it had ceased altogether.

Eventually the fear of losing her job had been ended easily enough when old J. C. Daggett, who published the Yankee Woman, granted her a three-months leave of absence. "And say, Carol," he added thoughtfully, scratching the back of his neck, "if you want to take a crack at a couple of articles while you're there I'll be glad to take a look at them."

The bus rolled into Washington Square. She rose with a little sigh, watching a hundred noisy boys splash in the fountain. Vaguely she wondered if there was gaiety like that in Berlin. . . . Across the aisle a man was reading a newspaper, and her eyes slipped casually over the headlines: SUDETEN PROBLEM ROUSES REICH; HENLEIN TO SEE HITLER.

"Well," she thought cryptically, swaying toward the steps, "whatever it's like, we'll probably be on hand to watch history made. It may not be fun, but it should be interesting."

FREDA

ERIC lay flat on the carpet of the hotel room, heaving his great bulk up and down. Ricky sat astride his chest, bouncing wildly, and screamed like a Comanche in pursuit of a scalp. They both turned to wave when Carol entered. "I'm a Uhlan!" Ricky yelled. The game continued until he finally gasped, "Whoa!" and dismounted. He rushed into Carol's arms, breathless and excited, dark hair tumbling over his eyes.

"When's Monday?" he demanded.

It took her a full minute of laughter to calm him and explain they still had four days to wait. By that time Eric was on his feet—a perspiring viking with disarrayed yellow hair. At twenty-eight he still retained the grin of a boy. He bent to kiss Carol on the tip of her nose, on the point of her chin. And as he pulled off her hat he announced:

"We've got news that will tickle you, lady. Telegram from your folks. They're coming from Cleveland to see us off."

"Oh, swell!" Carol cried.

"Be here Sunday. And by the way"—he was aiming to scale her hat into a distant chair—"who's Mrs. Delane?"

"Delane? Rita Delane?"

"That's right. She phoned a couple of minutes ago. Said she'd just missed you at the office and had to catch a Boston train, so she wouldn't be able to call again."

Puzzled, Carol murmured, "What did she want?"

"You tell me who she is first," Eric teased, "and I'll tell you what she wants. She sounded mighty important, what with Embassy connections in Berlin and a Cambridge accent."

Carol said, "She *is* important. Boston's Back Bay. Aristocracy. Her husband was some kind of judge before he died. Now she travels over the country lecturing and writing articles on women in politics. You must have seen her things in the magazine."

"Maybe," Eric conceded. "Anyhow, your office told her we're off to Germany. It seems her son—I think she said the name is Kenneth—holds some minor job at the Embassy in Berlin. She wants us to look him up and deliver mother's love. Also, she hinted he might be of use to us as a guide or something—heaven knows what."

By this time Ricky, having forgotten the Uhlans, was piloting an airplane across the floor. Watching him as she drew off her gloves, Carol said, "Well, hunting up somebody at the Embassy will be lots easier than the other commission I got today."

"What other?" chuckled Eric. "Somebody want you to carry a crate of grapefruit to a cousin?"

She told him then about Dr. Gerhardt. To her astonishment, Eric stared in dismay. He threw away his cigarette and protested, "Carol, we can't do that!"

"Why not?"

Eric shook his head. "I don't like the idea, Carol. The doctor is a nice fellow and all that. Ordinarily I'd be glad to do him a favor. But I'm going to Berlin on business. I can't risk complications."

"You won't have to bother with it at all, dear," she promised. "I'll make the inquiries myself while you're working. There'll be plenty of time. Besides, I've already told the doctor I'd do it."

"Well, then," Eric sighed, "if you've promised, I guess that's that." He lit a fresh cigarette and stared for a moment at the flame of the match. Then he said something that should have echoed in Carol's head like an omen: "I suppose it's all right for you to mess in things like that. You'll be there as an American. But I've got to watch my step, you know. After all, technically I'm still a German."

THE conductor said, "*Fahrkarten, bitte.*"

The train was rushing them from Bremen to Berlin, through heat as intense as New York's. Carol, in a light-gray traveling suit, sat exhausted, trying to realize that this was real.

Ricky, blinking at the uniformed man in the compartment's door, asked, "What's he want, mother?"

"He wants to see our tickets, dear."

The conductor laughed and rumpled Ricky's brown hair. He was a pleasant fellow. While he inspected the tickets he chatted amiably. For that matter, Carol thought, every one they had met since disembarking from the Europa had been pleasant. The courtesy, the efficiency, the heel-clicking solicitude all about her made her feel, she told Eric, like a countess.

CAROL

"I knew you'd like Germany," he chuckled. "Didn't I tell you it would be like this?"

They were alone in the compartment. Ricky pressed his nose to the window and kept it there in awe. Eric crossed his long legs, opened his jacket, and surrendered to enjoyment.

"You get the feeling," he said enthusiastically, "that every man in Germany, from porters to officials, has been drilled to make your life comfortable. It'll be great to see father again . . . and to meet his wife."

Carol finally brought out her compact. "I wonder," she murmured, "what his wife is like."

"You saw her picture."

"I don't mean her looks. She's pretty enough."

"If you mean her brains, honey, you needn't worry. Father wouldn't marry a moron."

Carol touched powder to her nose. "It may be a strange sort of experience, living with a mother-in-law two years younger than I am."

Eric laughed. "I should think it might be fun. According to father, Freda is the most ardent supporter of the party in Germany. You'll get everything you're looking for right at home. Good thing you speak German."

Her German, she had discovered on the boat, was passable. It wasn't on this, however, that she speculated now. She said slowly:

"I'm still wondering, Eric, if we wouldn't be wiser to live at a hotel."

"Ridiculous! What for?"

"Three months is a long time. There may be days when we'll want—just to be by ourselves."

"Father would never hear of it. He'd be the most insulted man in Berlin." Eric dismissed the notion.

They had bought a paper in Bremen, and Eric, unfolding it, smiled broadly as he glanced over the front page. "It's years since I looked at one of these. Want to hear what's new?"

Carol pulled herself out of reverie. "Of course, dear." She turned to Eric, studied him thoughtfully while he read. For the thousandth time she decided he was one of the handsomest men she had ever known. Big, powerful, aggressive, cheerful. It gave her a sense of pride, an inner warmth, to gaze at him like this. The stamp of America was upon him. His brown clothes carried the flavor of New York. He had a devil-may-care ease that was thoroughly Yankee.

Her eyes turned to the paper in his hands. It was the Völkischer Beobachter, with its eagle and swastika in the heart of its print.

"They're certainly forging ahead here," Eric declared. "Yesterday, at Fallersleben, Hitler laid the cornerstone of an automobile factory that's to be the biggest thing in Europe. Covers ground two miles long and a mile wide. Say, that's *something!*"

"Marvelous," Carol agreed absently. She was thinking that nothing, not even the collapse of his business in New York, had been able to crush Eric's spirits.

"They won't be able to turn out any cars for a couple of years," he went on, "but orders have been flooding the KdF."

"The what?"

"That's their Strength through Joy Organization. You know—KdF. You pay the KdF five marks a week, beginning now, and long before the car is ready for delivery you've paid for it in full. . . . Not a bad idea, that. Why didn't somebody in America think of it?"

"In America," Carol observed, "people are funny. They would probably want interest on money they leave with an organization for two years. I don't suppose they are paying interest here."

Eric glanced at her humorously, then read through the article. "No, they don't seem to mention it. . . . Look, here's another business note. Dr. Goebbels announces the government is selling radios at thirty-five marks each. He says there are more radios in the Reich than in any other European country. Nine and a half million. . . . You know, when you read things like this you feel that the *spirit* of Germany—I mean the progressive industrial spirit—is very much like America's. Don't you think so?"

Having been in the Reich only two hours, Carol hardly felt qualified to make a sweeping judgment. Instead, she pointed a gloved finger at a box near the bottom of the page.

"What's that one? *Verordnung.* A *Verordnung* is a decree of some kind, isn't it? An order?"

Eric read the contents of the box, and his expression changed. He sat up higher. "Say, this affects *me!*"

"You? What is it?"

"It says every German citizen over the age of fifteen—I'm over fifteen—must be fingerprinted, photographed, and must get an identity card by October 1. The card will cost one mark." He looked at Carol in mock dismay. "So I've got to put my fingerprints on record!"

WELL," she sighed, "that's not so serious. By October 1 we'll be thinking of going home, anyhow." Over his arm she was still studying the box. "Did you say one mark for the card? It's three, isn't it? Here, at the bottom of the page."

"No. That's only for Jews."

The train slowed to a jerky stop at Ulzen. Carol, pressing her cheek to Ricky's, gazed through the window. It struck her that the orderliness, the efficiency she had admired in Bremen were being carried out everywhere. This station seemed to have been scrubbed like a kitchen floor. The people in it were alert, brisk, well dressed; they imparted a sense of vigor.

Abruptly she told herself that she *was* going to like Germany. She must. If only for Eric's sake—he loved it so. And he had been right. Much of its atmosphere did suggest America. She could remember seeing people like these, flushed and eager, crowding the Grand Central Terminal on holiday eves. . . .

In the corridor behind her there were sudden harsh voices.

She turned, startled. So did Eric. Four men in brown uniforms were hurrying an emaciated figure toward the end of the car. Two of the Storm Troopers gripped the old man's arms. If they had released him, it seemed to Carol, he would have crumpled to the floor. His knees were bent. His face was agonized. His eyes were those of a martyr. He was chattering hoarsely as they pushed him past the compartment.

"*Heil Jesus,*" he said. "*Heil Jesus!*"

Once off the train, the old man was rushed away through the crowds. Carol and Eric gaped after the group in bewilderment. Eric stepped down to the platform and asked questions of the conductor.

The man shrugged. "*Eine von die Bibelforscher.*"

Carol couldn't understand that. She felt a quick nervous thudding in her chest, a sensation impossible to analyze. It was as if something unseen and frightening had touched her. It left her shaken. . . .

Eric told her about the *Bibelforscher* when they were back in the compartment. His face tightened as he spoke, and there was a troubled shadow in his eyes.

"I remember them," he muttered. "*Bibelforscher.* Students of the Bible. It's an old German group. A kind of religious sect. That old fellow was one of them." He hesitated. "They claim there's only one leader they'll follow on this earth, and that's Jesus of Nazareth. When somebody says '*Heil Hitler*' to them, they answer '*Heil Jesus.*' It's treason, of course. Outright rebellion. So they're yanked off to concentration camps."

THEY rolled into the Lehrter Bahnhof in Berlin late in the afternoon. Great streams of sunshine, slanting through the murk of the station, emphasized its enormity. Eric swung off the step and signaled porters. And suddenly he said:

"Look, Carol. I'll bet that's Freda. The one in white over there."

Holding Ricky's tense hand as she stood on the step, Carol peered over a hundred heads to seek the girl Eric had spied. It was easy to pick her out. There was no doubting the likeness to the picture; and she saw that the picture had been an understatement. Freda Traub was beautiful. Teutonically beautiful. She had golden hair, azure eyes, and an eager smile that glowed even through the gloom of the station. She was neither slim nor plump; just gloriously mature, Carol thought. She searched from compartment to compartment until Eric waved to her. Then she lifted a joyous arm.

Freda all but flew to him. She stopped short in confusion. Then she laughed—a peal of lovely gaiety that held a note of surrender—and ran into his arms.

"Eric!" she said. "*Der grosse Eric!*"

She kissed him on both cheeks. She fell back to survey him from head to foot in delight, while Eric stood grinning. Finally he gestured with his hat toward the compartment, as if to remind Freda that he wasn't alone. She turned, eyes shining.

"The little Ricky!" she cried in German. She lifted Ricky off the step despite his alarmed outcry and struggles to escape. She hugged him. Gurgling sounds of joy continued to bubble up from her. She put him down at last and looked at Carol. Looked long and in frank admiration. Then, swinging to Eric, she said, as though it were unbelievable, "But she is *beautiful,* Eric!"

She shook a finger in playful censure, as if to berate him for never before having revealed the loveliness of his wife. And then she kissed Carol. On both cheeks. Lightly. And made a pathetic attempt at English:

"I do not good your language spik. A little can I understand, *ja. Aber* if you—"

Carol said reassuringly that German would do very nicely. "Eric," she explained in Freda's language, "has spent six years training me for this day."

After that they got along splendidly.

Freda hurried them out of the station to a taxi. They rode away in late sunshine that poured over Berlin.

"Tell me about father," Eric urged. "How is he? Better?"

Instantly Freda's mood changed.

"No, not well at all, Eric," she answered gravely. "For two months he has not been out of his room."

Eric's face paled. "I—I didn't know it was that bad."

"It began with the ulcers. Then there were so many complications. He can sit up and look out the window sometimes; but mostly, Eric, he must stay in bed."

Eric stared in dismay.

"*Natürlich,*" Freda went on, "we have the best doctors in Berlin and a good nurse. We do everything we can."

He muttered dourly, "I should have come months ago!"

"*Ja,* it might have been better. He has been waiting for you," said Freda with a wan smile, "like a man waiting for *Der Tag.* That is all he speaks about—seeing you and the little Ricky. And your wife, of course." She gazed up into Eric's face. Her smile shone on him. "But now," she whispered, "he will be happy."

After a moment Freda remembered to fix those bright blue eyes on Carol too. She said, as if courtesy dictated a return to trivialities, "This is the first time you are in Berlin, no?"

"The first time," Carol admitted.

"You will love it!" (Again that prediction, thought Carol. She had heard it everywhere between New York and the Lehrter Bahnhof. It had become a cliché whose repetition inexplicably annoyed her. She was quite prepared to admire Berlin, quite prepared to admire all of Germany. But she wished the process seemed less of a duty to people who expected it of her.) "You will see our avenues at their best at this season," Freda prophesied. "And the music in the cafés on Kurfürstendamm! *Ach,* in New York you do not have that. It is all lovely. You will see a new Germany—a Germany that is awake after a long, long sleep!"

Ricky, staring out of the cab at shops, had been granting scant attention to Freda. He was seeing a reawakened Germany of his own, and his gaze was round with the wonder of it. Suddenly he asked:

"Mother, what's that writing?"

Carol looked out questioningly. "What writing, dear?"

"The big yellow letters. On the windows. See? Like that one." He pointed to a word inscribed on a shop window in yellow letters two feet high. It gave her a jolt. She had known she would see such things, of course. But explaining their meaning to Ricky was a new problem. She wasn't sure she cared to explain it.

She said quickly, "It's nothing, dear; nothing."

But Ricky, with the insistence of his five years, appealed to Eric: "Daddy, *you* read it."

ERIC was still thinking of his father. He looked at the signs absently, missed Carol's swift glance, and muttered: "*Jude.* That means Jews, Ricky."

"Why do they write it on the windows?"

"Because Jews live there."

"Do Protestants like us put up signs too, daddy? To tell everybody where we live?"

"No, Ricky—no, no."

Carol caught Ricky's shoulders, turned him swiftly, pointed to an equestrian statue. She wanted suddenly and grimly to distract his attention. "Look at the man on the horse, Ricky. Isn't that like the one in New York?" . . .

(Those signs aren't Germany, she thought a little desperately. Not the real Germany. Not Eric's Germany. Things like this come and go. They're ephemeral. Just incidents. I mustn't let them distort my vision. A sign like that is a moment of hate. Eric's Germany is an eternity of beauty—of song, of poetry, of joy.)

They were in the Potsdamer Platz when Freda drooped toward Eric again. Her smile returned as she lifted her eyes to his. She spoke in a whisper, liltingly, as if she and Eric were alone in the cab: "Why did Heinrich never *tell* me I had such a magnificent son? He should not have kept you hidden so, in America!"

Carol stared at her in amazement. At Eric too. Then she quickly looked away. It was absurd to feel this hot flush in her cheeks. She gazed blindly at a subway entrance. She couldn't bear to see that silly grin of a flattered man spread over Eric's features. . . .

Has the beautiful Freda already begun an assault on the heart and head of Eric? If she has, how will Carol combat her? And what startling discovery and exciting experience are waiting for the visitors in the land of the swastika? Be sure to get next week's Liberty and find your wildest anticipation outdistanced.

WHAT IS JIMMY ROOSEVELT'S REAL JOB IN HOLLYWOOD?

Jimmy with Sam Goldwyn, who "excluded him into" a vice-presidency.

Will he perform miracles? Here is a lively, authentic close-up of facts behind a much-discussed new career

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

COUPLED in the Hollywood news, as you will have noticed, were the items that the son and heir of the President of the United States had gone to work for Samuel Goldwyn, and that Uncle Carl Laemmle, founder of Universal Pictures, was marketing a self-heating hot dog.

First off, the two matters would seem to have little in common. But there is more in both than meets the eye.

Some people are never taken as seriously as they deserve, others far more seriously. Jimmy Roosevelt, at thirty-one, is in both spots. To tie him to the tail of Uncle Carl's dog is certainly no way to treat a young man whose earnings have been estimated, even erroneously, at $2,000,000 a year. On the other hand, to believe that Jimmy is going to perform the Hollywood miracles already assigned to him in the public prints is taking him far too seriously and Hollywood not seriously enough.

To Elder Statesman Carl Laemmle, this new job of selling hot dogs must seem simplicity itself compared with his years of struggle to make Hollywood's best known canned product acceptable. All Uncle Carl has to do now is to poke a hole in the hot-dog can, which has been chemically treated, and let in a little fresh air, whereupon the dog gets hot at once.

To young James Roosevelt, vice-president of Samuel Goldwyn, Inc., the process of injecting fresh air into the movie dog is likely to prove much more complex.

At all events, it was only natural that the surprised movie capital should be agog. While Sam Goldwyn was explaining to the fan writers that "I fell in love with Jimmy the minute I met him," the Hollywood Reporter was asking:

"What does the acquisition of James Roosevelt bring to the picture business? . . . Has he a great story mind? Does he know anything about producing? Can he act?"

The answer to these questions, the editorial concluded, was "No." And quite properly. Jimmy himself was saying that he "didn't know anything at all about the motion-picture business"; and as for his acting ability, on November 22, 1932, a few days after his father's first election to the Presidency, he took a screen test at Paramount with this result:

> *Jimmy Roosevelt:* Production staff today saw test of above, who is son of Franklin D. Roosevelt, President-elect. James is about six feet tall, about twenty-five years of age, and has a good speaking voice, although he is not good-looking. He has a peculiar way of twisting his mouth when he speaks. Because of his appearance he would not be available for leads, and could only be dragged into pictures, such as Westerns, for the purpose of exploiting the same because of his name value.

What, then, *was* the significance of Jimmy's job?

"Great mind! Great mind!" intoned Sam. "Knows everybody. Knows all the world leaders."

"What Mr. Roosevelt brings to the industry," echoed the trade press, "is a fertile brain, an enthusiasm for our business, innumerable contacts in the government and big business: all of which the industry needs badly."

Outside of Hollywood the anti-Roosevelt press pounced on the phrase "contacts in the government." In the boyish exuberance of his first months as Massachusetts patronage czar, Jimmy had been quoted as saying at a political dinner: "You know, I am probably closest by blood ties and affection to the man who makes the appointment." Later, when he shifted to Washington and became his father's chief contact man, the capital soon realized that he had spoken nothing but the truth.

As one old-line politician put it, "Jimmy is the last man to see the President of the United States at night." He might have added: "And the first in the morning."

Now, could it be that Sam Goldwyn and others had heard of this successful bedside manner of son James?

Well, if they had, there would be nothing inherently reprehensible in the situation. Movie industrialists have as much right as other industrialists to employ lobbyists, and they are foolish if they don't employ the most influential ones available. It is an open secret that one of Will Hays' principal jobs is to work with state, national, and foreign legislators in the interests of the motion-picture industry. Mr. Hays, although not related to the man who was President at the time of his appointment, was his eminently successful campaign manager and patronage distributor. Also, though the President Mr. Hays served is dead, and though the party he serves was for six dust-bowl years semicomatose, he has gone right on doing his job, and doing it well.

Under normal conditions, therefore, it would be no argument against Jimmy's future usefulness to his new associates that he owed his appointment, more or less, to his influence with the Roosevelt administration.

But the fact that the administration is at the moment locked in a legal struggle with the major motion-picture companies, charging them with violations of the anti-trust laws, makes the propriety of the son of the head of that administration accepting lucrative employment in Hollywood a subject of inevitable discussion.

Jimmy himself has met public criticism head on. He states that his presence in Hollywood has "no political aspect of any kind," that "Mr. Goldwyn and myself happen personally to agree with the government's position in favor of separation of production companies from theater ownership and operation," and that "the company by which I am employed, Samuel Goldwyn, Inc., is not named in any of the suits."

This would seem to be a fairly complete answer.

Sam Goldwyn makes super-pictures only—the kind that suffer rather than benefit by the system of bloc-booking which the government wishes to abolish. When Jimmy said that his new employer agreed with the government in this matter, he again spoke nothing but the truth.

The suggestion that Sam Goldwyn has been selected by his fellow producers—with whom he is almost continuously at war—to act as front man for them in a plot to buy off the government is also little short of ridiculous. Moreover, if it were not, he would be too smart a business man and publicist to go about the buying off in this clumsy, criticism-inviting manner.

The coincidence of the government's suit and Jimmy's appointment is unfortunate. The connection between them, however, can be set down as *nil.* "If the appointment could have any effect, even reflexly, in such matters," states the Bulletin, trade organ of the theater men, who would suffer most if the government failed to go ahead with its suit, "it would be to steel the determination of the Department of Justice to press the suit against the movie trust." And the filing, during the week following Jimmy's joining up, of Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold's brief, refusing in no uncertain terms to allow the accused companies the bill of particulars for which they prayed, would seem to be official confirmation of that opinion.

Second only to this charge in possible sinister implications is the charge, openly made, that Jimmy's appointment is part of a plan to "Aryanize" the motion-picture industry. Such a move would not be altogether unprecedented. Seventeen years ago, when American Protestantism cried out against the scandals in Hollywood private lives, it was no mere coincidence that Elder Hays of the Presbyterian Church became Hollywood's front man. More recently, when the Legion of Decency, under high Roman Catholic leadership, cracked down on celluloid sex, that fine Irishman, Joe Breen, emerged as front-line guardian of Hollywood morals and taste.

BUT Hollywood shows no desire to placate Hitler. Charlie Chaplin, Goldwyn's partner in United Artists, has begun work on his significantly named film, The Dictator. Warner Brothers are out in front with Confessions of a Nazi Spy, in which, apparently, they are pulling no punches. At last Hollywood has found a subject on which it will fight back.

And, as a matter of fact, Jimmy would be about as poor a selection as could be made for the job of Nazi placater. The favorite son of the President of the United States would receive about as hearty a welcome in Berlin these days as did the favorite son of the Duce of Italy, or Leni Riefenstahl, the favorite cinema actress of the Fuehrer of Germany, in Hollywood.

All this the astute Mr. Goldwyn knows perfectly well. An obvious sign of the tendency to underrate JIMMY himself is the failure of both Hollywood belittlers and Roosevelt belittlers to look at his career for pointers to ways in which he may be useful.

"Though James Roosevelt will not reach thirty-one until two days before Christmas," commented the New York Times after his appointment, "he has had a more varied career than some men know in a lifetime. He has been with several insurance firms. . . . He has been head of a yeast company. Two years ago he was made a White House assistant, becoming six months later a White House secretary. Washington discovered that he fitted well into that job."

The Roosevelt family most decidedly does not feel that its members have profited greatly by their connection with the White House. "Being the son of the President is sometimes a handicap," opined Brother Elliott. "Tell me if I'm screwy," echoes Jimmy, "for the idea that, being the President's son, they'd have called me a crook no matter what business I'd entered."

Be that as it may be, Jimmy made money in the insurance business. Not so much as they said he did, but enough to make him, next to grandma, the richest Roosevelt. Enough to cause so much talk that it seemed politically wise to F. D. R. to divert him, at least temporarily, to a less lucrative profession. What Father Roosevelt said was that Jimmy had "overworked" and that he was putting him in charge of the twelve-cow dairy at Hyde Park. Jimmy read that announcement in his Boston paper, and nearly fell into the harbor.

What F. D. R. actually did was to bring him down to Washington to act, first as assistant to the White House chief clerk; then as private secretary to the President; and finally, in the capacity of liaison officer, as "Assistant President of the United States." In all of these jobs the "overworked" young insurance salesman toiled from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, and increased each day in energy, gaiety, and efficiency.

Everything was going beautifully until revived gossip about Jimmy's "huge" income stirred up the old enmities which F. D. R. had hoped to appease. The young man's rather prominent participation in the late-lamented "purge" alienated from him the good will of some of the elder statesmen. His very success in his White House job raised the old cry of "Roosevelt dynasty."

Jimmy himself, although socially friendly with Harry Hopkins and the group of social workers and youthful lawyers surrounding his father, found himself more and more often in disagreement with them. He was, it is said, increasingly ill at ease as the tide of White House politics veered increasingly to the left. So, having a stomach ulcer, he went away for a rest—and sold himself to the movies for a reputed $50,000 a year.

ONE fact stands clear: On his record, Jimmy is a salesman. He is, as I write, serving his apprenticeship in the New York sales office of his company. The best job of salesmanship that anybody could do for the motion-picture industry would be to unite its members in an effort to sell better entertainment to the public.

There is another way in which he—and his name too—may be legitimately useful. For some time the exhibitor and producer branches of the picture business have been continuously at war. Young Roosevelt is an ideal man to champion and, to a degree, represent the exhibition side in the councils of the production side. This, in the judgment of some of the wisest men in Hollywood, is one of the chief roles he *will* fill.

Again, probably no industry has the labor problem in a more acute form, or has met it more ineptly, than Hollywood. Men and women who should be devoting their brains and energies to picture-making are devoting them to protecting themselves from an arrogance and an obstinacy in the ranks of their employers which is driving the whole industry toward ruin. The fault is not all on one side. Temperamental artists sometimes make poor collective bargainers. A liaison officer, like the one who until recently functioned in the White House, is needed to bring order out of this chaos. Jimmy's record will be all in his favor in this phase of his new work.

In the promotion of its defense program Washington will need the co-operation of Hollywood. The government-made films, which will be used to bind South American republics more closely to the good-neighbor policy of the present administration, need and—under a more friendly relationship between the national capital and the cinema capital—will receive distribution through Hollywood-controlled channels. Jimmy, naturally and gradually, will take over all these relations with the "world leaders" he knows so well.

His contract is what Hollywood calls a "long-termer"—five years. It can be terminated any time at Jimmy's option, in case his father should require his services. This proviso warrants speculation as to how permanent his Hollywood job is likely to be.

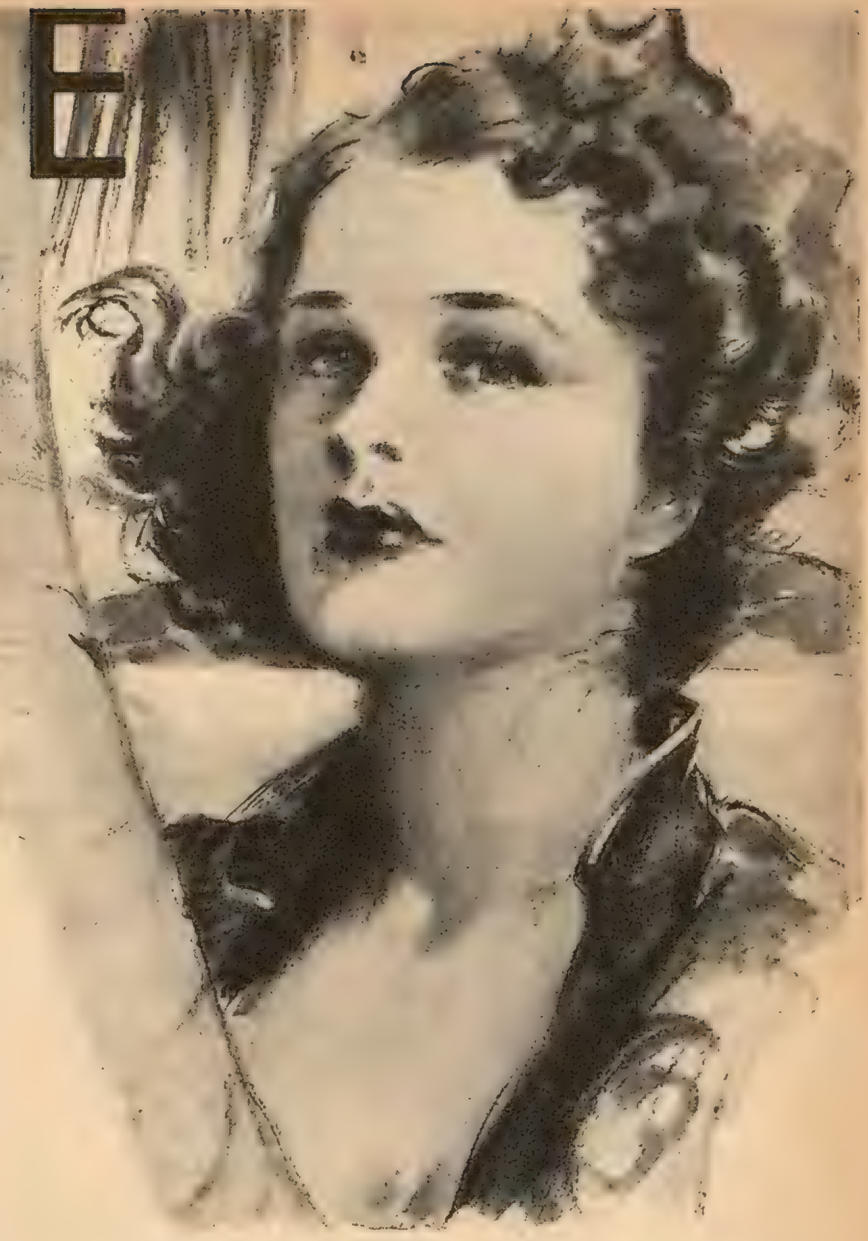
That F. D. R. is inordinately proud of Jimmy is common knowledge. That he believes that Jimmy will some day be President is well known to White House intimates. All the Roosevelts—except, of course, the Oyster Bay branch—believe, and many a wise politician believes with them, that, perhaps not later than 1940, running for office will be Jimmy Roosevelt's real job.

THE END

LOVE And the River

BY WILLIAM ARTHUR BREYFOGLE

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 37 SECONDS



The gaudy tints made her look younger.

Flaming, tender. A storm-tossed tale of adventure, a woman's heart, and a man who had left the world behind

ALL up and down the river, when talk flagged in the evenings, some one was bound to say, "I wonder how Kerr's getting on."

"Oh, married by now!"

Then they laughed, but not unkindly. Malcolm Kerr was respected, for all the fantastic life he led. His marriage was a standard joke, a synonym for the impossible. The Amazon draws all sorts. Some of them attribute their presence to girls they knew at home. Their stories vary. They are not taken seriously, and the tellers are wont to disavow them next morning. But Kerr never mentioned women. He avoided the Brazilian girls who turned to look after him when he passed. If that made talk, Kerr ignored it, except to remark that he didn't like women.

The older men along the river remembered that Kerr had gone home, nine years ago, to be married. He had said good-by, with no expectation that he would ever see the Amazon again. But in less than six months he was back, still single. The girl had married some one else while he was on his way home. She hadn't bothered, or hadn't dared, to tell him. Malcolm Kerr said very little about it. He went farther upstream, and his old friends between Manáos and Obidos seldom saw him. Not content even with that, he moved his camp off the Amazon and up the Purus. There he built his house. No one but Kerr himself knew what he did there, and that was enough to keep interest in him alive. "There aren't many like Kerr," they said. "I wonder how Kerr's getting on."

REMOTE at all times, the coming of the rains made the place absolutely inaccessible. Malcolm Kerr welcomed that. The house, on high ground above the flooded Purus, became his kingdom. There was company when he wanted it. His two half-breeds, Joao and Luiz, were never far from him. They lived, with their families, in houses near Kerr's own. And even when the rains were at their roaring height, the Indians came. They brought gold dust to trade for cloth and tobacco and knives, and Malcolm Kerr dealt with them fairly, pursuing an idea in the back of his mind. The gold was hardly more than a trickle now, but with patience it might be increased. The Indians were shy as animals. He gave them time.

That day the rain stopped at four in the afternoon, and Kerr went down to look at the river. It had risen nearly twenty feet in the last three days. It carried its booty along with it in reed beds from the swamps, branches, and uprooted trees. The ground at his feet was sodden and slippery. He was about to turn back toward the house when the little flotilla came in sight, far upstream.

They came spinning down on the rapid current, slanting in to shore at the sight of Malcolm Kerr's house. As far as he could see the dip of their paddles, he knew they were not his Indians. He waited with growing resentment. They had no right! This was his place, and the rains had begun for the year. He caught the prow of the first canoe and looked, frowning, into a white woman's eyes.

She was drenched to the skin. Her white shirt clung to her shoulders, showing the flesh beneath. She stared at Kerr, but dully. "My husband," she said in English—"my husband's very sick. Is there a doctor here?"

Kerr said, "No. Is it fever?"

She gestured then at a figure lying in front of her on the bottom of the canoe. The man was a skeleton. He was old. He might have been her father.

"I've got to get him ashore, I tell you! It was awful, there on the river! Another day would kill him. Can't you let us have a place with a roof? I'll pay you." Her voice was pitched very high.

He was promptly ashamed, and angry. "You don't need to pay. Here, I'll help. Unload the canoes. It may rain again at any time. If you've got any dry clothes, get into them. You'll be down with fever yourself."

None of the paddlers moved. The woman got up stiffly from the thwart, and Kerr had to reach out and steady her. "I'll carry your husband up," he said. He picked up the light, wasted figure. "Tell your men to bring the things."

Halfway up the slope she overtook him, stumbling along unseeingly like a sleepwalker. The paddlers, too, had looked very weary. He carried the woman's husband in and laid him on a cot in the living room. The springs hardly sagged under his weight.

Luiz came in, and Kerr sent him down to see to the paddlers. "You'd better change your own clothes," he told the woman again. "I'll do everything I can for your husband. Beyond that curtain is a bedroom. You can change there."

She shook her head, sitting limply on the edge of the cot. "Everything I have is wet through. It doesn't matter anyway."

She tried, clumsily, to help while he was getting her husband into bed. The emaciated body shook with chill, but his head was hot. Kerr piled blankets on him and poured rum down his throat in careful spoonfuls. The man was past human help. Joao's wife Anna came in silently from the kitchen, staring at the woman. Kerr spoke to her over his shoulder. "Anna, find some dry clothes for this lady. Lay them out in my bedroom and see that she puts them on."

She got up docilely when Anna touched her arm.

"What is it?" Kerr demanded irritably as Luiz entered the room.

"The canoes are gone! The men fled. One of them cried out to me that these people were devils, or mad, that they would serve them no longer. The canoes were out on the river when I reached the bank. They went downstream at speed."

"With all the stores?"

"With everything."

Kerr was outraged. Impossible to pursue them! He had no paddlers at this season. But when the woman came back to sit on the edge of the cot again, he said nothing to her of what he had just heard. It couldn't be helped now, and she was in no condition to hear it. Anna had provided a skirt and sandals of her own, a shirt that belonged to Kerr. The sleeves were rolled up to the woman's elbows. She looked oddly boyish in that outfit. Her draggled hair had been dried, too, and was curly now. Luckily, she didn't ask about the canoes.

But she talked with a nervous rapidity that spoke of long strain. "We came down from Iquitos and up the Juruá, then across, by creeks and overland, to the Purus, above here. The rains began while we were in the jungle, but Dr. Howard had fever before that."

"That is your husband?" he asked.

She nodded. "Yes. I am Frieda Howard."

"But what were you doing?"

"He is an anthropologist. He came to study the Indians, especially the languages."

Kerr said, "Oh!" and stared at her. He was thinking that she couldn't be thirty yet.

Supper was ready, had been for nearly an hour. "I want you to eat a good meal," he instructed Frieda Howard. "Then go to bed. I'll watch your husband. I'll be here if he needs anything. What you need is sleep."

Her eyes were heavy. She sat across the table from him, just within the circle of lamplight. He talked, to keep her awake. When his voice stopped, her head nodded slowly forward.

He thought of calling Anna, and didn't. He picked the woman up and carried her to his own bed. There he pulled a blanket up to her shoulders and left her. Her head had drooped against his arm like a child's. Kerr drew the curtain across the door and went back to sit beside her husband.

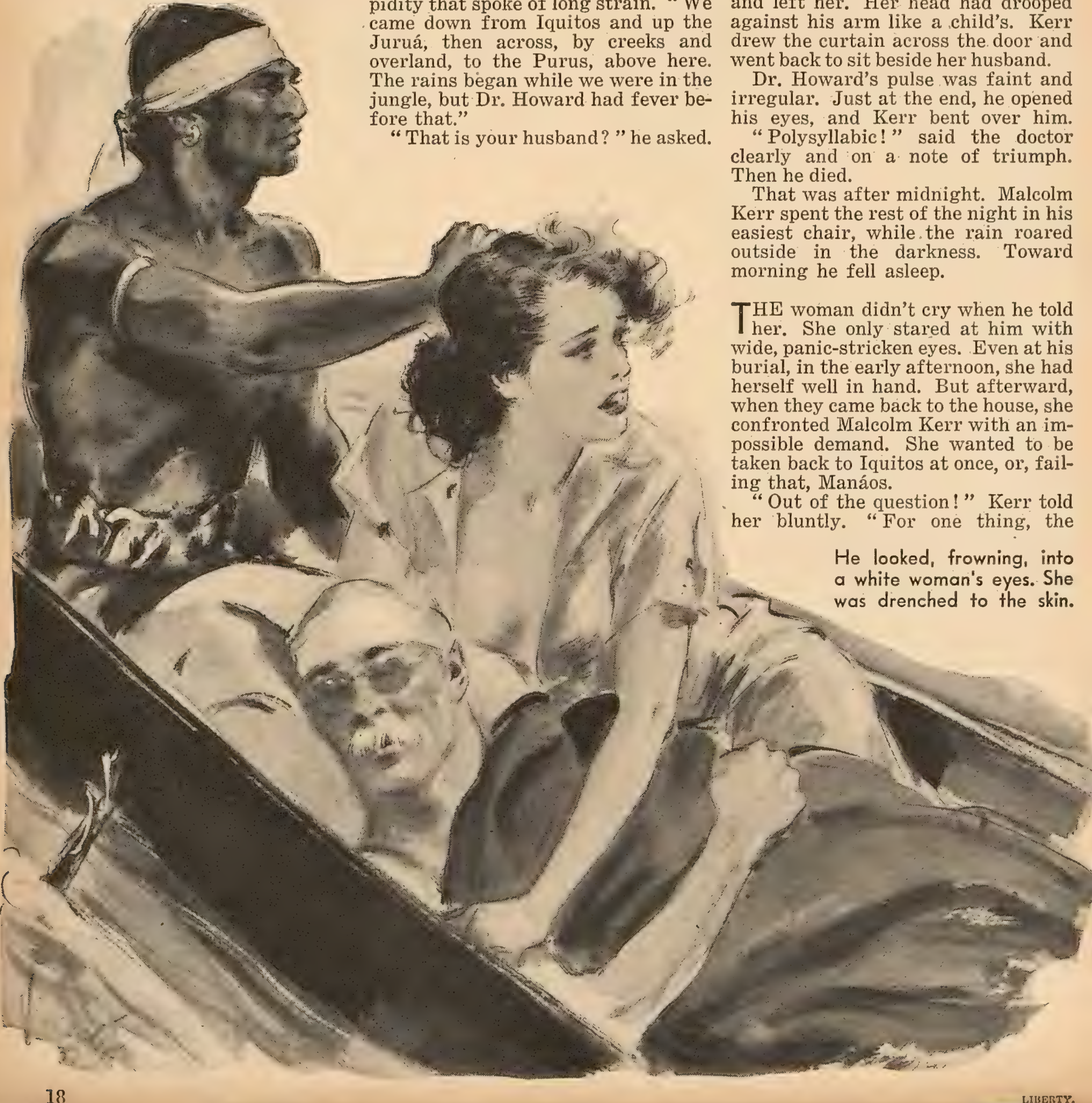
Dr. Howard's pulse was faint and irregular. Just at the end, he opened his eyes, and Kerr bent over him.

"Polysyllabic!" said the doctor clearly and on a note of triumph. Then he died.

That was after midnight. Malcolm Kerr spent the rest of the night in his easiest chair, while the rain roared outside in the darkness. Toward morning he fell asleep.

THE woman didn't cry when he told her. She only stared at him with wide, panic-stricken eyes. Even at his burial, in the early afternoon, she had herself well in hand. But afterward, when they came back to the house, she confronted Malcolm Kerr with an impossible demand. She wanted to be taken back to Iquitos at once, or, failing that, Manáos.

"Out of the question!" Kerr told her bluntly. "For one thing, the



He looked, frowning, into a white woman's eyes. She was drenched to the skin.

rivers are all in flood. For another, your paddlers have gone."

He wasn't prepared for her outburst of wild anger. "You told them to go! You arranged it this way!"

"I was going to say that, even if they were still here, the journey would be most unsafe. I didn't arrange the rainy season."

He stood up, to reach his pipe, and was astonished that she should shrink back. "Don't touch me!"

He could make generous allowance for overwrought nerves, for all Frieda Howard had been through. But this was ridiculous! He said, "I'll remind you, madam, that you came here of your own will. I can't honestly say it's convenient for me to have you. But there's no way out. You're here, and you'll have to stay."

"I can't! Alone with you?"

From Iquitos to the mouths of the Amazon they would have roared at that. But Kerr, the contemner of women, was angry. He jerked open a table drawer and handed his revolver, butt-first, to Frieda. "You'll find it's loaded. Here's an extra box of cartridges. Your honor is safe!"

"But—in the same house!"

"Certainly not! I'm moving out within an hour."

She didn't ask, "Where will you go?" She stared at him with fear-filled eyes and said nothing.

He moved his belongings to one of the sheds at once. Joao and Anna watched in wonder.

On the second day Frieda sought him out. Her face had lost something of its look of dread. "I came to tell you I'm sorry. It wasn't you I was afraid of, I think, but"—she shivered—"the country! It's my first time; it was all strange to me. When Dr. Howard died, I thought I had been left all alone here. I was terrified. But please come back into your house. There seems to be plenty of room."

Kerr wasn't proud, now, of his own anger. He said, a little gruffly still, "All right. We may as well make the best of this. Neither of us wanted it. I promise you there's nothing to fear."

Her color rose. "Thank you. But I know that now."

THE half-breeds accepted her readily, and soon forgot that she had not always been there. Kerr still resented her. When he said that he didn't like women, it was a simple statement of fact. Once a woman had hurt him badly, and he remembered that. He had a genuine liking for solitude, too, and a solitary man's affection for his own habits, the grooves in which his life ran. But Frieda Howard made him a minimum of disturbance. And, after all, it wasn't her fault that she was there.

Kerr had a shelf of books, but she was not a great reader. Instead, she made herself dresses from the cotton print in gay patterns that he had among his trade goods. The gaudy tints made her look younger, emphasized the natural color of lips and cheeks.

She never spoke of her husband,

ILLUSTRATED BY
VINCENTINI

though daily there were fresh flowers on Dr. Howard's grave. But, unless Kerr was mistaken, the deep lines and shadows in her face, fading now, were put there by physical hardship, not by any sense of loss. One day the whole story came out.

"I'm afraid it isn't at all romantic. For five years before, I was Dr. Howard's secretary. He depended on me. Two years ago he was getting ready for another expedition, and he wanted me to go along to help him. But one of the sponsors heard about it, and he was scandalized. It wouldn't be at all proper, he said. So we were married."

She leaned back in her chair, and Kerr saw her smile. "I was twenty-six—I'm twenty-eight now—and Dr. Howard was sixty-two. You've noticed that I always call him Dr. Howard? He called me Frieda, as always. The wedding seemed to make no difference!"

She laughed, and Kerr started at the bitter sound. Cheated! he thought. So that was how it had been with her. No wonder— But she went on speaking. "He was always kind to me, and I had the greatest respect for him. But he was entirely absorbed in his work, interested in me only as I could help with it. It would be hypocritical to go into deep mourning for him now."

OFTEN now, when he went down to look at the river, she walked at his side. The river rose steadily. No canoe could live on that racing water. The rains still fell. They looked at the river together, but in silence, and turned back to the house.

Malcolm Kerr was restless. The rains meant confinement; but other years he had always had the place to himself. That was what had brought and kept him here. He was annoyed that the two half-breeds took pains to keep out of his way, to leave him alone with Frieda Howard. It was a grotesque misreading of his wishes.

She wasn't talkative at any time, though he sometimes heard her singing about the place. The singing was something new; it went with the new tranquillity he noticed in her, the youthfulness, the flowering of unexpected beauty. But he didn't like women. He liked being left to himself.

All their existence was bounded by the river, their jailer now.

"Is it always like this when the flood comes?" she asked.

"I've never known it to vary in ten years."

"You've been here that long? Alone?"

Her tone was pure wonder.

"I like it."

She smiled. "So do I. But—alone!"

Malcolm Kerr said roughly, "That's precisely what I like about it, being alone! I'm always glad to come back here, glad when the rains begin."

She was still looking at him, still smiling. She said, "I've never been in a place with so little relation to the past or the future. As if there had never been another life than this, as if this could never end. Is that why you like it?"

Startled, he supposed that it was. A queer jealousy possessed him that she could share a feeling he thought exclusively his own. Maybe that accounted for her contentment. Most women, he was sure, would have hated the place.

Luiz brought her a jaguar cub one morning. He had found it clinging to a drifting log, half drowned.

"It's sweet!" Frieda Howard said, while the draggled little beast snarled and struck feebly at her hand. "If I had some milk—"

There was tinned milk. Warmed and with sugar and a few drops of rum, the cub drank it from a big spoon. Later he fell asleep in Frieda's lap, with his forepaws clasping his black nose, his little belly comfortably distended. That night she let him sleep on her bed, crowded against her and purring.

He wobbled after Frieda wherever she went, stalking her, making unsteady charges, or pausing to chase the tip of his own tail. Malcolm Kerr donated an old boot, which became prey.

Kerr marveled to himself at her patience with the creature and her delight in it. To watch her, Frieda might never have had a pet before, nothing on which she could lavish affection unashamed. Maybe she hadn't, at that. He knew nothing about her. And wanted to know nothing, he told himself stubbornly.

He had adopted a strictly impersonal manner toward her. The position must be hard for her, too, and he tried to keep her from a sense of obligation. The last thing he wanted was gratitude. Once, when she spoke of that, he cut her short with what he thought an inspiration. "Look," he told her. "When Luiz plucked that little beast of yours from its log, it didn't thank him!"

WILLIAM ARTHUR BREYFOGLE

born in Toronto of American parents, went to Canadian schools and to Dartmouth, graduating in 1928, then to Oxford and the University of Munich. He is unmarried, owns a Boston terrier, and says his favorite recreations are trout fishing and walking.

Frieda laughed aloud. "How lovely! Did I look that wet and lost and miserable?"

"Well," said Kerr uncertainly, "it was raining hard, you know."

She was still laughing. "Did I snarl at you at first?"

She had, and Malcolm Kerr flushed, recalling it, though the memory seemed not to trouble her. Her expression was pure mischief. "If I did, it's logical that I should follow you about now, as the cub follows me!"

"I wasn't suggesting the cub as a model of conduct!"

"Oh, but wasn't that *just* what you did? Wasn't that how you came to mention the cub in the first place?"

She picked the little creature up and tickled it behind its ears, still looking at Kerr. There wasn't any mockery in her smile, nothing but an amusement that asked to be shared. The cub arched its neck in rapture under her hand. The corners of its mouth drew far back; it was blissfully happy. Malcolm Kerr was resolved not to see an object lesson in that. "I was only saying you have nothing to thank me for."

"And I disagree on both points!" She was still smiling.

Once again, on a very different occasion, his elaborately casual treatment of her failed him. That was the afternoon when the sky darkened beyond the normal gray of the rains, and lightning leaped suddenly all about them. The rattle and banging of the thunderclaps were close and sharp. Coming in from the porch, Kerr could hardly see in the living room at first. He asked uncertainly, "Are you in here?" and felt her arms about his neck. Her head was buried against his shoulder; her whole body shook with terror. He could feel the wild pounding of her heart. "It was like this in the jungle one night," she whispered. "Just like this! Only, there was no roof then, and no one—" Her voice died away to a murmur of fear. Involuntarily he put his hands on her shoulders and felt how they trembled. He didn't know how long they stood like that, but it was Frieda who loosened her hold first and stepped back. Her mouth was twisted and quivering. She said, "I'm—I'm sorry. I was thinking of that other time, in the jungle."

Terror like that couldn't be counterfeited. Kerr found nothing to say to her. Neither of them ever mentioned it again.

But thunderstorms presaged the end of the rains. When the flood had passed, Frieda Howard could go down the river. In his own mind, Kerr was preparing for that. He wouldn't need to go with her. Luiz and Joao were trustworthy. They could get paddlers, the next time Indians came. If Frieda wanted her, Anna could go along. They would take her back to Iquitos, where she had started on her strange journey.

It had to be done quickly. Malcolm Kerr knew what was happening to him. The heaviness of his thoughts, the importance he attached to trifles, were the forerunners of a bout of fever. He wanted Frieda Howard out of the place before that gripped him. Fever, after ten years, he could accept philosophically and without fear. But it was important that she should be gone. She might feel obliged to stay and nurse him through the attack.

He wanted only to be let alone. That was all he ever wanted. That was why Frieda must go. He was too old, at thirty-seven, to change. If she stayed only a little longer, she might be there always. He couldn't have that, after what another woman had done to him a long time ago. Besides, he had known from her first coming that she would not stay, once the river fell. There was really no need to go over that now, to prove it point by point and convince himself. It was only that the time while she was there passed more quickly than he had anticipated. It seemed scarcely a week ago that she had come, only yesterday that she had clung to him while the thunder rolled and crashed outside. But now it was time for her to go.

When she saw him at the table that evening, she was alarmed. "What is it? You're sick!"

Instantly he was suspicious. Would she use that as an excuse to stay on? "No, I'm not. I was talking to Joao and Luiz. Can you be ready to leave tomorrow?"

Her eyes were wide. "To leave? But the river's still in flood!"

He had to control a furious impatience. "Only a foot or two above summer level."

"Your canoes haven't even been taken down to the water yet. I thought it would be another month, at least!"

"No, no!" he said fretfully. "Everything will be ready in the morning. I don't want to hurry you, but this is the best time to go. Can you be ready?"

She said, "You're not eating anything!"

He toyed with the food on his plate. It was an effort merely to sit upright, but she must not know that. Once she was gone, he could go to bed and stay there. His vision of her across the table blurred slowly, and he shut his eyes for a moment. He urged her: "You will go, won't you?"

"Yes," she said at last, and gently. "I'll go."

He was awake all night, sweating and shivering by turns, staring into the darkness. But with the first light he got up and dressed. He went down to watch the half-breeds put the canoe in the water. They looked at him strangely, and he told them to hurry up.

But everything went more smoothly than he had dared hope. Frieda had done her packing the night before. Immediately after breakfast he walked down to the canoe with her, shook hands, and saw them start. It was none too soon for him. His head was light and ringing with strange noises. When he turned back and faced the climb to his house, his feet were like lead. He must have got to his bed somehow. He remembered hunting for the quinine.

THAT was the last thing he did remember, until his eyes focused on a point of light a long way from where he lay. Everything else was dark about him. He put out his hand, feeling in that darkness, and another hand, very cool, closed upon it. Without turning, he said, "I—thought—you—were—in—Iquitos."

"Did you, my dear? I've had nearly time enough."

"How long?"

"Two weeks. You were even worse than I had thought. We turned back after a mile. When we got here, you were lying across the bed with the quinine bottle in your hand. You've been here ever since."

He struggled with a tremendous problem. "Then you never meant to go?"

"You mustn't talk. You must lie still. But no, I never meant to go." Her lips brushed his. "Did you want me to?"

But Malcolm Kerr had fallen into the sudden sleep that follows the breaking of fever. He made no answer, except that he was smiling. Frieda, bending over him, was smiling, too. The name he had cried out in delirium was always her name.

THE END

DARK SOUL:

The Secret of Coster-Musica's Crimes

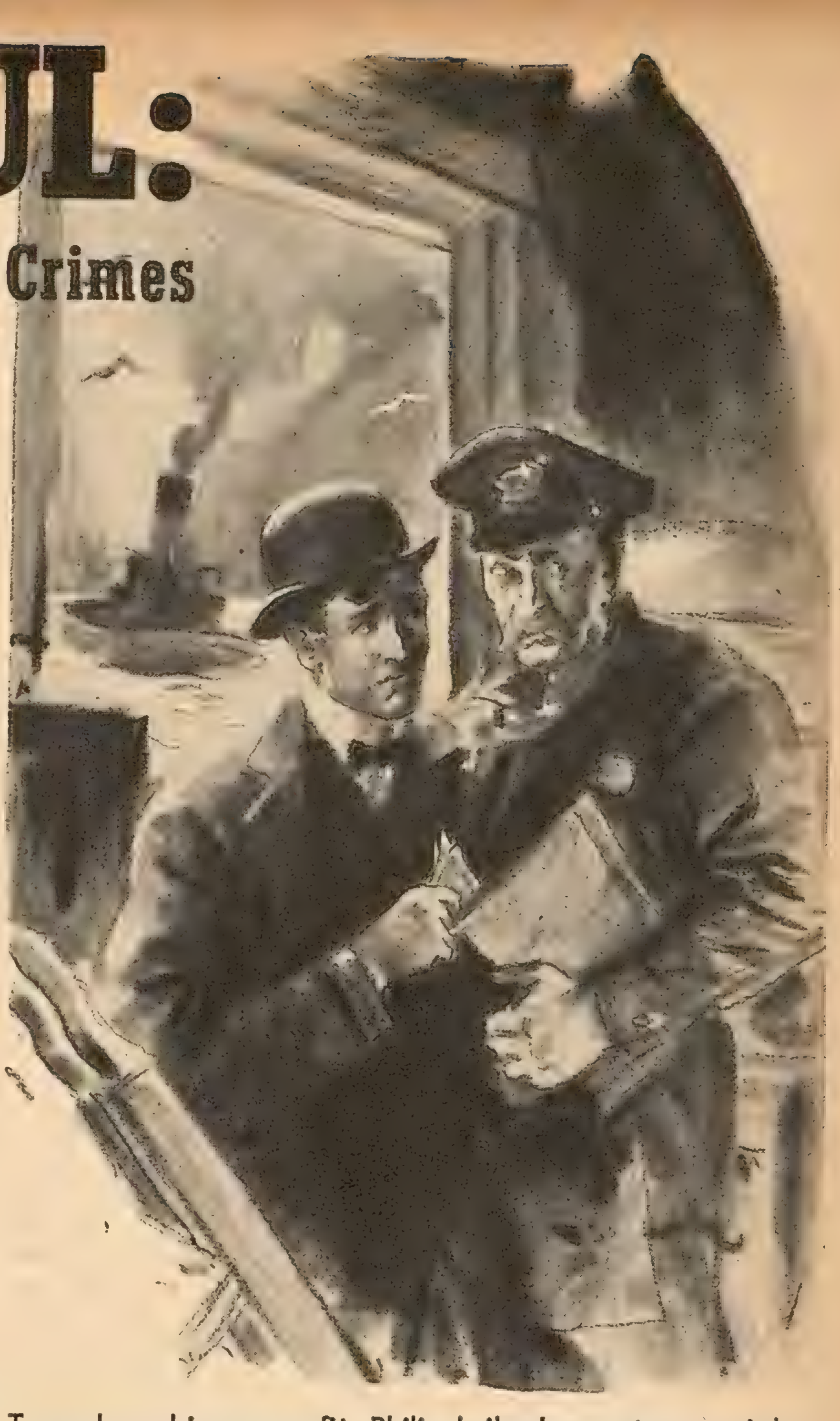
BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

in collaboration with

WILLIAM HEALY, M. D.

Distinguished American criminologist; Director
of the Judge Baker Guidance Center, Boston

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 30 SECONDS



To make a bigger profit, Philip bribed a customs weigher.

A fascinating human document! Science explores an amazing, enigmatic career

The authors modestly introduced this important series last week as a study of an unexampled real-life mystery story—the mystery in the case of Coster-Musica being neither "Who dunnit?" nor Why did he do it? but a far subtler type: How did he get that way?

What in "Coster's" soul had made him the criminal he was? And how had it got in and got possession of him? The authors began their answers with a convenient review of the high points of his career, or careers. They followed him from Naples, whence his parents brought him when he was six, through his childhood years in New York's Little Italy; through his young-manhood's criminal exploits and its aliases; and on into big business, exclusive clubs, and Who's Who in America as F. Donald Coster, president of McKesson & Robbins, Inc. They called attention to these points:

Against the filth and squalor that surrounded his childhood he revolted, becoming neat and well dressed. But the corruption that surrounded it he embraced. And his idol in Little Italy, outside the home, was presumably the gang leader Paul Kelly—really Antonio Vaccarelli, and not a bruiser but a soft-spoken dandy.

PART TWO—THE EDUCATION OF A THIEF

TONS of type have been linked these past weeks to prove that F. Donald Coster, born Philip Musica, is 1938-39's Serge Stavisky or Ivar Kreuger. Disregarding sex, some commentators have called him Cassie Chadwick, Mme. Hanau. One, bolder than the rest, compared him to Giuseppe Balsamo, Count Cagliostro.

There *are* resemblances. To reread the story of Kreuger in the light of the developments in the McKesson & Robbins scandal is to read the forecast in some old almanac of a holocaust since come to pass. They say in Hollywood—doubtless a gag, but a good one—that one studio dusted off a script already prepared for The Match King, substituted pills for matches, and were in production within twenty-four hours of Coster's demise!

Stavisky, the man who issued $60,000,000 in bonds on pawnshop deposits and thereby precipitated riots which cost sixty lives and caused the fall of two cabinets, died, as Coster did, while the officers of justice were knocking at his door. At least, that was what the officers of justice said; some thought they did the killing to save themselves from exposure. There were incidental resemblances, too. Stavisky changed his name and covered his tracks so well that even now no one can explain how he concealed his frauds over so long a period.

The Mme. Hanau parallel, in some respects, was even more remarkable. This extraordinary lady, who swindled thousands of Frenchmen a decade ago, and made them like it, was exposed, as Coster was, by the person who had been most influential in raising her to the financial heights, and, when caught, won freedom by assisting the authorities, as Coster did in his earlier swindle, in untangling the mess that she had made.

Yes, there are resemblances between all these knights and ladies of the black shields and twisted spears. But there is one outstanding difference—at least, we hope that when we get through with Coster there will be: Coster will be explained.

For weeks, now, representatives of Liberty, working in various parts of the world, have been uncovering facts about the heredity and environment, the parentage and childhood, the innermost secrets of this man who might have become a great man, and who chose—apparently deliberately—to become a great crook.

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

So let's look at this Musica family.

Philip was the first-born. Others followed in this order: Louise, Grace, George, Arthur, Evelyn, Robert. Another son and another daughter died when children.

All the living Musicas are sure there was no criminal or abnormal strain on either side of the family.

This is not surprising. The idea that criminality as such is inherited has long since been exploded by direct research. Of course, here we are talking about biological inheritance. Social inheritance—the kind of social setting into which a person is born—naturally bears upon the production of criminality.

As for abnormality, brother George Vernard-Musica seems to be a bit on the soft side. "Sort of crazy," his favorite taximan called him. The man is quoted as saying that Vernard would give a fifty-cent or dollar tip and tell the man to charge the fare, that he drank a great deal, and was always looking over his shoulder. If true, this is nearest to any known abnormality in the family, and it doesn't indicate anything very important.

Of course, some abnormal persons may turn out to be swindlers; but the abnormal personality nearly always includes instability. We have known a good number of swindlers of this type, but their behavior never had the consistency and stability which Coster-Musica displayed and which is the basis of his success.

The capture of the Musicas in New Orleans after the "hair swindle."

It is also well established that the youthful Philip was quite a normal child physically. He suffered no accident which might have affected brain or nervous system. He was well all his life, except for the usual children's diseases, none of which went hard with him. The "heart ailment" at the end was proved by the autopsy to have been a camouflage to avoid seeing people.

In his early teens he was sometimes subject to fits of melancholy, especially after periods of hard work or study; but it always passed quickly and was undoubtedly an adolescent vagary of no lasting effect.

There was no sudden change in personality during childhood or after it. As we know, the boy's earliest moves in business suggested all his later ones.

Certainly we cannot find the motives for this man's actions in overcompensation for an inferiority complex developed during youth. There is little to make one believe that his turning to crime was caused by any feeling that people looked down on him because he was a foreigner or a child of the poor.

The Musicas were struggling immigrants; but the brothers all say that the family was never desperately poor. Their toes sometimes stuck out of their boots, but their stomachs were never empty.

As a boy Philip was blond, as were most of the other children; Robert, the youngest, still is. They did not look like foreigners, especially Italians. Philip learned English with remarkable facility, and quickly spoke like a native American.

A fellow barber friend of old Musica—who says he gave Philip his first shave—intimated that Philip had a youthful love affair with a girl whose parents would have nothing of him because he was an immigrant. There is no confirmation of this tale from the family.

In his biography in Who's Who in America, and in his pose of respectable executive and family man, he evidently painted himself as the person he wished to be; but it apparently did not occur to him that he could not become or had not become just that.

Nor was the boy Philip denied the advantages of education. He didn't take degrees at Heidelberg, as he said he did in Who's Who, but he did go to public school on the East Side, where he was known as a brilliant but erratic student, who learned easily, and often swapped his knowledge with his mates for licorice sticks. (As a grown-up, he always loved sweets and drank only moderately.) He was respected by his schoolmates and somewhat feared; although not active in games, he became a leader by force of some inner power.

No record of Philip's marks in school is available; but neighbors recall old Musica boasting about them.

Neither are there truancy records for any of the Musica boys. Philip is said to have liked school well enough. His principal complaint was that the schooling went too slowly. He always had time on his hands at school while the others were catching up. He may have been that way later in his business life—impatient.

He showed some scientific bent in school but didn't go far in any branch. As need arose, he picked up knowledge mainly from human contacts. In later years he absorbed principles and details from his technically trained subordinates.

There is no evidence that he used his gift for learning languages to become an accomplished linguist, although it might obviously have helped him as importer and exporter, and as manufacturer of chemical products.

Reports differ as to whether or not he graduated from high school; but anyway he went for a time, and acquired enough Americanization to erase all remaining signs of foreign birth. This seems to have been a fetish of his from earliest times, although, paradoxically, he became prominent as Musica in Italian societies, and as Coster lived in an Italian villa in Connecticut.

There would seem, therefore, to be nothing in the boy's outside social surroundings which, taken by itself, predetermined his later criminal career. Some of the economic and political influences affecting him, in both Naples and Manhattan, were on the wrong side; but the right kind of parental influence would undoubtedly have offset them in the case of a normal very intelligent child such as he appeared to be.

Let us take, as an example very much in point, another family that came from Naples at about the same period and had much the same struggle. The father was quiet, easily satisfied, a bit above the laboring class, the mother a bit better educated than the ordinary Italian peasant. They had an even larger family; and there was an older boy with great facility for learning in school and especially for languages. The one thing that was totally different was that in this case the ambitious and dominant mother was most insistent upon the value of honesty.

The boy, as well as his brothers, could have been easily shunted into the ways of graft and petty dishonesty common in their neighborhood, and could undoubtedly have worked up in such ways. But the mother had become convinced that there were better ways. She impressed upon her family that America offered opportunities for education which would surely lead to advancement.

The older boy was stimulated to go far in the educational world. He carried along with him other members of the family, much as Philip Musica did, but in the opposite or right direction.

Now, what of Philip Musica's parents?

Well, Antonio Musica—who came to this country in 1883 and opened a barbershop in Hanover Square on New York's lower East Side—was a striking figure, with a shock of flowing gray hair and whiskers. Otherwise he was far from impressive. A shy, retiring man at heart, easily influenced, he was under the spell, first of an ambitious wife, then of an ambitious son.

In brief, Antonio the barber was a weak sister.

Under prodding from mother Musica, he put in macaroni as a side line. Under prodding from son Philip, he gave up barbering and put in cheeses. The new line did very well, but not well enough to satisfy Philip, by this time in his late teens or early twenties. So Philip did what he may have known was common practice: he bribed an officeholder (in this case a customs weigher) to make a bigger profit possible. The Musicas split the advantage three ways: a third to the weigher; a third to the customer, allowing them to undersell their competitors; and a third to themselves. The family moved to Bay Ridge.

This hegira from Little Italy seems to have occurred in 1901, when Philip was twenty-four. The inference is that his criminal tendencies developed early, perhaps in his late teens, because the fraudulent cheese profits must have continued for some time to justify so radical a change in their standard of living.

Father Musica loved his new position and prominence, and soon blossomed out as a leader in Italian societies. When he was arrested on the boat in New Orleans after the human hair swindle, he cried, "I am disgraced!" and tried to kill himself with Philip's revolver. Apparently, however, getting caught was what hurt him, not conscience.

So Philip Musica's father obviously failed to set up an image of what a good citizen and honest man should be, and his wife didn't build up any such inspiring image for him. All the family seems to have been aware of mother's opinion of father—which was not high. She too was Neapolitan, but considered herself superior because her family was said to have been in some merchandising business. Family tradition is that she refused to marry the slow-going barber until he promised to give up barbering and become a merchant. Financial reasons made this step impossible at first. The Musicas waited seven years to save enough money for steerage passages to New York on a slow boat. Meanwhile the family lived in straitened circumstances and, it is believed, in considerable unhappiness.

The Musica children refuse to admit that their mother nagged their father — the family solidarity is marked—but the general impression is that she "kept after" him all the time. Anyway, the family life in Naples during Philip's first six years couldn't have been altogether joyous, with an ambitious mother thwarted by poverty and an easygoing father continually driven to efforts he would not have made if left to himself.

DURING their first years in New York the Musicas made no secret of the fact that they had come expecting to get rich. The children believed that their parents actually thought the streets of New York were paved with gold. The disappointment they felt during the first years must have made its impression on Philip.

The family continually talked about "rich people." Neighbors recall their talking about "rich people on the boat" on which they had come over. "Rich people in carriages" were also spoken of with awe in the family's talks with children and neighbors.

Philip seemed to be greatly impressed and treated all well-to-do people with respect. He sometimes journeyed across town to see the rich go by in carriages and sleighs. The first thing he did when he moved the family to Bay Ridge was to buy them horses and carriages. At Fairfield later he showed a weakness for high-powered foreign motorcars.

His brothers say Philip dreamed of wealth when a small boy, and was very impatient with father, as mother was. He would talk glibly to father in English, and father would do what Philip wanted him to do rather than admit he didn't understand. In later life Philip always dominated people because he was at pains to know more,

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
SEES A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER PUT A SPECIAL EDITION "TO BED"
IMAGINE! THAT ACCIDENT WE SAW THIS MORNING IS IN THE HEAD-LINES ALREADY! HOW DO THEY GET NEWSPAPERS OUT SO FAST, DAD?
WELL, WE'VE GOT SOME SPARE TIME TODAY. LET'S GO SEE AN EDITOR I KNOW. HE'LL TAKE US BEHIND THE SCENES
IS THIS WHERE ALL YOUR FOREIGN NEWS COMES IN?
YES--HERE'S A DISPATCH FROM CHINA--YOU'LL SEE IT IN THE HEAD-LINES WHEN WE GET TO THE PRESSROOM
YOU SEE THAT MACHINE? IT RECEIVES PHOTOS SENT OVER THE TELEPHONE FROM ANYWHERE IN THE COUNTRY
PICTURE COMING IN--I'LL HAVE TO PUT OUT THE LIGHTS
THAT'S DOWNRIGHT UNCANNY!
"THIS IS THE WAY WE GET THE PICTURE. OUR CORRESPONDENT MERELY CALLS US LONG DISTANCE AND HITCHES UP HIS PHOTO SENDING SET TO THE PHONE. RIGHT NOW WE'RE RECEIVING THE PHOTO OF A FAMOUS LAWYER--- MILES AWAY----"
HERE IT COMES, BOSS
OKAY, JOE, LET'ER GO!
AFTER LUNCH
PHEW! THOSE PRESSES GO LIKE THE WIND!
16 COMPLETE PAPERS A SECOND, JUDGE. SAY--REMEMBER THE LAWYER'S PICTURE I MENTIONED?
YOU MEAN THE ONE SENT OVER THE PHONE A WHILE AGO
YES--HERE IT IS ON THE FRONT PAGE--AND A FINE LIKENESS TOO
YOU CAUGHT HIM IN A GOOD MOOD. I'D SAY HE MUST BE SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT IN THAT PIPE
SWEEPS NEW YORK
RIGHT YOU ARE, JUDGE--FROM MY REPORTING DAYS I KNOW HE DOES SMOKE P.A. AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE'S THE MAN WHO INTRODUCED ME TO PRINCE ALBERT!
WELL, YOU OUGHT TO FEEL MIGHTY GRATEFUL TO HIM. THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE P.A.
PRINCE ALBERT

EXTRA
EXTRA MILDNESS IN THE BIG RED TIN
'MAKIN'S' SMOKERS, TOO, CHEER P.A. ROLLS FASTER, SMOKES SLOWER—IT'S THE CRIMP CUT!
PRINCE ALBERT HAS THE RICH BODY OF CHOICE TOBACCOS—WITHOUT HARSHNESS, PACKS RIGHT, DRAWS EASY
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY P. A.

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. *(Signed)* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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SO MILD!

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

or seem to, than they did about the subject in hand. This trait showed very early.

One way the boy learned American ways so quickly was by avid reading of newspapers. He had a keen and retentive mind, and often debated controversial matters with family and friends, often much older than he.

He also paid a great deal of attention to the society pages. In fact, it was this early acquired habit that acquainted him with the vogue for coiffures which would make the hair business profitable because of the demand for "rats" and switches.

The mother's desire for social advancement was keen, and there is little doubt that her influence affected her entire family. Louise, next to Philip the oldest of the Musica children, married a gardener shortly after the human hair fiasco in 1913. She says that she has seen little of the family since, because the Musicas felt she had married below her station.

Whether Philip's own ambitions were simply social is a matter of some doubt. His moving the family to Bay Ridge would indicate that they were; also perhaps his moving his personal headquarters to the Knickerbocker Hotel and, in his later incarnation, to aristocratic Fairfield; but most of his social moves seem to have been dictated by a desire for financial advantage.

He did have a flair for high-sounding names. He picked out Girard for his supposed parents and his supposed hair-tonic business. In listing his wife in Who's Who, he endowed her with her mother's last name, the aristocratic Schiefflin, instead of Jenkins. The Donald in his own fictitious name is also typical.

Where he got the name Coster is not altogether clear. One of the men he is said to have implicated in the hair racket bore the name Costa. A more probable though doubtless unwitting source was F. Donald Costa, a Queens druggist, whose address our Donald claimed as his own for a time in 1920, though retail druggist Donald swears he never met wholesale druggist Donald.

Incidentally, Philip Musica's aged mother's home in Westbury is known as "Meadowbrook," which is a name of consequence in that part of Long Island!

Aside from this, there is little to show that Philip was a snob. There is no record of his ever having seemed ashamed of his family, as so many similar boys are. Even at the end he had acquired few social acquaintances. The Costers entertained nobody but relatives and a few business associates. Most heads of $80,000,000 companies are socially prominent, or try to be.

One psychologist is quoted as saying that the fact that Philip, in later life, did not entertain more shows that he was really antisocial. There is no evidence that this is true. He always was with constituted authority and against those who defied it, unless their names were Coster or Musica.

ONE thing is certain: of all the children, Philip alone had visions that carried him beyond Little Italy. Even when very young, he was consulted on serious matters by his parents and their neighbors. The fact that he could speak English better than the older people threw him frequently into the position of interpreter, a role of some power if used unscrupulously. By his quickness in absorbing American ways he achieved an importance quite beyond his years.

There were few parties in the Musica home, except the usual family celebration of Christmas, New Year's, and the various saints' days. Neighbors say that young Philip was more or less the center of attraction.

Surely Philip could have had no inferiority complex as a child, but he may have helped to develop it in his brothers and sisters and force it on his father, so as to bend them to his will. By eighteen he ruled the family absolutely, even the mother deferring to him. She was clever enough to let him drive his father on to the very goal that she had long sought.

He was very much the big brother, one might almost say the little father, in his relations with his brothers and sisters. His attitude from the very first was protective.

The news stories have all stressed his generosity to his family. They may be true, but it now appears that he was generous chiefly with McKesson & Robbins' money. For example, the property in which McKesson & Robbins has its New York office is said to be in his mother's name, and to produce for her $600 a month.

His alleged family loyalty extended apparently to his family-in-law, if we can believe the sentiments expressed in the death note. His desire to shield his two brothers-in-law may have been due, however, to the fact that he had apparently placed large sums in brokerage accounts in their names—at least, in the name of one of them—and that he was trying to save these sums for his wife.

Or, perhaps, for himself. Nothing in the note indicates that he had made up his mind to shoot himself at the time he wrote it. The fact that he spent three days trying to locate by telephone the disbarred lawyer figuring in the case may indicate that he was scheming a defense right up to the last moment.

He seems always to have been able to impress his world with his sincerity and openness. As a boy, he was apparently believed to be wholly on the level by the family's friends and neighbors, although some of them say now that they knew he was "shrewd."

He never took part in any of the youngsters' pranks and practical jokes, and is said to have warned his mates against doing "something wrong." There is one instance, not confirmed, where he told the proprietor of a neighborhood store who had short-changed a customer that that was "the wrong way of doing business."

THE entire family has always been deeply religious. He was regarded as especially so. His suicide note would seem to show that he still was, even after he had publicly forsworn the faith into which he was born. In Who's Who he said he was a Methodist; but he died with Catholic medals in his pocket and a card saying, "I am a Catholic. In case of accident, please notify a priest."

In the deep gloom of this year's Christmas tragedy, Fairfield neighbors, according to the New York Times, "recalled that last year at this time two huge Christmas trees hung with many colored lights stood in front of the house, and hidden floodlights in the surrounding grounds made a Christmas landmark. Silent Night and other carols emanated from the home."

As Coster, Philip had a habit of expressing himself in religious terms, even in his business letters. To a man who was suing him for $125,000 he wrote: "So there is nothing for me to do except to wish you and yours a very merry Christmas, a prosperous New Year, and may God bless you to see the light."

This was a man he had presumably skinned within an inch of his life!

Both parents were highly emotional, even for Italians, especially the mother. Father Musica, too, had a love of the dramatic, evidenced by his spectacular appearance and his highly theatrical suicide attempt.

As a child, Philip's temper was very hot. The brothers don't recall any tantrums, but they secretly feared him, as did most of the children of Little Italy. In later years, although marvelously controlled, he had some stormy interviews with his colleagues. In fact, he seems to have given the impression from earliest youth that he would be dangerous if roused.

Even the mother, although a devout Catholic, quarreled with the village priest in Westbury, where she now lives, and for years went to church in Mineola instead.

She is now seventy-nine, but with the coming of old age there was no falling off in her ability to hold the attention and apparently the genuine affection of her oldest son. The family doctor in Westbury, who for some years has visited her several times a week, is authority for Philip's devotion—one might almost say infatuation—for his mother. During the six years of her partial incapacitation following an automobile accident, he seldom if ever missed telephoning her at least once a day.

It is well, in a matter of this kind, to reach conclusions only after *all* the known facts are on the table. However, it is possible to make certain statements. And you do not need to be a psychiatrist to tell what two of those statements must be. We don't need to use the terms "exaggerated ego" and "mother fixation." We can just say that Philip Musica had a "swelled head" and was a "mama's boy," and we won't be far wrong.

The latter fact undoubtedly guided his personal life. It made him satisfied to put off marriage until his forties, and prepared him to become, when he did marry, as subject to the influence of his wife as he had been to that of his mother.

Feminine influence played the biggest part in his early life. What part did it play in his later life?

What was the story behind his romance with the attractive lady who became his wife, and who was with him in Fairfield when he ended his life?

That fascinating question has been less illuminated than obscured in the newspapers. Real light is thrown on Coster-Musica's private life by the investigation for this series—as you will discover next week! You will also learn the facts about the huge gun-running swindle that Coster-Musica was planning when he crashed!

20 QUESTIONS

1—This week's early photo at the left is of a novelist known to her intimates as Mary Ann Evans Cross. She wrote Romola. If you can't guess her pen name, let George do it! Who?

2—Which letter do the Chinese usually but incorrectly pronounce as l?

3—Gherkins are young what?

4—Which countries comprise the Iberian Peninsula?

5—What is the oldest stringed instrument?

6—Biscuits in England may be what in the U. S.?

7—What large flood, costing 2,205 lives, occurred in 1889?

8—According to the Bible, what prophet was fed by birds?

9—A "dusted" or "charged-to-the-gills" horse is what, according to race-track argot?

10—Moving-picture kisses never last longer than how many seconds?

11—In which state is Crater Lake National Park?

12—What is the world's most popular heated beverage?

13—Who was the Lady with the Lamp?

14—The natives of which principality are not allowed to gamble at Monte Carlo?

15—Which river is longer, the Missouri or the Mississippi?

16—Cambria is the Latin name for what?

17—Who advanced the theory of natural selection?

18—The Tale of a Tub was written by whom?

19—A seismograph is handy for recording what?

20—The state religion in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark is named for whom?

(Answers will be found on page 52)

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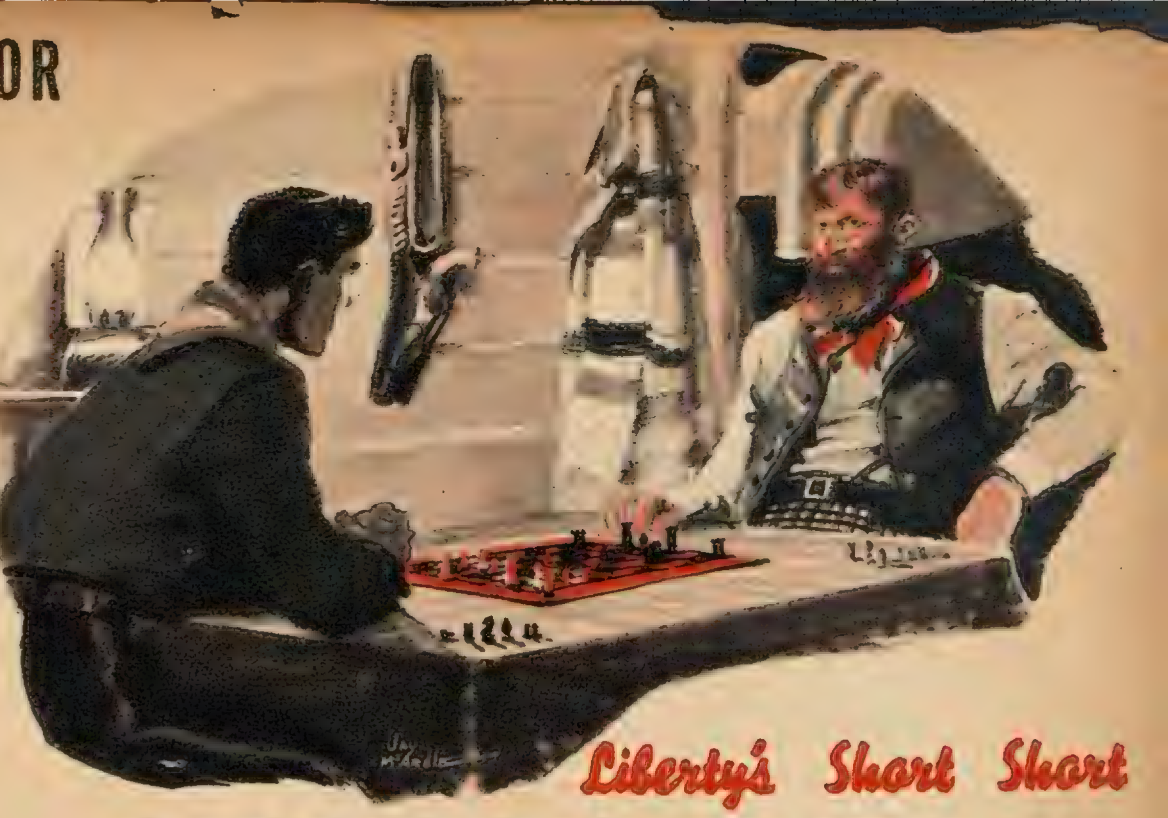
Gillette BLUE BLADES

5 for 25¢



Liberty's Short Short

CHECKMATE

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

THE throbbing of his left great toe brought the deputy marshal awake. He speculated dimly whether this bunk, these blankets, the cabin roof beams above him, the sizzle and smell of frying bacon were all parts of a delicious hallucination. But were he still out in the strong cold, that toe would not throb. It had been the first part of him to signal the treachery of false warmth as he stumbled along in the arctic snow.

He rolled his head and saw the big man fussing with the skillet at the sheet-iron stove. The big man had matted red hair and a curly beard. He was Trench Roberts. The deputy had been brought out of the cold by the man for whom he was searching.

The big man turned from the stove, grinned through his curly red beard. "That was close," he said. "Lucky my dogs picked up your scent as I turned into the gulch. I'll bet you could eat. Say, do you play chess?"

Days passed. When the deputy's left great toe began going green, the big man did a bit of neat surgery with a hammer and chisel. The big man taught him chess, and through the long nights the deputy would sit staring at the board, absently cracking his knuckles, trying to think of chess and not the other problem.

The big man had hung the deputy's revolver and holster on a wall peg by the bunk. Once, when the big man was out, the deputy ascertained the weapon was loaded.

A month went by. The deputy knew he could travel. He became moody.

"You can't play chess worth sawdust," the big man grinned one night. "Watch out for your queen."

"Look here, Trench!" the deputy exploded. "No use beating around the bush. You know I am after you. This is working on me. I've got to take you in, Trench."

"Sure—duty and all that." The big man kept grinning. "Go ahead; it's your move."

"Look here, Trench. Why did you kill that partner of yours?" The deputy was groping for an out. "It wasn't just cold-blooded murder like they say it was?"

The big man shrugged. "Old Bill was a nice guy, too, but he drove me wild. I taught him chess that winter we stayed together, and by Christmas we were nip and tuck. I remember one game . . ."

"Never mind about that. Why did you kill him?"

"Why, he wouldn't wash his socks. Two men in a cabin all winter, and he wouldn't wash his socks. Finally it was too much. It drove me wild."

The deputy cracked his knuckles, pondering.

"Did you kill Loftus, the other deputy who went after you last year?"

"It was either him or me."

"Why the hell did you bring me in out of the snow?" the deputy growled.

"I wouldn't just leave a man to die, would I?" Then the big man flashed his grin. "Anyhow, I'm a friendly cuss. Looked like I'd found a chess partner."

The deputy got up from the table, turned to the wall and drew his revolver from the holster hanging by the peg. He gave the big man plenty of chance to get the rifle in the far corner of the cabin. But when he turned the big man hadn't moved.

"You're under arrest, Trench Roberts," the deputy muttered. He felt a bit foolish, but he went on doggedly: "I'm taking you to Fairbanks to stand trial for murder."

"You'll feel better after dinner," the big man soothed. "Come on. Let's finish this game."

"I mean it. I've got to take you in, regardless."

"Why?"—blandly curious.

"You're a nice guy and I really like you. I owe you my life. But you've still murdered two men and I'm a deputy United States marshal. I just never learned how to cheat myself."

"Upward and onward," the big man said.

The deputy wet dry lips. "Tagging it don't help. I can't cheat, one way or the other. If I don't take you back, then I just won't go back myself."

"Fine!" beamed the big man. "Fine! You stay here with me, and we'll play a lot of chess."

The deputy hadn't meant it that way. "I've got things to go back to. A job. Friends. Something they call self-respect. And—well, there's a wife and baby."

"Poof!" The big man spread his hands. "I've left two wives, three kids! Shucks, you forget 'em. Come on. Let's finish this game. And watch your queen. Or," the big man added softly, "shoot me now and get it over with. Let's settle this foolishness."

They played a lot of chess during the winter. The deputy viciously disciplined his mind in that one channel. After the New Year he never lost a game. The big man became morose and sullen. For almost a month in the early spring he communicated only in grunts and gestures.

Then one day the deputy was hunched over the board, cracking his knuckles while he studied his play, when the big man arose, went around the table. The deputy glanced up just as the big man rushed with the upraised ax.

"Quit popping them knuckles!" he screamed, bringing the ax down.

Jerking back, the deputy felt the blade brush his hair before sinking deeply into the thick table top. The ax stuck in the plank just long enough for the deputy to come around and up, slugging. That was long enough.

He handcuffed the crumpled figure of the big man.

"All right, pal," the deputy said grimly. "Now I can take you in. Now we're quits."

THE END

ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WBBM, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte; KNX, Los Angeles. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

CHARLES LASALLE

. . WHERE ANGELS

BY EDWIN RUTT

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

YOU couldn't exactly call it a pick-up. It was more a case of Boy follows Girl. Girl had inky hair all on fire with tiny blue lights, eyes like twin amethysts, and a figure that would cause an upset condition at Malibu Beach.

This much William Janeway Jones perceived while waiting at the corner of Forty-seventh Street and Park Avenue for the traffic lights to go green. And it was sufficient. William preferred brunettes. Maybe he simply wasn't a gentleman, but there it was. Tall and dark for William. And, thought Mr. Jones, the Creator must have fashioned this masterpiece with Mr. Jones in mind.

Just then the lights flashed green. The girl stepped briskly across Park Avenue with a nice free-swinging walk. And William Janeway followed.

The girl steered a course for Madison Avenue. William kept her in sight, though between Park and Madison Avenues he collided heavily with the following: (*a*) telegraph boy (one) loitering; (*b*) shopgirls (three) giggling; (*c*) gentleman of broker type (one) hastening; (*d*) elderly ladies (two) package-carrying. This opposition he promptly mowed down as several years ago he had been wont to mow down the sons of Fair Harvard while playing at left halfback for Mother Yale. And reaching around the corner of Madison well in the money, he was in time to see the Paris hat, riding jauntily on the blue-black hair, just entering a building. The hour lacked a minute of 9.30 A. M.

Girl disappeared into an elevator. William was just behind her.

The girl got out at the twenty-second floor. William followed. She swung down a corridor and made for double doors of frosted glass. In black letters across the frosted glass ran the legend:

PANCOAST, BRAY & FITZPATRICK
Counselors-at-Advertising

For all William, the legend might have read:

THE JAWS OF DEATH
Enter here at your own risk

He hesitated not. He permitted a length or so of open water to show between himself and the girl. Then, hard upon her smart suède heels, he invaded Pancoast, Bray & Fitzpatrick.

Pancoast, Bray & Fitzpatrick was a triumph of iron-grille work and Norman Bel Geddes. The iron-grille work enhanced offices lining a long low corridor. There was a plum-colored carpet on the floor. Down this vista of magnificence the girl hurried, with the air of one who has played the course many times. And it was at this point that William got a break.

At the reception desk sat a blondined marcelled Cerberus whose function it was to check in the wage slaves and to prevent alien characters from penetrating into the lush preserves of Pancoast, Bray & Fitzpatrick. But at the moment of William's entry she was using her eyes for googoo work on a gentleman who bore all the earmarks of a filing clerk. William tore at the forelock of Opportunity. He fled down the corridor like a ghost.

Fifty feet along it, however, he paused. He was beginning to realize that he had no right whatever in this place. But he decided suddenly not to evacuate it until he had had speech with the girl to end girls, now turn-

ILLUSTRATED
BY
CHARLES
LA SALLE

fear to tread

Presenting the headlong Mr. Jjones, a beguiling maid, and as gay a tale of office love as you are likely to find

ing the corner at the far end of the corridor. Wherefore he removed his hat, the better to blend into the landscape, and proceeded on.

Presently a tiny room loomed, obviously a cloakroom consecrated to the male. William stepped inside and hung his brown felt with the dipping brim alongside of a gray fedora. Then he stepped out again.

Around the corner at the end of the corridor the full glory of Pancoast, Bray & Fitzpatrick burst upon William. Gorgeously dressed contact men pursued their mysterious craft behind further iron-grille work. Copy writers, male and female, dashed about like hard-pressed foxes. Art directors in shirt sleeves cluttered the fairway, bearing layouts.

William Jones pushed through the turmoil and reconnoitered.

She sat at a desk in a small office at the end of the great main room. One shapely hand held a yellow pencil poised above a scratch-pad. Its shapely side-kick held a cigarette. And the eyes that would have launched a thousand ships the size of the Queen Mary were bent in concentration. William's heart leaped. His hands clenched determinedly at his sides and he entered this sacred place.

The girl looked up. A puzzled expression etched itself in the alabaster of her forehead.

"Yes?" she said.

William uttered a strangled sound. "They—they told me to speak to you," he brought forth at last.

For a moment the girl regarded him in silence. Then she nodded twice.

"I think I get it," she said. "You're another one."

"Another what?" William inquired.

"Copy writer, of course. To help me with this account. When"—the words shot like bullets from her parted red lips—"I don't need a darn bit of help!"

"Gee," said William, "I hope you're not sore or anything. It's just that . . ."

"Why shouldn't I be sore?" she interrupted. "Pancoast loads me up with work and hops gaily off to Florida. And then they send you in, and I'll have to take time out and explain things to you, and . . . oh, blast! Who hired you, anyway?"

"Why, er . . ." began William, and then came a brain wave. "Pancoast," he said, relaxing. "Just before he hopped to Florida."

"He would." The girl eyed him steadily. "He'd throw a thousand things at me all at once, and top them off with you. I haven't any time at all, but I suppose I have to take some of it and explain this account to you."

"Swell," said William. "I'm a mouse already. Tell you what, though. Let's slide out and grab a cup of coffee. More cozy, don't you think?"

"Coffee? You must be crazy. Now, about this Crofton account . . ."

"Crofton?" said William meekly.

"Yes. Crofton Silks." She eyed him coldly. "That's what Mr. Pancoast wants you to work on, isn't it?"

"Do you work on it?"

"Ye gods! Of course I do."

"Okitydokedokedoke! Then we go to town together. And as we bowl merrily along let's break down and tell our right names. I wacky last go."

"It seemed to cascade off," babbled Jones. "Jones," cut in June, "make sense. What cascaded off what?"

The girl sighed. "Anything to get this over with. I'm June Jardine."

"June Jardine," said William softly, as one repeating a litany. "I knew you'd have a name that flows gently, like Sweet Afton. I am Jones. William Janeway Jones."

"Jones?" said June Jardine. She sounded disappointed.

"I admit," he said, "that there's nothing flashy about 'Jones.' But let me tell you something, Ju—er—Miss Jardine. You're confronting no run-of-the-mill Jones. You see, my kind of Jones is—er—is—ah . . ." He paused, and then inspiration, which had been bombarding him all morning, shot another shaft. "What I mean is, you spell it with two j's."

"Oh, you do?" said June. "Now isn't that just ducky? One red for starboard, the other green for port, I suppose."

"You're trifling with me," said William. "Look here!" He reached over, took her pencil, and inscribed upon the scratch-pad. "Look! The words and music. That's the way the Dipsy Doodle works."

June read: *Jjones.*

"Looks sort of funny," she said. "Like a 'No Smoking' sign in Sanskrit."

"But it's got eye appeal," argued William. "Attention value, don't you think?"

FOR a moment June Jardine regarded him with penetrating eye.

"This has all been very interesting, Mr. Jones," she said at last. "Thrilling, even. But now, my good man"—she pointed suddenly to a small bookcase at one side of the office—"do you see that large gray book? Well, that is a history of the Crofton Silk account. I suggest that you take it and study it thoroughly."

"History," said William, arising and seizing the book, "was always duck soup for me. In the history department at Yale they still speak my name in a hushed whisper."

"So you're Yale?" said Miss Jardine. "Well, I advise you to forget it now. The advertising business is nothing like a college. Just take that book and go back to wherever you came from. I'll see you later, I suppose."

"But that's the trouble," said William. "They—they haven't assigned me to any place. Mr.—Mr. Pancoast said I was just to browse around."

"Well, the browsing's terrible here. I'm really awfully busy."

"Couldn't I just sit in this chair?" said William in a small pleading voice. "I'll be so quiet you won't even hear my brain changing gears."

June's great eyes looked at him in annoyance. Then, suddenly, a million-dollar smile came up to bat.

"You're an absolute nut," she said. "But . . . oh, well, stay if you want to."

Exactly two hours and fifteen minutes later Miss June Jardine looked up from her work. William had had an enchanted morning. He had spent the golden moments looking covertly at June's bent head, in his opinion the shapeliest head from here to Singapore. On his lap the history of the Crofton Silk account languished.

"Have you met Henshaw yet?" June inquired.

"Henshaw? Never heard of her."

"It's not a 'her,'" said June severely. "It's Mr. Henshaw. He's the contact man on this account. We're going to see him now."

At a desk before the iron-grilled sanctum of Mr. Henshaw sat his secretary, a female all flying hair and tortoise-shell glasses. She looked a bit like a studious and disarranged mouse.

"This is Mr. Jones, Miss Mott," said June, pausing at the desk. And added: "You spell it with two j's—why, I wouldn't know."

"Variation from routine," William murmured. "How d'do, Miss Mott."

"How-do-you-do, Mr. Ji-Jones," said Miss Mott, catching on brightly.

"Jones," said William firmly. Then he and June passed into the stronghold of Mr. Henshaw.

Mr. Henshaw was a nervous little man who gave the appearance of being a kind of mustached wren.

"Ah! Um!" said Mr. Henshaw, at their approach.

"Mr. Henshaw," began June, "this is Mr. Jones, hired by Mr. Pancoast to help me on the Crofton account."

Behind his great mahogany desk little Mr. Henshaw seemed to pop.

"Most irregular," he said in distress. "Very irregular indeed. I wish Mr. Pancoast would inform me before he does these things."

"I guess he didn't have time," said William, with superb courageousness. "He just hired me and then went to Florida."

"Ah," said Mr. Henshaw. "What experience have you had, young man?"

"None in advertising," said William. "I've been in a brokerage office for the last couple of years, but the depression threw me out."

Mr. Henshaw brooded for a space.

"Um," he said at last. "Mr. Jones, you have been engaged to work on a most important account. Not that Crofton spends as much as some we have. But, for certain reasons, Mr. Pancoast takes great personal interest in it. He is constantly putting on new copy writers to help Miss Jardine. This, in my opinion, is extravagant and wasteful. Miss Jardine is satisfactory in every way."

This guy, thought William, is a past master of understatement. Aloud he said: "Yes, sir."

"But since Mr. Pancoast has hired you personally," continued Mr. Henshaw, "we will have to try and make some use of you. Miss Jardine, who knows all about the account, will put you through your paces."

"I'll do just that," said June. "And incidentally, Mr. Henshaw, he has no place to sit. Can't he take Lopez' office temporarily? Lopez is on vacation."

Mr. Henshaw's sanction was a sepulchral murmur.

"That's a dirty Scandihoovian trick," said William over June's shoulder as they quitted the Henshaw claim. "Kicking me out of your office."

"You'll be able to concentrate better in Lopez' office. Here it is." She paused before a room palpably unoccupied. "You can get that book from my office and read it in here this afternoon. Don't bother now, though. It's almost time for lunch."

"Lunch?" said William, thrilled. "That's an idea. How's for you and me starting a beanery and chasing it out into the open?"

She looked at him like a species of beautiful cobra.

"I have a lunch date," she said witheringly.

"You have, eh?" said William. "Well, that won't do at all. Now that I'm around, your lunch hours are booked. Who's this date with? A man?"

"With three of them." June's eyes put him through a kind of light-violet crucifixion. "The Ritz brothers. At their town house on Forty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue."

WILLIAM lunched in lonely state. During the meal it was given him to see that a wise man would withdraw from this precarious limb on to which he had crawled while yet there was time. Unquestionably he had gotten all the breaks this morning. But how long would he go on getting them?

When he returned from lunch, the blonde job at the reception desk raised eyes of inquiring aquamarine.

"I'm new here," said William affably. "Just came this morning."

"Oh," said the blonde. "Name, please?"

William gave it. The blonde nodded vaguely, dreamily. She liked men with big shoulders.

All afternoon William learned about silk from the history of the Crofton account. But he devoted only about one quarter of his intellect to this fascinating study. The other three quarters attempted, futilely, to think up a suitable excuse for invading June Jardine's office again. And then, about four thirty, just as he felt a slight case of brainfag coming on, he looked up. Lo, there stood June in the doorway.

"Well," she said, "how are you getting on?"

"Great," said William. "Another page and I'll be spinning cocoons."

June came in, sat on a corner of the desk and swung the neatest ankle of modern times.

"Listen," she said. "Do you really want to be of some help to me?"

William went on record to the effect that alongside of him in his desire to help her the Good Samaritan, Florence Nightingale, and the Salvation Army were monuments of the grossest selfishness.

June laughed. "You're an affable idiot," she said. "I don't suppose you have even a slap-happy idea of what the advertising business is all about. But maybe that's all to the good. Maybe we need a fresh viewpoint."

"Sure you do," said William eagerly. "And that's where I come in strong. I carry fresh viewpoints in my vest pocket. Now, take you, for instance. There's no denying that purely on looks alone you . . ."

"To business, Mr. Jones," interrupted June. "Listen! Old Mr. Crofton—he's the son of the founder of the company—is a dear. But he's practically retired. The business is run by his vice-president, Mr. Skeffington. And Mr. Skeffington . . . well, as a downright murderer of advertising campaigns Mr. Skeffington is tops, that's all."

"Ha!" growled William. "Makes trouble, does he? Well, get me this Skeffington. I'll pin his ears back."

JUNE looked at him pityingly. "Mr. Skeffington eats young chaps like you for breakfast. Now let me tell you what happened this afternoon. To begin with, a couple of days ago we took the spring campaign over to Mr. Skeffington. He looked at it with those pale-blue murderer's eyes of his and made no comment. He had us leave the material with him. Well, this afternoon he called up. And every one of the ads is dead. He simply didn't like a single thing we'd done."

"I see. And what happens now?"

"Now," said June, with a sigh, "we scrap all our previous thinking and start from scratch. And I begin to rack the weariest brain in New York to get up something that will do two things—one, sell silk; and two, please Mr. Skeffington. Another thing! Unfortunately, this campaign has been killed while Pancoast is away. Consequently Henshaw is dithering. He's terribly anxious to get something past Mr. Skeffington before Pancoast comes back. You get the point? Whenever Pancoast is away, the account is Henshaw's responsibility. So he'll be crowding me and I'll have to work fast."

"When," said William, "will Mr. Pancoast be back?"

June shrugged her nice wide shoulders. "Heaven knows. He pops in and he pops out."

"The popping type, eh?" said William. "Well, I get the problem. When do we start to town on it?"

"I start now," said June. "Tonight. And if you want to help me . . . well, you can stay and work with me."

"Hot zing!" said William with enthusiasm. Then, hopefully: "Look, it's nearly (Continued on page 34)

And Velvet... first in the pipes of the country.. Men!
Velvet
Velvet
CIGARETTE TOBACCO
Velvet
Better smoking tobacco

—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood

—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco
for both

Copyright 1939,
Liggett & Myers
Tobacco Co.

Who said it FIRST?

There are certain phrases and slogans which express a thought or truth so aptly, say so much in so few unforgettable words, that they endure as part of the common language. They add friendly warmth to everyday speech, bring forth an affectionate smile when they are spoken. Like well-loved tunes, they play upon the heart strings. A nationally known radio dramatist tells you here how a few of these classic lines started.

"Tomorrow the Ghost Walks"

In other words, "Tomorrow is pay day." Tradition traces this popular saying to London and the days when Shakespeare managed his own company of players. Shakespeare played the Ghost in "Hamlet"; he also acted as paymaster. The actors, with British humor, connected ghost and wages.

"A Man's House Is His Castle"

This statement was made famous, over three centuries ago, by Sir Edward Coke, Chief Justice of England. Sir Edward was sometimes cranky, cruel, crude; but he was also a lover of liberty. If a man's house is indeed his castle today, it is in no small measure due to the life and labors of Sir Edward Coke.

"A Philadelphia Lawyer"

The high reputation of Philadelphia lawyers in solving complicated problems dates back to 1735 when Andrew Hamilton of Philadelphia, in an exciting and dramatic trial, successfully defended John Peter Zenger, Albany newspaper publisher, against charges of political libel. Thus freedom of the press was born along with a phrase now used the world over.

"In a Pinch"

In the California Gold Rush days, gold dust was often used for money. A miner buying a drink would hold out his pouch, and the bartender would take a pinch of dust between thumb and finger. Some bartenders could pick up a lot of dust at one time; and even now, discussing finances, we sometimes ask, "How much can you raise *in a pinch?*"

THAT *Famous Flavor* MADE SCHLITZ *the*

the that made Milwaukee

The Beer that made Milwaukee famous is neither sweet nor bitter. One reason for the world-wide popularity of Schlitz is that it achieves the full tang and rich goodness of true beer—*without the bitterness of the hops or the sweetness of the malt.* Supreme among its virtues is its fresh, clean after-taste.

Copr. 1939 JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

Dry... NOT SWEET... NEITHER IS IT BITTER

"The Queen Has No Legs"

on't be alarmed. She was a Spanish queen ho lived three hundred years ago, and there as really nothing the matter with her. The hrase, a sort of high-light in the history of nobbery, was uttered by a court official when omeone dared to offer Her Majesty a gift of lk hose. "The Queen of Spain has no legs," e bellowed; and threw the stockings in the onor's face.

P. S.—One historian tries to explain, by ying that the lady stood *"on ceremony."*

"Nothing Succeeds Like Success"

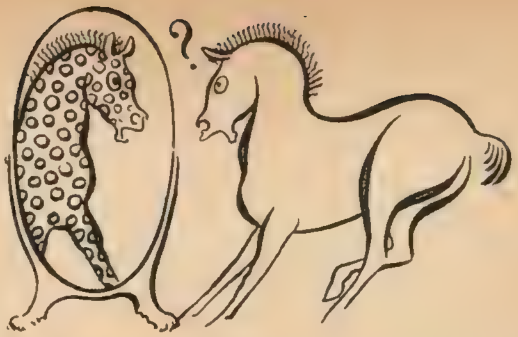
These words were uttered by doctors who witnessed the first public use of sulphuric ether in a surgical operation, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, October 16, 1846. Doubts had been expressed as to whether the patient would be rendered insensible to pain. The first public demonstration dispelled these doubts, and the success of ether anesthesia was assured.

"On With the Dance"

This command made its debut in high society when, in 1816, the romantic Lord Byron put it into his poetic work, "Childe Harold," where it appears as "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined; No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

"Horse of Another Color"

This phrase originated more than a century ago. Admiral Nagle admired a cream-colored horse in the stables of George IV. Next day the King delighted Nagle by giving him a horse which had been painted the fashionable color. It promptly turned black when ridden in the rain. "It's a horse of another color," laughed the court. The King followed his joke a few days later by sending the Admiral a cream-colored horse of great value.



"Let George Do It"

In other words, "Push the job off on someone else." The original *George* lived four hundred years ago. He was an easy-going French politician whose friends were always getting him to do things for them. Their way of passing the buck was to say, "Let George do it."

"Turn the Tables"

In the days of Cicero, two thousand years ago, men of fashion spent huge sums of money on tables. Cicero's own table cost about five hundred dollars; one rich man had a table worth its *weight in gold.* When such men scolded their wives for extravagance, the good ladies would say, "Well, what about your tables?" To this day, when we use a man's own arguments against him, it is said that we are "turning the tables."

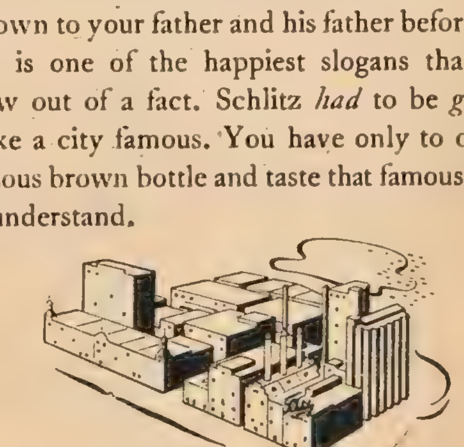
DO NOT TOUCH

"Bring Home the Bacon"

Seven hundred years ago, Robert Fitzwalter established an annual ceremony at Dunmow, England, in which husbands and wives of one year appeared before a magistrate. Those who could swear that they had not quarreled during that time were given a supply of bacon. The custom is still observed, and the young couples are annually exhorted to "bring home the bacon."

"The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous"

Known to your father and his father before him, this is one of the happiest slogans that ever grew out of a fact. Schlitz *had* to be *good* to make a city famous. You have only to open a famous brown bottle and taste that famous flavor to understand.



Beer Famous

BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

That famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* The air that sustains life can destroy the flavor of the beer *if sealed in the bottle:* *SO—WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN.* An amazing new method that assures you brewery-fresh goodness *always.* Schlitz pioneers again!

(Continued from page 31)

five. Couldn't we sort of launch this enterprise on a cocktail or two?"

"I don't go for cocktails much," June said wistfully, "but I'd love a sherry flip about now."

William bounced up from the desk.

"Follow me," he said grandly. "I know a place where sherry flips better than anywhere else in New York."

That hour in the intimate little red-leather-and-chromium bar was just an interlude before work began. For two nights and two days William labored like a Grade Z coolie. June Jardine, once the creative spirit was upon her, seemed to be a combination of Simon Legree and the skipper of a Greek galley. She simply tore off headlines and leads and tossed them to William to have copy added. So occupied did she keep him that Mr. Jones did not even have time to grin at the spectacle of a he-man ex-halfback, who had never written copy before in his life, now writing it on a woman's account.

Mercifully, by the rest of the help around the agency his presence seemed scarcely to be noted.

EDWIN RUTT

at various times has made his home in Canada, France, England, Bermuda, and on the far side of the world, in Australia. He has been writing for some six years. Before he made fiction his full-time job he was in the advertising business in New York City.

At five o'clock on the second day June came to him. There were dark shadows under her violet eyes.

"I'm quitting for today," she said. "I'm all in. Can't think any more. Don't you want to stop too?"

William studied her. He knew that she had not licked this problem yet. Her tall slim figure seemed to droop.

He felt pretty washed up himself. But he forced a smile. "You beat it. I'm staying here to die for dear old Crofton."

"All right," said June. "Don't work too late." She left him.

Miss June Jardine went straight to her apartment hotel and to bed. At 3 A. M. her telephone shrilled.

It was Jones, and Jones was excited.

"It just seemed to cascade off," babbled Jones over the wire. "I don't know how I do it. Maybe on account I'm a genius. Maybe . . ."

"Jones," cut in June, "make sense. What cascaded off what?"

"This idea. Off my pencil. You know—idea. The red-hot McCoy for Crofton. Listen. Meet me in the lobby of your hotel in fifteen minutes. And if you don't agree that this here now thought is a knockout, I'll eat your entire wardrobe in Tiffany's window."

"All right," said June, rubbing sleep from one eye. "But it better be good or I'll take you across my knee right in front of the night clerk."

"That," quoth Mr. Jones, "would be like a caress from Colbert. See you presently."

It was a good idea. In fact, it was very, very hot. Different.

"Jones," said June, "it's marvelous. I'd never have believed you had it in you. How on earth did you think of it?"

"It came to me in the dead of night," said William, glowing. "We'll go out and celebrate."

"We will not!" cried June, disappearing into the elevator. "We're going down to that office and whip out some copy."

Mr. Henshaw, coming in around nine thirty the next day, found two tired-looking people lurking by his desk. He stared at them in astonishment.

June handed him eight pieces of copy.

"There's our campaign," she said.

Mr. Henshaw read. Mr. Henshaw's eyes lighted.

"But this is—um—fine!" he said. "This is—ah—something. I—I like it. I believe Skeffington will take it. By the way, who did it?"

"Jones," said June.

"Jardine," said Jones.

Mr. Henshaw bethought him then of his alma mater.

"Um," he said. "Of course it doesn't matter who actually did it. The important thing is that it was done under the—ah—aegis of Pancoast, Bray & Fitzpatrick. We'll get the layouts made today. I'll arrange a date with Mr. Skeffington for tomorrow, and I shall want you two to go with me." . . .

Mr. Skeffington of Crofton Silk Mills, Inc., looked like an iceberg styled in gray. Gray hair, gray mustache, gray shirt, gray socks. He acknowledged his introduction to William with a curt nod, then waited in unencouraging silence as Mr. Henshaw unwrapped the layouts and stood them against the wall.

So long did Mr. Skeffington gaze at them without speaking that the air became charged with electricity. Finally and without warning, "Ha-rrumph," barked Mr. Skeffington, clearing the Skeffington throat.

William blinked. June stiffened. Little Mr. Henshaw bounced like a Mexican jumping bean.

"I don't think much of these," said Mr. Skeffington in a flat, uncompromising voice.

Mr. Henshaw squirmed and muttered something to the effect that the agency recommended this campaign very highly. And suddenly it was borne in upon William that Mr. Henshaw stood in mortal terror of Mr. Skeffington.

Mr. Skeffington's voice cracked like a rifle. "Too radical. Too much of a departure altogether. These ads won't do."

"I think they would do," June said unexpectedly, her eyes flashing. "I've worked on this account three years, and this campaign is the best we've done yet."

Mr. Skeffington made a noise that sounded like "Pah!"

"I don't know what's the matter with you people at that agency," he said. "You don't seem to have any real ideas. Take this stuff away and bring me something else."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Henshaw, from force of habit.

All at once William glanced at June. She was biting her lower lip and her violet eyes were misty. Even as he looked, a pearly tear dropped out of one of them. And suddenly Mr. William Janeway Jones saw red. With a sudden movement, he was out of his chair.

"Listen, you!" he shouted, snapping his fingers under Mr. Skeffington's nose. "Do you know what you are? Well, I'll tell you. You're an advertising bully, that's what. You haven't considered these ads carefully. You haven't read the copy. You've simply got the power to kill other people's ideas and you take keen delight in misusing it. You . . . why, I'll bet when you were a kid you tortured cats. And now you get a kick out of making human beings wince. Well . . ."

"Bill—Bill!" shrieked June at this point.

"Quiet!" thundered William. "Look here, Mr. Skippington—or whatever your name is. We'll go back and try again. We'll bring you something that isn't radical, isn't a departure, isn't anything at all but the same old wishy-washy stuff you seem to like. And you'll probably O. K. it. Because if it's watery enough and—and hackneyed enough, you won't be afraid to. You . . ."

He stopped suddenly. Before his very eyes Mr. Skeffington had turned from gray to imperial purple.

"Y-y-you . . ." he stuttered, and got no further.

With a sweeping gesture William scooped up the eight layouts. With the other hand he beckoned to June and Mr. Henshaw. Then he swept out of Mr. Skeffington's office. . . .

When the terrible afternoon was drawing to a close William was summoned to Mr. Henshaw's office. He found it crowded with dignitaries of the agency. June was there too. William sat down in an obscure corner.

"We are having this—um—meeting," Henshaw began, "on account of a—ah—regrettable incident. At a conference with Mr. Skeffington of Crofton Silk Mills, a most valued client, our Mr. Jones saw fit to . . ."

He was interrupted by a tall thin man.

"May I be informed," said this individual, "just who our Mr. Jones is?"

Mr. Henshaw stared at him.

"Why, you know Jones, Mr. Pancoast," he said, pointing at William. "You—um—must know him! You hired him."

Mr. Pancoast was looking at William.

"I never saw him before in my life."

And just then, mercifully, the telephone rang.

Mr. Henshaw fell on it. Then suddenly he motioned for quiet. "Mr. Skeffington," he hissed.

"Here, let me talk to him," said Mr. Pancoast.

It was a one-way conversation lasting five minutes. At the end Mr. Pancoast managed to get in a lone word.

"O. K.," said Mr. Pancoast, and put the phone down. Then his eyes riveted on William Janeway Jones.

"Well," he said, "it's just as I've always told some of you fellows. You've been letting Skeffington ride you ragged, and he will as long as you'll let him. Well, it appears to have taken this—this Jones, here, to figure out the way to handle him. Who this Jones is and why he's here beats me. But we'll find that out later. The thing is, if he'll take the job, he's to be the junior contact man on the account. Skeffington demands that. And he wants that campaign brought back for further consideration."

Everybody turned. But William Jones saw only one pair of eyes. They were like two great amethysts.

"You, Jones," said Mr. Pancoast. "I'm offering you a job. Speak up, can't you? Say something!"

"Well, what do you know about that?" said William.

ASIDE from June, William, and the bartender, the little red-leather-and-chromium bar was deserted.

"Listen, Bill Jones," said June. "I've got a true confession. I thought there was something pretty salt-mackerely in the way you blew into my office that morning and said Pancoast had hired you. But I—I didn't care to probe the matter. I—oh, I'm goofy, I guess, but I just seemed to want you to stick around. But how did you manage to get into the agency in the first place?"

William enlightened her.

"When a Jones sees the woman for a Jones," he concluded, "he never lets her out of his sight. It's an old Jones custom. We're a bulldog breed."

"I see," said June. "Now there's something else. Do you really spell your name with two j's?"

"That," said William, "was just—well, it was color."

June nodded. "I'm glad. It had me worried. You see, the inhabitants of Little Sunken Valley, Long Island, or Delphiniums-in-the-Dell, Connecticut, might take it amiss if we spelled Jones with two j's. They'd probably think we were nuts. And, after all, we've got to have some sort of a social life, wherever we live."

William jumped.

"Hey!" he barked. Do you honestly mean you'll marry me?"

"Why not?" said June softly. "When a Jardine sees the man she loves, she marries him. It's an old Jardine custom."

"Whoops!" said William. "Ever been kissed in a bar before, lady?"

"Bill! The bartender!"

"Let the bartender take his chances," said William, and kissed her.

THE END

CHAMPION
PATENTED

This is the spark plug Champions use!

The best spark plugs for your car are those that are outstanding in open competition. In racing cars, midget and Indianapolis types, boats both outboard and inboard of all classes, Champion Spark Plugs are the choice of racing champions. Because of the better performance they bring to every engine, Champions have for fifteen consecutive years equipped the vast majority of all victorious racing engines everywhere.

IT IS THRIFTY TO INSTALL NEW SPARK PLUGS—DEMAND CHAMPIONS

REHEARSAL FOR Love

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

KATHLEEN ROBERTS, not long out of college, takes a job as personal secretary to Patrick Bell, a handsome and successful young contractor, and promptly falls in love with him. She is attracted mainly because he is so different from the men she has known—smooth, sophisticated men like Paul McClure, for example, a playwright friend of Hannah Arnold, the clever dress designer whose apartment Kathleen is sharing while Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, her parents, are away on a cruise.

Paul, recovering from a romance and a quarrel with Hannah, falls in love with Kathleen. He tells her so, and, although he realizes she is infatuated with Pat, he says that he will still wait and hope. Hannah, too, knows that Kathleen loves Pat, and highly approves of it because she believes that such a set-up will give her a chance to win Paul back.

Pat's mother, Molly Bell, is a third person who is aware of Kathleen's feelings. With characteristic bluntness, she calls at the office one day and asks the girl point-blank if she cares for her son. This bolsters Kathleen's hope that Pat loves her, too, and that it won't be long before he tells her so.

The moment comes more quickly than she anticipated. One evening Pat is taking Kathleen home from an after-theater supper in his car. The car crashes into a taxi and she is stunned for a moment. When she comes to she hears Pat saying: "Are you hurt, Kathleen . . . darling?" He bundles her into a taxi and confesses, "I didn't realize how much I loved you, darling, until I thought I might never be able to tell you."

PART FIVE—A GIRL CALLED SANDRA

KATHLEEN held both hands to her head. It ached, it was a stupendous, a colossal head. It was like fourteen mornings-after. She complained, when she could speak, "Of all the times to tell me!"

He took her in his arms, and she said, "Ouch!" involuntarily, but when he kissed her, as he did promptly and with great ability, she forgot the ache and her general sensation of being battered and bruised.

Presently she drew away and laughed a little shakily. She said, "If I go home with a headache, Hannah will think I'm stealing her thunder. . . ."

He said promptly, "You're not going to Hannah's. You're going home with me. . . . Ma will look after you. . . . Here, lean back against me and don't try to talk. I've got you now. For always. . . ." His arm tightened and she leaned back docilely. Her faintness had passed. Except for the ache in her head, she felt as if she could lick her weight in wildcats. It was marvelous to submit, to do as you were told. She said, "Pat, do you really love me?"

"I'm crazy about you. . . . When are you going to marry me? Tomorrow? The day after?"

She reminded him, "You haven't asked me."

"I'm asking you now!"

"Not tomorrow, not next day. . . . I— Oh, Pat, don't talk," she begged. "I'm so happy—"

Half a block farther on she remembered something. She said indignantly:

"It seems to me that you take it pretty much for granted that I'm in love with you, too."

"Well, aren't you?" he asked mildly.

"Of course," she admitted. "But how did you—"

A cloud in Eden! Now, in a brilliant drama of today, a specter of sudden doubt shadows a bright romance

"Wish you joy of him," she said clearly. "If you ask me, he's pretty much of a heel. And I should know."

He said, "I didn't . . . but when I saw you there, limp, knocked out . . . it was like the end of the world for me . . . and I knew that I loved you so much that you *had* to love me, Kathleen."

It sounded logical, at least at the moment. She said, sighing, "Well, there's no use trying to keep you guessing . . . you took me, quite literally, off my feet."

When they reached Riverside Drive and the big apartment house, she was half asleep, and he had to lift her from the cab. He helped her across the lobby, the doorman hovering by, and they got her into the elevator, which was empty. They shot upward. Once in the hall outside Pat's apartment, she was able to walk to the door, which Pat opened with his key. Half supporting her as they stood in a brilliantly lighted foyer, he shouted "Ma!" at the top of his lungs.

The apartment was a duplex. Mrs. Bell appeared at the head of the stairs, a funny little figure in a voluminous flannel wrapper, her hair skewered with curlers. She said, "What on earth . . . shouting fit to wake the dead!" Then she saw Kathleen. . . . "What's happened?"

"Accident," said Pat briefly. "She's all right. Got a bump on her head, so I brought her home."

"Well, don't stand there talking," said his mother testily, and began to issue orders.

Almost before she knew it, Kathleen was installed in a guest room, undressed, and put into one of Carmela's nightgowns. Mrs. Bell and a spare, competent maid officiated. Pat was downstairs, telephoning. Presently he came tiptoeing in and looked down at her. He said, "I called Hannah. I'll have some one fetch a bag for you tomorrow. . . ."

"How is she?" asked Kathleen.

"I didn't ask," said Pat. "I simply said we'd had an accident; I'd brought you here. When she wanted to know why I hadn't brought you home, I said you belonged here, seeing that you're going to marry me."

Mrs. Bell exclaimed, and Kathleen tried to sit up. She said, "But—but—oh, Pat, you *are* crazy! Nothing's settled."

"Everything's settled but the date," said Pat.

Mrs. Bell said, beaming impartially, "It took an accident to wake him up. Get out of here, Patrick Bell. . . . Did you phone the doctor?"

"I did. . . ."

HE bent to kiss Kathleen and she put her arms around his neck. Mrs. Bell shooed the maid from the room. She stayed, however, her hands folded on her round little stomach, and regarded her son and Kathleen with approval.

"What did Hannah say?" Kathleen asked Pat.

"I didn't listen," said Pat. "She was squealing. She'll be up to see you sometime tomorrow."

"But, Pat, I want to go to the office."

"Not you. . . ."

"Are you firing me?" she demanded.

"Think I want my wife working?" he asked.

"But I'm not your wife." Her head was aching again, and she looked piteously at Mrs. Bell. "Oh, do get him out of here," she implored.

"Scat!" said his mother and escorted him to the door. He stayed there a moment, looking very gay, very triumphant, very handsome.

The door shut. Kathleen said ruefully:

"I didn't mean it to happen that way. So—so suddenly."

"That's Pat," said his mother complacently.

"I know, but—"

She couldn't explain it, the feeling of sorrow which was interwoven with her happiness. It was too soon perhaps . . . as she had said, too sudden. She had so loved things as they were—the daily excitement, the wondering, the tiptoe expectancy. She had not been sure of his love for her, and yet she had liked not being quite sure, the excitement of it, the living from day to day. . . .

The doctor came, a grave young man. He gave her something to lessen the pain in her head, to make her sleep. He could find no other injury, but would arrange for an X-ray, he said, the first thing in the morning.

After he had gone Mrs. Bell tucked her in and opened her windows and kissed her on the cheek.

"I'll be next door," Pat's mother said. "You're to call me. . . . Try to get some sleep now."

She was still sleeping when Pat went to the office next day and did not see him. Breakfast was ordered when she waked, and Mrs. Bell came in with a basin of warm water, a washcloth, and a new toothbrush, and proceeded to guide her through her ablutions as if she had been a child. One of Carmela's bed jackets was put around her shoulders, and presently she was able to sit up, drink some fruit juice and coffee. She felt much better. Her head was sore to the touch, but it no longer throbbed. She felt refreshed and rested, but confessed she had no inclination to get out of bed.

I DREW A
SALUTE
FROM THE ADMIRAL
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

The Admiral *looks* grim but he's a great guy! At the formal reception to the fleet, he asked me did I have any Beeman's Gum. When I drew a fresh package out of my bag, his eyes twinkled like harbor beacons.

"Just the life preserver I was perishin' for!" he said with a grin. "The refreshing tang of that Beeman's flavor makes even shore duty a pleasure. It's fresh as a 20-knot breeze. Beeman's is the code word for a delicious treat any time. A salvo of thanks, my dear!" And the Admiral actually saluted!

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

The doctor returned early with a portable X-ray machine and a technician, and the plates were made. He told her, when she asked him if she could get up, that it would be best if she remained in bed for the day. "It has been a shock," he informed her severely.

"You're telling me?" she murmured with a sidelong glance at Mrs. Bell, who hooted instantly with her full-bodied laughter.

They were alone together that morning.

"I mustn't keep you from anything," said Kathleen remorsefully. "You're so good to me, Mrs. Bell."

"Could you call me Molly?" asked the older woman. "I'd like that. . . ."

"Of course—I'd like it too—Molly," said Kathleen, smiling. . . . "But don't put me off like that. Won't you just try to forget I'm here?"

"I haven't a thing to do in the world," said Mrs. Bell, "until the afternoon, when some of my old cronies are coming in for a cup of tea. . . . Pat told me that he wants to be married right away."

"Yes, I know; he said so last night. But I can't, Molly. My father and mother—I wouldn't dream of it until they come home. And I don't want to tell them that we're engaged, even, until they come back."

"Now, why?" inquired Molly.

"Because I know them. They'd cut the trip short, come home by the next boat. I don't want them to do that. I want to persuade Pat to let me go on working in the office and not tell a soul—except you, of course, and Hannah . . . and then, when my mother and father return, we'll announce it and be married as soon as possible."

"Pat's not a very good waiter," said his mother.

"I know," said Kathleen . . . "if what goes on in the office is any evidence. But this is one case where he'll have to wait. And . . . Oh," she said anxiously, "I hope you'll stand by me."

"Of course," agreed Molly instantly.

A MESSENGER from the office arrived with a bag which Hannah had packed and with an enormous box of gardenias from Pat. Mrs. Bell put them in a silver bowl and set them on the bedside table. Their heavy fragrance made Kathleen's head ache again, but she wouldn't have said so for anything. Pat called up half a dozen times. Hannah arrived in the afternoon with more flowers, and Mrs. Bell left them alone together. Her own callers had come and she would send up tea. She measured Hannah with unsmiling eyes before she departed.

"Quaint little number," said Hannah. "Looks like a plum pudding."

"She's a darling," said Kathleen warningly.

"Oh, of course," said Hannah. "For heaven's sake, tell me about last night. . . . I was sorry to run out on you, but I had a tearing headache."

"It was catching," said Kathleen with a faint smile. "There isn't any more to it than Pat told you over the phone. We stayed late, left, and got hit . . . and I bumped my head."

"Look," said Hannah. "Is it true—what he told me—that you're going to marry him?"

"It's true," said Kathleen. . . .

"Oh, darling!" Hannah flung herself on the bed and kissed Kathleen warmly. . . . "Sorry. Hurt?" She straightened up and regarded her friend with beaming eyes. "It's marvelous! Aren't you awfully happy? Are you going to be married . . . right away?"

"No," said Kathleen, "not for a long time."

Hannah was quite still. Her bright color faded a little. She dipped her scarlet-tipped fingers into the silver bowl and pulled out a gardenia.

WHY aren't you going to be married right away? I thought from something Pat said—"

"Pay no attention. I'm not going to be Mrs. Bell until mother and father get back."

"I thought you didn't believe in long engagements. I've heard you say so a dozen times."

"I don't; but this is different. I can't do anything to make them hurry back. Can't you see that?"

"Oh, I suppose so. . . . It's so long since I've had any one I had to consult," said Hannah. She pulled the gardenia to pieces and then looked at what she'd done in dismay. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to—"

"That's all right. Hannah, don't tell any one about Pat and me, will you?"

"But I've told Paul," said Hannah, flushing. "I called him this morning. . . ."

Kathleen smiled. She thought, You didn't lose any time. . . . But she could not be angry. She understood perfectly. She said equably, "I don't mind. He won't say anything if you ask him not to."

"He's said plenty already," said Hannah with energy. "He wouldn't believe me at first. Said I was lying."

Kathleen said, "Well, call him again, tell him that the engagement isn't to be announced."

Hannah said, "All right . . . but he'll probably barge in here himself. He said he was going to—"

There was a knock and Emily came in with the tea tray and a message. The doctor had telephoned; the result of the X-ray was as he had expected. No injury. He would look in, however, tonight, just to see how Miss Roberts was getting along.

When they were alone—

"Molly," said Kathleen, "is marvelous. And so darned good to me."

"Molly?"

"Pat's mother. . . ."

"Oh. Is he the only child?"

"No, he has a sister, Carmela, much younger, still at school. From her pictures, she's very pretty."

"Well, you won't have many in-laws to cope with. Do you expect Pat will want you to come here and live when you're married?" asked Hannah curiously.

"We haven't gotten that far," said Kathleen.

"Well," said Hannah firmly, "if you stay, you'll have to do it all over. It's the darnedest place I ever saw."

"I hardly saw it last night," said Kathleen. She looked around the room. It was overelaborate, a great deal of satin and lace and drapes and painted furniture, but it was pleasant enough.

"Wait till you get a load of downstairs," said Hannah, shrugging. She set down her teacup. "I must run along," she told Kathleen. "When will you be home again?"

"Oh, probably tomorrow," said Kathleen. "I want to go to the office, if I can."

"Are you really going on working?"

"Of course," said Kathleen with spirit.

"It may be complicated," said Hannah—"working for the fiancé. . . ."

Emily appeared again. She said, "Mr. McClure to see Miss Roberts."

"I knew it," said Hannah, and whitened to her lips.

"Ask him to come up," said Kathleen. She smiled at Hannah. "You'll do the honors?" she asked.

PAUL came in almost headlong. But he stopped when he saw Hannah. He said, "Gathering of the clan, eh?" He marched over to the bed and stood looking down. "Sweet Kate," he asked, "what hit you?"

"It felt like a pile driver," she admitted.

"Hannah doesn't give a very good report," he said and sat down at the foot of the bed. "Come, tell all. Give."

She told briefly. "So, you see," she concluded, "I'm all right. No fracture, nothing. Head's too hard, I guess. I'll be all right by tomorrow and back at work."

"But," said Paul with a glance at Hannah, "I understood from Mlle. Winchell here that work was all over. Girl marries boss."

"Not exactly and not yet," said Kathleen. She embarked on her explanation. "And so, you see," she ended, "it's a secret. Please, Paul, don't tell any one. If it gets around at all it's bound to reach the family. . . ."

"All right," he said. He rose and jerked a thumb at Hannah. "Come along, Bad News," he said briefly. "Kate looks tired. I left some flowers for you, Kate, downstairs."

"You're sweet," Kathleen told him. She did feel tired. She wished they'd both go.

"Get out of here," said Paul suddenly to Hannah. He picked her up, set her, wildly protesting, outside the door and then closed it. He returned to the bed and looked down. He asked gently, "You're happy, aren't you, Kate?"

"Terribly, Paul." Her eyes pleaded with him for understanding. "But a little bewildered. It must have been the bump on the head."

"I've often thought," he said, "that you were dropped when you were a baby. I won't pretend I'm happy about this. Why should I be? But if you are—well, that matters—it will have to matter."

He leaned down, touched his lips to her forehead. Straightening up, he said, "Well, good-by, Kate. . . . Be seein' you . . . or won't you be allowed callers?"

The door closed before she could answer. She was staring at it, wondering what she would have answered, when it opened again and Paul put in his head. . . . "By the way," he said, grinning, "I met your Pat's mother a little while back. Treasure her, Kate. She's unique."

Mrs. Bell came upstairs an hour later.

"How do you feel?" she demanded.

"Almost good as new."

"Fine. Pat's run the legs off me, telephoning. Who's that Hannah girl?"

Kathleen told her, and Molly shook her head. "I didn't think much of her. Flibbertigibbet."

"She's all right when you know her, Molly."

"I dare say. I liked that young fellow. . . . He was in pretty much of a dither." Molly looked at her sharply. "In love with you, too, isn't he?"

"He thinks so," said Kathleen, smiling, "but he'll get over it. I think that he and Hannah, one day—"

"Oh, so that's it!" Molly dismissed them both from her mind. She sat there talking quietly about Pat, about Carmela until Pat came in.

BOOKS, magazines, more flowers. He was vitality itself, bursting in, dropping things on the floor, seizing her in his arms. Didn't she look well? Wouldn't she be all right by tomorrow? Had she missed him? He'd been nearly crazy all day . . . the office was demoralized. . . . They'd have to throw a party.

"Pat, sit down," said Kathleen, "and listen to me. No, Molly, please don't go—"

He sat down obediently enough, his bright blue glance first on one, then the other. . . . "What's up?"

She told him, making her explanations once more. They would have to wait until her parents returned. And meantime no one was to know, except themselves and Hannah . . . "and of course," she added, "Paul McClure. Hannah's told him already."

Pat was scowling. He tried to beat her down by sheer weight of argument. It was silly. They could cable her parents; they could reach them on the telephone. . . .

"The girl's right," said Molly, "and don't try and talk her out of it. That's the way I'd want it if I were in her mother's shoes. So hush up."

But he was still arguing after dinner, and after the doctor had come and gone.

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Toward ten that evening Kathleen looked at him, her eyes blue-shadowed. She said, "It has to be that way, Pat, or not at all."

"You don't give me any choice!" He tramped around the room, hands thrust deep in his pockets.

She said, putting up her arms, "Please, Pat—I'm dreadfully tired."

He took her quite gently in his arms and kissed her. "O. K.," he said. "Have it your own way. I still think it's nonsense."

"We've been so close, my people and I. I can't do anything to hurt them. You and I have all our lives before us, darling. We can wait . . . and . . . we'll be together . . . so much. . . ."

KATHLEEN left the Bell apartment fully recovered except for a slight soreness when she explored her scalp with careful fingers. She had fallen in love again, this time with Molly Bell. She sang that little lady's praise to Hannah until her audience yawned in her face. "Spare me the prenuptial raptures, darling," Hannah implored.

Kathleen caught her friend in an immense bear hug. "I'm so happy," she confessed. "I'm afraid it will creep into my letters abroad and arouse dark suspicions."

Hannah repeated this conversation to Paul upon the next occasion of their meeting. She was always enchanted to report to him how radiant Kathleen looked. Paul swirled the ice around in his glass with a cold tinkle. He remarked, "She's right; they'll smell a—rat."

Hannah looked at him. "You have taken a dislike to Pat, haven't you?" she said.

"Is that woman's intuition?" he inquired. "My, isn't it marvelous! I've often wondered how it worked."

"Don't be that way," said Hannah. . . . She looked away from him, across the smoky room of the little French café in which they were dining, and added soberly, "Of course I know you're crazy about her, Paul, and, naturally, your feeling about Pat is—well—"

Paul shook his head. "I don't like the man, Hannah. I wouldn't, even if Kate were out of the picture." He picked up his glass and set it down. He said gently, "I just don't like the so-and-so. Let it go at that. And suppose we don't talk about it any more."

"O. K.," said Hannah meekly. "How's the play going?"

BACK at the office, Kathleen was conscious that every one knew, or at least guessed, about her and Pat. No one said anything openly, but it seemed to her that Jim Haines was markedly hostile, and the girls in the outer office were a little too eager to catch her attention.

Thanksgiving, a holiday which Kathleen had dreaded, had been very happy after all. She had gone as a matter of course to the Bells'. Carmela had been there, the prettiest dark youngster, very vivacious, devoted to her mother, terribly proud of Pat, and ready to meet Kathleen halfway. "I knew I'd love you!" she cried, and cast herself on Kathleen's neck.

On this day Pat had given Kathleen her ring. They had argued about it before. "Not until the engagement is announced," she'd said firmly. "How could I have a ring and not wear it?" But he had bought it despite her veto. A square-cut diamond. Too big, she thought, gasping, as it flashed back at her from the leather box, and too beautiful. But there it was and she loved it—and couldn't wear it.

Hannah reported the ring to Paul. She said, "You should see it. She wears it at home sometimes. Every time she puts her hand to her face I think she's eating ice. Honestly, Paul, it is to knock the eye out. About ten carats. Bertha, the Brewer's Bride. Oh, well," she concluded, laughing, "I'm just envious. In my new black Eloise, with the high mink collar and the wallpaper fit and wearing just one immodest diamond, I would slay my tens of thousands. . . ."

She looked at him out of the corner of her eye, but he was not listening. He said suddenly, "I'm having trouble with my second act. Unless you've a second-act curtain, Hannah, you haven't a play."

Well, she thought grimly, it was evident that she hadn't a second-act curtain. She couldn't understand herself at all. When Paul had been in love with her and she with him, they had been careless with their love, spendthrift—and rarely serious. Now that he loved her no longer, now that he was carrying the torch for Kathleen, here she was, here was Hannah, trying, she told herself baldly, to get him on the rebound; shameless about it, indifferent to the reactions of any observer, not even caring if Paul knew.

Christmas came on a week-end that year and it was a green Christmas. So Pat put his mother, Carmela, and Kathleen in the car and drove them up to Placid, where there was snow. Kathleen would have preferred an old-fashioned holiday, such as she best knew, in the Riverside Drive apartment, but Pat would have none of it. He wanted a gay time and lots of people.

After all, thought Kathleen, perhaps it was as well. She missed her family dreadfully. Perhaps it was as well to be surrounded almost entirely by strangers . . . to admire a big impersonal Christmas tree and see holly wreaths she had not helped her mother to hang.

Pat was lavish with his gifts . . . a sapphire bracelet, perfume, a fitted traveling bag, "for our honeymoon," he explained. Mrs. Bell gave her lingerie and a tiny miniature of Pat painted from a picture she had of him as a youngster of six, with curly black hair and bright blue eyes. Carmela gave her stockings and a kiss.

SHE had things for them all—a cigarette case for Pat; gloves, sachets, and a pretty pin for Molly; and a compact for Carmela. She had brought with her the packages which had come to Hannah's for her—Hannah's gift of a suède bag from Eloise, remembrances from other friends, and the bulky package from Paul. . . .

She could not believe her eyes when she opened it and saw the leather-bound manuscript of Nothing Is Lost. On the title page he had written, "I still believe it, sweet Kate. . . ."

Pat said, "What's that?"

She showed it to him. She said, "You must read it. . . . But he shouldn't have given it to me."

Pat said, shrugging, "It's a conceited sort of a gift, don't you think?"

"No," she said, staring at him, "I don't think that. . . ."

There was a little coolness between them. Molly felt it. She asked, coming into Kathleen's room on Christmas night, "What's the matter between you and the boy?"

"Nothing. . . . Oh, just that Paul McClure gave me a play of his in manuscript and Pat didn't like it."

"The play?" asked Molly, twinkling.

"No, the gift." She put it into Molly's hands. "Read it. You'll like it."

Molly bore it away and returned it in the morning. "That's a fine play, Kathleen," she said gravely. "I don't pretend to know anything about such things, but this made me cry and it made me laugh and it made me proud to be an ordinary human being. What's he done since?"

"Very little. Oh, he's been successful . . . but nothing like this again. . . ."

"You and Pat made up?"

"Of course. That didn't mean anything."

"He's jealous," said his mother warningly. "All the Bell men are jealous. Watch out for it, Kathleen."

They returned to town and to work, and on New Year's Eve Kathleen and Pat went out to celebrate and see the New Year in. He asked her where she wanted to go, and she said she didn't care, and then, remembering something Hannah had said, added, "Oh, why not the Jungle? It's new and very amusing, they say."

He raised an eyebrow. Then he laughed and his eyes narrowed. "After all, why not?" he murmured.

They dined, went to a play, and then on to the Jungle, a tangle of pseudo-coconut palms and grass shacks and banana trees, with a new clever master of ceremonies and the hottest orchestra in town. Kathleen wore the new Eloise, her major extravagance, and felt repaid for it by the expression in Pat's eyes when he looked at her. It was a picture dress in green velvet with a full wide skirt, a tiny waist, and appliquéd in curious flowers, copper and mauve.

"You should have worn your ring," said Pat.

"Not here, darling," she said, "with a columnist behind every palm!"

There was a girl singing at the Jungle . . . a small blonde girl with a beautiful figure. She wore a few leaves arranged here and there, a towering headdress, and nothing else. She sang, in a darkly colored, astonishingly deep voice, and people applauded her wildly.

Pat applauded too, and the blonde girl saw him and waved.

"Who is she?" asked Kathleen, beginning to feel sleepy and wondering how late in the New Year it was.

"I used to know her," he said carelessly. "Her name's Sandra—at least that's what she calls herself."

"Just Sandra?"

"Just Sandra. . . . Kathleen, you're so lovely tonight. . . . This is our year," he told her, "just beginning. How can you sit there and be so unkind?"

"Unkind!"

But she knew what he meant. He had argued with her at Placid; he had argued with her in the car this evening, between acts, over dinner, over the New Year's wine. . . . Why must they wait? Why must she be so stubborn? Would nothing change her mind?

THE girl called Sandra had finished her encore and vanished. Now she reappeared in a slim black evening frock and came straight to their table. She smiled at Pat, whose face had darkened, and nodded carelessly at Kathleen.

"How about a glass of champagne," she said, "for old times' sake?"

The waiter brought a glass and a chair. Pat made the introductions. Sandra said, her elbows on the table, "Well, here's to crime." She set down the glass. She said, looking at Pat with big mascaraed blue eyes, "I haven't seen you for months, sweetheart."

He answered, shrugging, that he hadn't been around much.

"Oh, but I've heard things," Sandra told him. She leaned back and surveyed Kathleen. "So this is the new girl friend," she murmured.

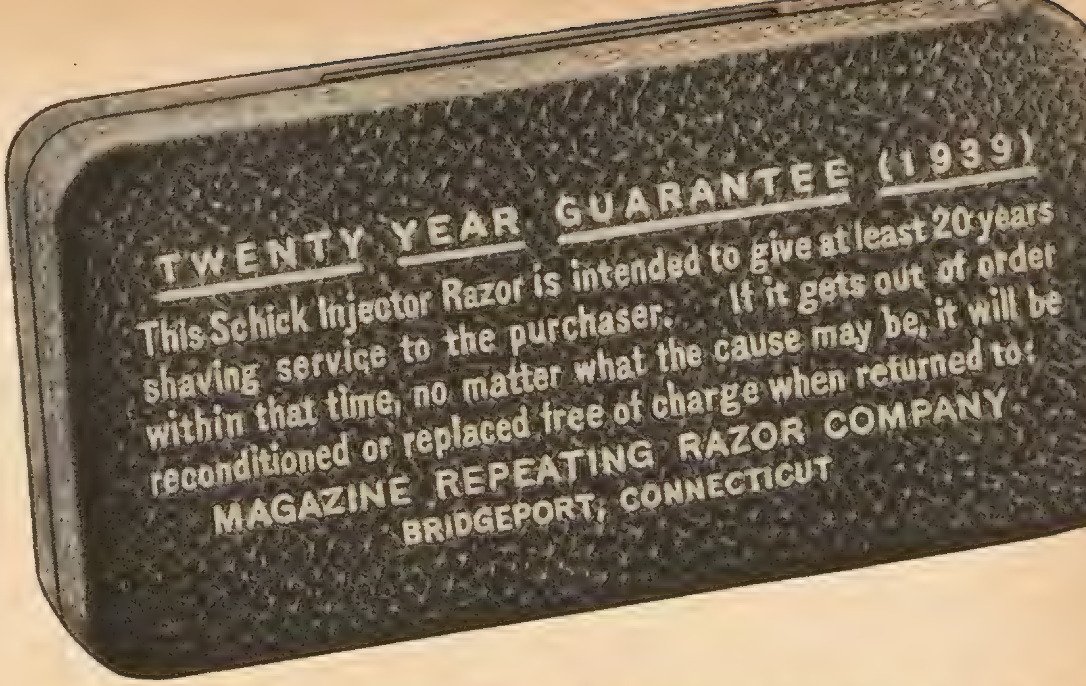
"Sandra!" said Pat sharply.

"Oh, no hard feelings," said Sandra. She drained her glass and rose. She stood there, leaning forward and fingertips just touching the table top, and spoke to Kathleen.

"Wish you joy of him," she said clearly. "If you ask me, he's pretty much of a heel. And I should know."

She turned and walked away, swinging her pretty hips.

What is Sandra—what has she been—to Pat? Now, with frightening clarity, Kathleen realizes how little she knows of her fiancé's life. Will his past rise up to menace their future together? Follow this vivid, tempestuous romance in next week's Liberty.



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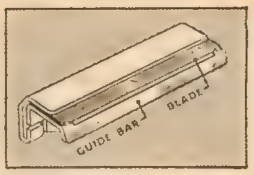

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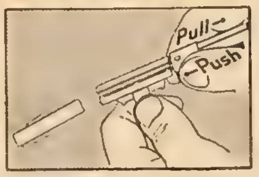

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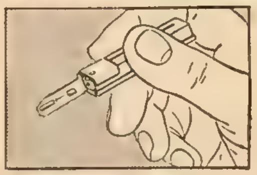

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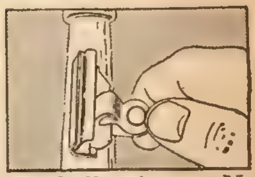

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12 Schick Injector 12
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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

MARY GODSON teaches girls to handle money. She specializes in training cashiers for jobs at big stores, restaurants, movie theaters, etc. I've often wondered about the brains and beauty needed for such work, so when I met Mrs. Godson the other day I asked her. . . . "Flirtation and flattery," she said, "are constant pitfalls for girl cashiers. A girl at a cash desk should always beware of the handsome young man or the gallant old gent who peels off a ten-dollar bill and a sweet line of talk at the same time. Never *make eyes* until you've *made change.* And don't let stunning clothes on any woman dazzle your arithmetic. That's a game used deliberately by professional change tricksters."

As to good looks, Mary Godson says that frequent manicure and hair-do are the only real essentials, outside of general neatness. Your handwriting must be clear and legible for making out accounts, and you'd better not take any job on which you'll be required to use an adding machine of a type not familiar to you. Be a little too slow at first, rather than too quick. From her twelve-a-week salary, one new girl cashier at a busy restaurant lost nine dollars during the noontime rush of her very first day.

And there are women who learn to be cashiers merely for the fun of it. Not long ago a Vancouver lady went to New York and took a full course in cashiering—just because she was tired of bridge!

☆ While a friend of mine lay gravely ill in a hospital, his dog, a pet of long and fond attachment, passed quietly away. Nobody dared tell my friend he wouldn't find his old dog waiting for him when he got home. The doctor attending my friend had a young dog he adored. It was his dog that greeted my friend's home-coming. "Keep him," the doctor insisted against all protest. "He's one of my prescriptions for your recovery." . . . That's what I call heart medicine *from* the heart.

☆ Letter from a Louisiana lady born some threescore years ago. . . . "I am glad," she writes, "to see that dress materials patterned with great big checks are back in style again and that they are perfectly respectable now. In my young days a *nice* girl couldn't wear checkered dresses unless the checks were modestly small. Only women of *fast* reputation dared wear big striking checks—and they were the envy of every *nice* girl in New Orleans. I like to recall the old-fashioned timidities of my youth, then observe how sane and fearless life has become for nice young girls of today." . . . A splendid letter. It would be fine for all if more people of this lady's age felt the same way about new freedoms.

☆ So many women love peeking into the private affairs of famous musicians that I am sure many of you will enjoy The Letters of Mozart and His Family. (Edited by Emily Anderson and published by the Macmillan Company.) Since there are three volumes, priced at six dollars apiece, you may want to get them from your library.

☆ The following intelligence is supposed to be a big secret. I heard it from a man, of course, *not* from a girl. Hollywood picture companies are scared now, to such an extent, of naming story characters with names possibly shared by real-life people who might sue for libel, that they insist upon giving every story character a name borne by one of their own studio employees. This solution was thought up by Isadore Prinzmetal, M-G-M lawyer. A swift stroke of justice picked lawyer Prinzmetal's name as the first to be used for film-fiction purposes. His name will appear in the character cast of Joan Crawford's forthcoming picture, Ice Follies. . . . Another Hollywood company wanted to screen a Chinese laundryman named Lee. Didn't dare do it until they were certain they had a man named Lee on their regular pay roll. . . . Yet some folks think *women* are whimsical!

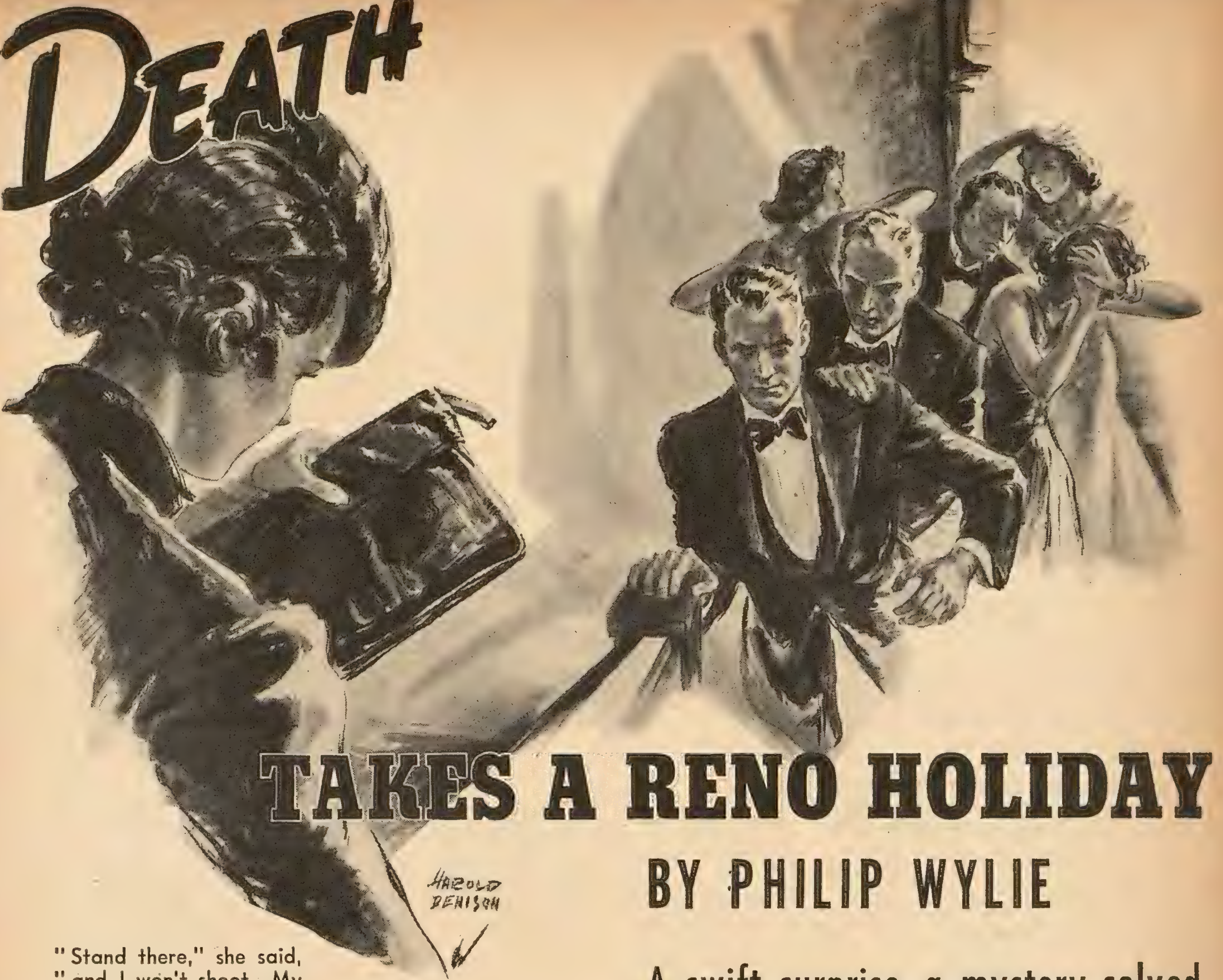
☆ Old blue chinaware isn't our only table refinement derived from Staffordshire, England. Here's the recipe for *Staffordshire Pudding*—a superb winter dessert. . . . Cream 2 tablespoons brown sugar with 2 tablespoons butter. Spread evenly over all sides in a deep fireproof dish. Prepare a rich piecrust dough. Line dish with this, leaving enough for a top crust. Fill dish with a mixture of 2/3 chopped apples and 1/3 chopped pitted dates, to which add ¾ cup sugar, juice of 1 lemon, and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Cover with top crust. Seal edges well. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven. Serve hot with custard sauce. Flavor the sauce with brandy or almond extract, and stir in ½ cup whipped cream at the last minute.

☆ Since this is the time of year for buying summer furs, you may be interested in a new scientific theory as to why many arctic animals are white. It used to be thought of as nature's camouflage, making them less visible to their snowland enemies.

But some scientists now believe white fur is *warmer* than dark, due to a chemical difference in oils and pigmentation. Next summer, however, our most fashionable fur will be white fox. Hot mama!

"Hey! When I said 'Your witness,' I didn't mean it that way!"

DEATH TAKES A RENO HOLIDAY



"Stand there," she said, "and I won't shoot. My car's parked out in front. I'm going to leave."

BY PHILIP WYLIE

A swift surprise, a mystery solved, a nightmare left behind—Here comes the story's vivid, thrill-packed climax

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

IT was raining hard. Water from the mountains—rain and melting snow—poured down to the flat land and spread out there in thin lakes. The cab splashed through them and stopped in the middle of one. "Here's the place," the driver said.

Curt stared through the gloom. "Need a diving suit to get ashore!"

"Yeah. Maybe if I went up the drive you could get in the back way."

The driver turned the car and bumped up the driveway and stopped. Then he produced a flashlight and turned it on.

Curt paid the man.

"Thanks," he said. "I'll hold the beam on the walk so you can see where you're going."

Curt opened the door, turned up his collar, and jumped. He made it neatly and landed squatting.

"Hurt yourself?"

He didn't reply for a moment. In the radiance of the light he saw a mark on the wet cement. It was a whitish discoloration, indented a little—an irregular-shaped patch where the texture of the cement seemed different. He looked and said, "No," to the driver, and saw a light go on in the kitchen. A face was peering through the door. He rose and walked up the back steps.

Alice let him in. "Rotten night. Good idea to come in this way."

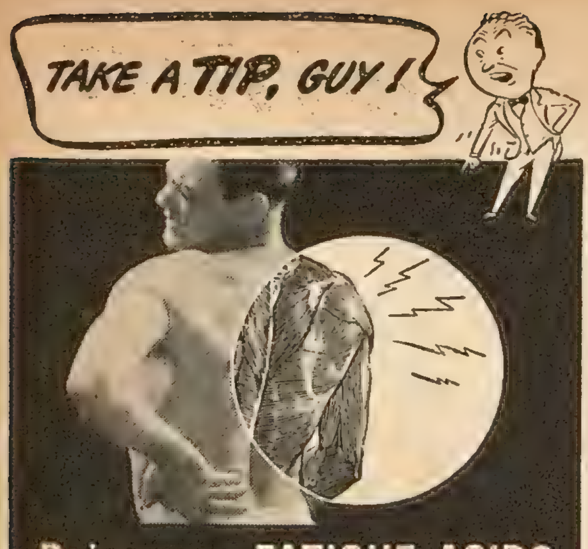
"Yeah. Lousy night. This typical Reno weather?"

She smiled. "Hardly. The men are using Henry's bedroom for their things. I'll show you to the stairs. It's the first door on the right—"

He waved greetings and went up. He took off his coat and arranged his tie, and was about to start down when he saw across the hall another bedroom with women's coats on the bed. He paused and went in. He stayed there, moving silently, for five minutes—and he found the object of his investigation. He came out just as Mary called from downstairs, "Curt! What's keeping you?"

It proved to be a somber gathering. Cocktails revived no one. Alice served dinner. She did her best as hostess. She brought up subjects for discussion and she asked questions. But each topic died a-borning. Even Dr. Ansley, who usually talked well and easily, was silent. Celeste had sipped a little of her drink and now she picked humbly and fearfully at her food. Wally looked at his plate. Mary tried hard to help—but she kept watching Curt, and her head throbbed with unanswered enigmas.

Dessert came. And coffee. The rain beat down steadily. Finally, as they were having second cups of coffee, Marjorie deliberately broke a long silence: "Why should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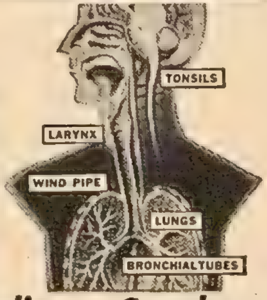

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we fake any longer? There's only one thing we want to talk about: Jeanne, and who killed her! Let's get it out of our systems, then! Let's be as ghoulish as we all really feel!"

In the startled pause that followed, Curt dropped his thunderbolt. He did it in the calmest of voices. He said, "All right, Marj. Let's. I'll talk—because I know who did it—and why."

There was absolute stillness. He looked from face to face. Then they all spoke at once. But the words were jumbled together.

"I know," Curt repeated slowly and as if with great care. "I know. It was—somebody present—tonight. Shall I tell you how I know?"

Only Mary replied to that: "Go on, Curt."

HIS eyes looked away and beyond them. "I will. I want you all to hear. But first—I'll tell you how it happened. It wasn't—exactly—a deliberate murder."

He talked for a long time then, and there was seldom any other sound but the rain through most of his even, carefully considered monologue:

"It began to dawn on me tonight—when Mary told me that Jeanne's hair—as she lay dead—was not done up in the way she usually did it." He explained about Jeanne's hair. "Now—supposing that she was not experimenting with a new coiffure—what did that mean? It meant the murderer had done up her hair! And made a mistake. Or two mistakes. That lets Celeste out—probably. She doubtless often did Jeanne's hair." He turned for the maid's horrified nod. "So—it was some one else. Any one. All right. Why, then?"

He paused. "I thought about that. It occurred to me that the murderer probably did up Jeanne's hair—because it was down when the crime was committed. That procedure would make the crime look as if it had been committed by some one Jeanne had been talking to. But if her hair had been down her back, the scissors would have gone through the hair and there would have been blood on it."

"Scissors?" Ansley repeated.

"Oh." Curt told them, next, the whole escapade of the shears that had been dropped into the mine and so heroically recovered. They listened with blanched faces. Only Marjorie shot a flash of admiration at Mary. The others were perhaps too frightened. "Yes. And the scissors, I was told this afternoon, exactly fitted the dimensions of the wound. Very well. Her hair, we will assume, was down. But not down her back. It was down her face. She was, in other words, sitting at her vanity, in the corner there—combing her hair. We assume that a person crept into the room. That person was not planning to murder Jeanne."

"Why?" Wally asked the question.

"Because—people who plan to kill—bring something to kill *with.* A weapon. This person apparently had none—and used the shears. It was the combination of the opportunity—Jeanne bending there, and the weapon—that suggested murder. If you follow that, you will wonder, as I immediately did, why the person came there at all. For what purpose? And evidently without knocking. An accident gave me the clue to that possible reason. It was an accident to a dress of Mary's." He told them about that.

"We thought of cigarettes, of course," he continued. "But later I thought of another possibility. A drop of acid, soaked into the sleeve, would have eaten precisely such a hole. A little handling would have shaken any frail ashlike residue from the hole. Had Mary dipped her sleeve in acid? And where? An idea suggested itself to me. Acid would have left spots on the carpet or on wood or almost anywhere. But not on the glass-topped center table in Jeanne's bedroom. I had Mary re-enact her movements in Jeanne's room on the night when she went in. If there had been a drop or two of acid on the glass-covered table, she could have dipped her sleeve in it when she picked up and glanced at one of Jeanne's newspaper clippings."

He fell silent. A strange expression came on his face. Mary spoke then, and brought back his attention. She voiced the growing feeling of frightfulness in the room. "Acid, Curt. What for— Oh!" She understood. She whispered, "How — how unspeakable!"

CURT'S mouth was grim. "Exactly. The person who came in was carrying acid—a bottle or a cup of it—to throw in Jeanne's face. Jealousy, hate, revenge — whatever the motive—that was the intention. That person wanted to mar Jeanne's beauty. Only—and let's not linger on the fiendishness of the idea—see what happened. The person came in—all right. Jeanne was there—all right. But with her back turned and her hair down. That meant—the acid might fail in its purpose. The murderer probably stood there—feeling frustrated and uncertain — wondering what to do—willing to risk anything, having gone that far. And then that person saw the long, thin shears!"

Ansley whispered, "I believe, Whitman—"

Curt went on: "The person put down the acid—spilling enough so that a few drops hadn't dried up hours later. He then seized the shears and struck. Jeanne died without a sound. Now the murderer had time to think about his own predicament.

"He thought—and then acted. He turned Jeanne's body around and he did up her hair. He withdrew the shears and put them in the sheath with the paper knife. When he left, he took them. We may assume he was wearing gloves—because he left no prints—and because he had been carrying acid. On the impulsive idea that it would further confuse the police—and I'm sure it did—he took the money from Jeanne's handbag. Whatever money was there. Then he went out—with the weapon hidden about his person—and the acid too. He probably left the third floor by way of the service stairway."

Wally spoke with faint truculence: "Why all that mummery about turning Jeanne and doing up her hair?"

Curt hesitated. His voice, which had been firm and clear, trembled a little. "Because, by turning her around on the ottoman and by doing up her hair, it would look as if she had been killed by somebody she knew well and had been talking to."

Again he hesitated. His voice was very low when he went on: "That's all. Except—in calling the murderer 'he' I should have said 'she.'" He turned in his chair very slowly. "Hadn't you just reached your house, Alice, when you heard the phone ringing? When Marjorie called? And didn't you hurry in, and answer, and say you'd been asleep—and then undress while Marj was on her way here?"

Alice was stiff and white. They were all looking at her. Her eyes alone were alive—violently alive, passionate, and yet still capable of rapid thought. She wet her lips. "That is a very brilliant—solution—Curt. Very. Only—you can't prove a syllable of it. Not a syllable!"

"Maybe." He caught and held her blistering gaze. "I've just thought of another thing. Weren't you—perhaps—crouched behind your house, where you knew it was dark, pouring out that acid—and getting some, unfortunately, on the cement walk—when the phone began to ring? And you rushed to it—because if some one could testify that they had called you soon after nine—and you didn't answer—" His voice trailed off.

Alice rose, wheeled, and ran upstairs. Curt rushed into the living room—followed by Wally and Ansley. They heard her run across the floor above—and then run back. She appeared at the head of the staircase—with a revolver in her hand. Her coat was over her arm and she clutched her pocketbook. She came down one step at a time, pointing the gun at the men—and at the women behind them.

"Just stand there," she said steadily, "and I won't shoot. My car's parked out in front. I'm going to leave. It'll be some time before you can follow—since you came in cabs. I—" She walked toward the telephone—looking at them all the time. She picked it up, stretched the wire, and yanked savagely. "That'll stop that." Again she looked at them, smiling coldly. "I admit—nothing. I deny—all of it. You can't prove a thing—even if I'm caught!"

She sidled toward the front door.

"Wait a minute, Alice." Curt's tone was as even as hers had been. "I'm sorry—but there was another thing. I wondered—how you got into Jeanne's room so quietly. You might, of course, have stolen the maid's key, in the daytime. After dinner the maids go home. But I thought about your divorce—so I looked in the registers. And I found you occupied 318 five years ago. The lock's supposed to have been changed—but it wasn't. So I wondered if maybe—"

Alice pulled open the door. The rain roar was loud and a fine spray blew into the living room of her house.

"—if maybe," Curt continued, "you had a key still. I rifled your handbag upstairs tonight—and found it. I took the whole bunch of keys—so you won't be able to start your car."

Then they saw the thing in Alice which had made her kill. Her face faded gray. The bones pressed through its skin. Her eyes became opaque. She turned the revolver upon Curt. Her lips drew back, baring her teeth.

And then—something whizzed through the air. The lights went out. There was a crash. Feet stepped fast and hard. A woman's voice gurgled faintly. Something heavy hit the floor.

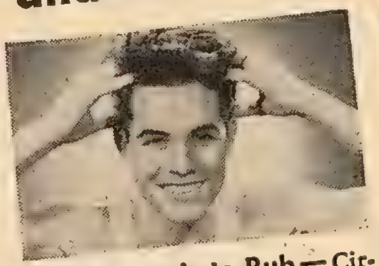
"Got her!" Curt called.

Ansley turned on the lights again. The vase he had thrown lay in a hundred pieces, and Alice's gun was in the midst of them. Curt's elbow was bent across her throat. But she didn't struggle. She relaxed, rather, and looked at them wearily.

THE train roared east from Reno through black mountains and under a moonlit sky. In a drawing room two people were sitting—holding hands, not saying much.

Good-Looking Hair
is a First Step
to Success!

Use VITALIS
and the "60-Second Workout"



1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 10 Seconds to Comb—Your hair has a natural lustre—but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

GOOD-LOOKING hair alone won't carry a man to success. They still pay off first on brains and initiative. But good-looking hair is a big help. That's one good reason why thousands of successful men use Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" for better-looking—and *healthier*—hair.

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Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today and start your "60-Second Workouts." With this simple, daily routine you have healthier, better-looking hair—a real aid to business and social success!

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He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.

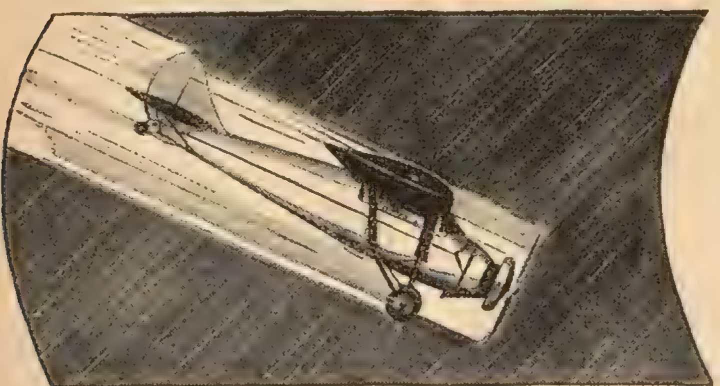
VITALIS HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

Flying Blind-4 FEET from DEATH

TROPIC DOWNPOUR BRINGS ADVENTURE TO ROUTINE FLIGHT

OLEN V. ANDREW

❶ "I had flown four friends over to Lihue, on the island of Kauai for a weekend of camping on the beach," writes Olen V. Andrew, P. O. Box 3295, Honolulu, T. H.



❷ "We broke camp at three o'clock Monday morning, packed our dunnage in the plane and crawled in for the 100 mile hop back to Honolulu, all of it being over water. There was no moon, but the night was clear when we started. Five minutes later...

❸ "...we ran into a driving rainstorm. I couldn't fly over it, I didn't have proper instruments for flying through it, so the only thing to do was to get down low and keep visual contact with the water. But it kept getting darker, the rain fell harder and harder, till we couldn't see the water below us. I handed my big 'Eveready' five-cell flashlight to the fellow in the co-pilot's seat, told him to hold it out the window and flash it below...

❹ "...and there was the sea, only four feet below us! Those long Pacific rollers were almost lapping at the wheels! My heart skipped a beat to think how I had brought five people within inches of their doom! Certainly it was the power of those 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries that saved us all, and that kept us safe above the sea for the next half hour till the storm lifted. You can take it from me, I don't fly without 'em.

(*Signed*) Olen V Andrew"

MAY 1939
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A NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY PRODUCT

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You put people to work—not Washington or Wall Street, but you! Every new purchase you make affects hundreds of people in jobs! Every refrigerator sold means 6 men at work for 5 days! So buy that new refrigerator now—and make *your* job and hundreds of others secure!

Mary sighed. Curt kissed her. "I—I'm pretty exhausted, I guess," she murmured.

"Yeah, apple." He grinned. "Boy! What spunk!"

"My spunk didn't do any good. It was your brains—"

He hugged her. "Funny," he said. "The minute you got on that train in Grand Central I knew I'd done something I hated myself for. But I kept on trying to kid myself. And I didn't really get a detached picture of Jeanne until last night, when I was telling you all what I'd worked out. Why I couldn't have seen it before—"

Mary patted his hand and asked a question: "Curt? Why did you go through all that—at dinner? Why didn't you just go to King and tell him?"

He meditated a moment. "Well—it's hard to explain. For one thing—King had his mind set on you. He'd have suspected any evidence *I* brought in. For another—it was a pretty elaborate story, and King hasn't an elaborate mentality. And for a final reason—what Alice said was true. There wasn't any real proof against her. There still isn't. You see, when I came into her yard last night, she saw me notice that acid stain on the walk. So she knew that I knew—or that I was on the trail of something.

SUPPOSE—instead of telling her—we'd gone home. She could have broken that chunk out of the walk. She could have admitted possessing a key to 318 and denied using it. She could have stuck to the fact that she was in bed when Marj called. Everybody would be sure that she did it—and yet there would always remain an outside chance—a theoretical possibility—that it was somebody else. I thought by springing it that way—and because I had an ace in the hole, the key in my pocket—that she'd break down and admit it. She didn't—exactly. I think that she's insane—or subject to fits of insanity. She's been brooding for years about what Jeanne did to her. And when Jeanne came to Reno, she probably spied on her and decided to—throw acid—as revenge. Anyway—"

Mary sighed again. "Anyway, it's pretty swell of Marj to stay there to do whatever she can for Alice. Poor wretched thing! Maybe Marj can get her in a sanatorium or something. Because Alice's life really ended five years ago—when Jeanne walked in behind her back. You know, Curt, I can't help thinking that there—but for the grace of God—goes me."

He pulled her closer still. By-and-by he smiled. "Want to bet that Ansley won't stay on after he gets his decree—to help Marj help Alice?"

Mary's head shook. "Nope."

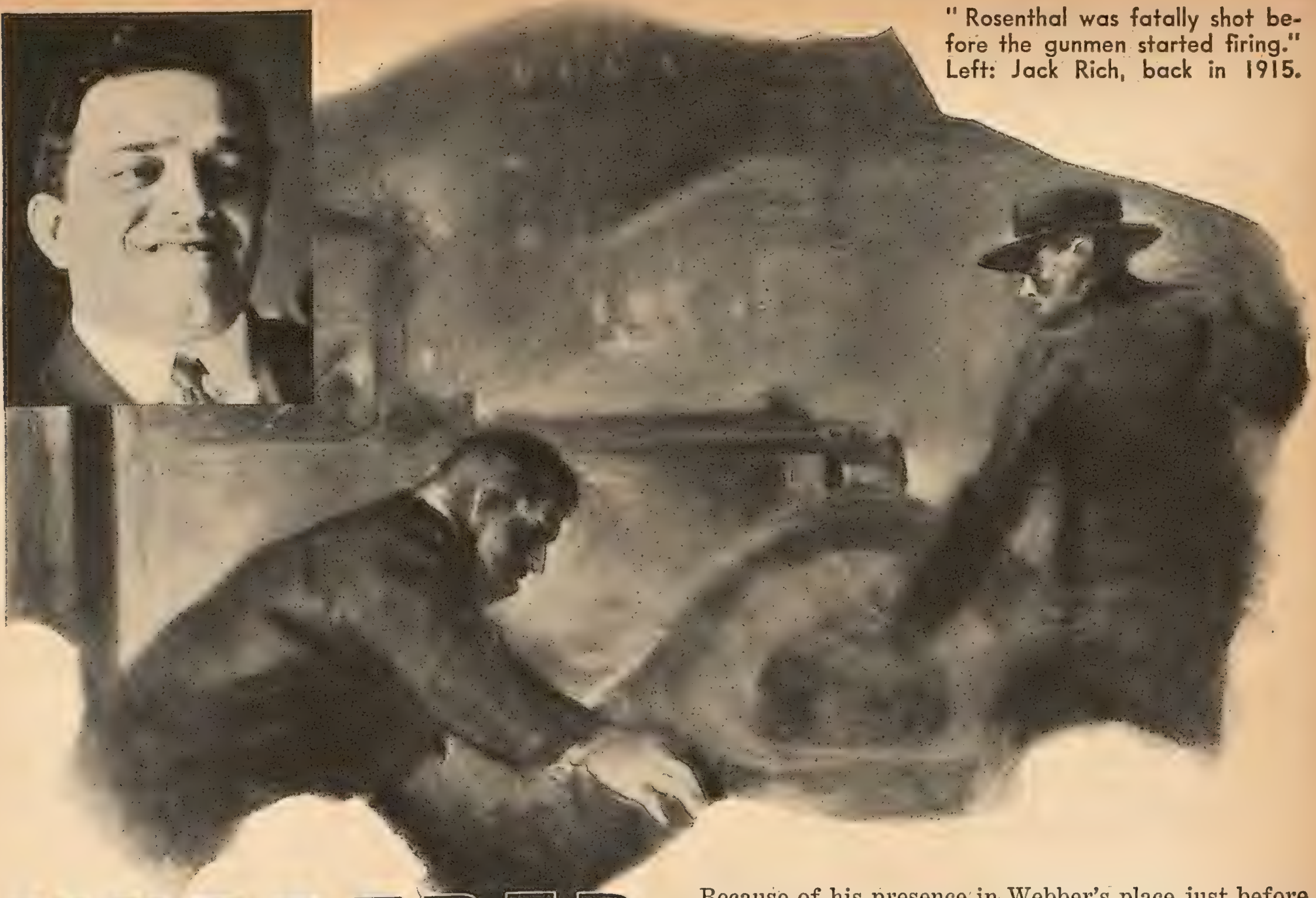
"Why? I'll give you big odds."

"Well—because, as our train pulled out, I saw our friend the doctor kiss Marj on the top of her hat."

"Oh," said Curt.

Far ahead, the locomotive whistled for a crossroad.

THE END



" Rosenthal was fatally shot before the gunmen started firing." Left: Jack Rich, back in 1915.

MURDERED BY THE STATE?

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

LATE in the afternoon of the day following Attorney Klein's telephone call to Liberty, three men and two women sat in an empty hospital ward. A gaunt man in his last illness, haunted by a dread secret he had kept for a quarter of a century, was brought in. He spoke in a throaty half-whisper. He had suffered two severe strokes.

That man was Jack Rich, also known as Jack Sullivan, in bygone days King of the Newsboys. His five listeners were his wife and a woman friend, Attorney Klein, Solomon Silverstein, a notary public and law associate of Klein, and Fred Allhoff, representing Liberty.

Despite Rich's poor physical condition, his mind proved clear. Klein told him he wanted the truth, and at the first mention of " Police Lieutenant Charles Becker " he began to gasp, and tears ran down his face. It was to take an hour—interrupted not less than half a dozen times while Rich cried like a baby—to obtain the long awaited break in the Becker-Rosenthal case.

Rich, you will remember, went to the fights at the Garden with Becker the night of the murder. Later Becker dropped him at Webber's gambling joint, where Rich said he was going in to pay Sam Paul, another gambler, a debt of $150. That was just half an hour before the murder. Rich later told the police that he had seen Rose, Vallon, and Webber in Webber's place, but not Sam Paul.

Because of his presence in Webber's place just before the murder, Rich was, during the hullabaloo, arrested and indicted in connection with it. He never became a prominent figure in the case, however, because he refused to go along with the Three Musketeers and say that Becker had been the master mind. So the indictment hung over him for twenty-four long years until, in 1936, Mr. Klein, his attorney, obtained a dismissal of the charge, with Rich still untried.

It was always suspected that Jack Rich had not told all he knew—this despite the fact that at both of Becker's trials he averred that Rose, Vallon, and Webber had framed Becker to save their own pelts. On Rich's deathbed it has now developed that what he was then holding back might, had he spilled it, have cleared Becker, but would have hopelessly incriminated Sam Paul and implicated Rich himself. Likewise, he could then have named the man he has now named as the actual killer; but there too he would have had to admit guilty knowledge of what had been going on.

Today Jack Rich is dead. He died soon after making his affidavit—and while the earlier installments of this series were being printed. His death has left just two of those responsible for sending Becker to the chair still alive. The two are Jack Rose and Harry Vallon.

Harry Vallon, bitter enemy of Rosenthal, who today breathes the air of freedom in Brooklyn, actually committed the murder for which five others went to the chair. Sam Paul, Rich's close friend and one of the legion who despised Rosenthal, actually plotted the crime, with the help of Jack Rose, Harry Vallon, and Bridgey Webber.

BY ALAN HYND

After twenty-six years, the "break" in the Becker-Rosenthal case—Read this startling deathbed confession!

That, as you will see, is the bomb that the dying Jack Rich has exploded in his sworn confession.

Attorney Klein, a disinterested investigator, has long believed that gambler Sam Paul was the real master mind; that the four gunmen were hired to kidnap, not to kill, Rosenthal; that they started firing after Vallon, drunk and ugly, blazed away at him. Richard E. Enright, former Police Commissioner of New York, has told Liberty: "I have my own angles, which I obtained as a member of the service. I thoroughly agree with Klein's conclusions. I have always hoped that some day Vallon or some of the other fellows would tell the truth."

Sam Paul, whose gambling joint had been twice raided by Becker, had little love for him; but Paul positively despised Rosenthal, whose squealing was making it tough for lesser gamblers. Paul had long been friendly with Big Jack Zelig and his gunmen. Add the fact that he had gone to Webber's for the first time in his life on the night of the murder, and you have the first links of a sweet chain of circumstantial evidence.

PAUL was in a nice pickle when Dougherty learned that he had been in Webber's before the murder. But when the well liked Jack Rich went to the front for him and lied, saying that Paul had left Webber's before he got there to pay him, and that the payment had been Paul's only reason for going there, Rich convinced the police. Sam Paul was nicely dealt out of the murder picture, and little more was heard about him—until this fateful recent day when Rich "came clean."

And here is Jack Rich's sworn deathbed confession:

STATE OF NEW YORK
CITY OF NEW YORK } SS.:
COUNTY OF NEW YORK

JACK RICH, otherwise known as JACK SULLIVAN, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

I realize that I am in bad physical health and not long for this world. Before I leave, I want the world to know that Police Lieutenant Charles Becker was absolutely innocent of the murder of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler, on July 16, 1912. Becker is dead and all I can do now, by what I have to say, is to clear his memory of the crime of which he was convicted.

I was one of the men originally indicted with Becker, though innocent, for the murder of Rosenthal. During Becker's two trials I testified to a falsehood. I did it to save Sam Paul, a gambler, who was my friend.

Becker was convicted upon perjured testimony. The men who perjured themselves did so to save their own skins. According to their perjured testimony, Becker directed them to hire the four gunmen, Lefty Louie, Gyp the Blood, Dago Frank, and Whitey Lewis to murder Rosenthal. All four of these men later were executed for that murder.

I know of my own personal knowledge and do hereby confess and swear that Becker had nothing whatever to do with the hiring of the gunmen, and did not know that Jack Rose, Bridgey Webber, Harry Vallon, and Sam Schepps—the four gamblers who framed Becker—were hiring them.

My friend, Sam Paul, was the man who actually made arrangements for three of the gunmen to go to Webber's gambling house on the morning of the shooting. I can swear to this beyond question of doubt because in order to protect Sam Paul, who procured three of the four gunmen for Bridgey Webber, I swore falsely at Becker's trials that I went to Webber's gambling house, about one o'clock on the morning of the shooting, to meet Paul and to repay him $150 which he had loaned me.

I wish, now, to tell the true facts. There had never been such a loan. My testimony on that point was entirely false and was given by me for the sole purpose of furnishing my friend, Paul, an alibi for his presence at Webber's place before the murder. The police and the district attorney knew of Paul's presence there.

Actually, Paul had gone there not to meet me, but to ascertain whether the gunmen, Lefty Louie, Gyp the Blood, and Whitey Lewis had arrived there according to his instructions. Paul and Becker were bitter enemies. Becker had raided Paul's gambling house three months before.

These three gunmen, with a fourth, Dago Frank, had not been hired by the gamblers to kill Rosenthal, but to kidnap him. The kidnap plot had been hatched less than forty hours before the shooting, during the excursion outing of the Sam Paul Association, Sunday, July 14, 1912. Bridgey Webber had obtained approval of the gamblers' plot to kidnap Rosenthal from "Big Tim" Sullivan.

The purpose of the kidnap plot was to frustrate Rosenthal, who had threatened to squeal on his fellow gamblers and who planned to testify before the Grand Jury on the very day of the murder. During the attempted kidnaping, Harry Vallon, who was drunk, shot and killed Rosenthal. None of the four would-be kidnapers touched him. Two of them fired after Rosenthal dropped.

Becker knew nothing about the plot to kidnap Rosenthal.

Dago Frank, the fourth gunman, was brought to Webber's that night by Jack Rose with the consent of "Kid" Benson, the Harlem gambler. The Dago was the "Kid's" strong-arm man.

I was an intimate friend of Rosenthal and all the gamblers who had a hand in this matter. I was also an intimate friend of Becker. I testified to the truth when I swore that Webber offered me $25,000 to help him and Rose "frame" Becker, and when I swore that, I was indicted for murder with Becker and the four gunmen because I refused to join the conspiracy against Becker.

I have made this affidavit with a clear mind and of my own free will. I have likewise given further facts concerning my knowledge of the case to Fred Allhoff and my attorney, Henry H. Klein, with my permission to publish these in Liberty Magazine. This further information was given by me in the presence of witnesses and is the truth.

Sworn to before me this
20th day of October, 1938.
Solomon Silverstein, Notary Public,
Kings County, N. Y.

(signed) JACK RICH.

In the Presence of:
(signed) Henry H. Klein, Sadie Rich, Fred Allhoff.

THE dying Rich also told his five listeners that, a few hours after the crime, he had met Webber and Vallon on Forty-second Street. He said, "*Vallon told me then that he had shot Rosenthal.*"

It was Jack Rose, Rich said, who perfected the frame-up of Becker. He had testified in Becker's behalf that Webber had offered him $25,000 to help him and Rose frame Becker. Subsequently, all three of the Musketeers tried to get Rich to testify that he had been present at a conference after the murder, at which Becker had instructed Webber to pay the four gunmen $250 each.

Rich was torn between his friendship for Becker and his friendship for Sam Paul, and by the natural impulse to save his own skin. He was at the outing of the Sam Paul Association, held on Sunday, July 14, as were the Three Musketeers. Later he admitted to Dougherty that he had heard the suggestion made at the outing to take care of Rosenthal, but said he couldn't recall who had made it.

This is what he actually had heard: Bridgey Webber had obtained the consent of Big Tim Sullivan to kidnap Rosenthal, to get him out of Whitman's jurisdiction. Webber took the matter up with Sam Paul—and some of the gunmen to be employed were right there at the outing. Rose and Vallon and Schepps were very much in on things, too, and Rich heard Paul, Schepps, and the Musketeers plotting just where the kidnap car would be parked and how Vallon would lead Rosenthal to it.

At no time was there any thought of murdering Rosenthal right on West Forty-third Street. Too risky. There was talk at the outing, though, of shoving the car he would be in off the ferry that would take it across the Hudson to New Jersey. At this point Sam Paul said: "He's squealed. We've got to take care of him."

Rich's story of the actual shooting was this: Harry Vallon had got himself good and plastered. When everybody was hanging around the Metropole, waiting for Rosenthal, Vallon walked up to Whitey Lewis in the gray car, and said: "You punks call yourselves tough? Gimme a gun and I'll show you how tough *I* am!"

Whitey supplied the gun, more or less as a joke, and Vallon staggered over to the entrance of the hotel. A few moments later Rosenthal came out and Vallon, in a display of drunken bravado, opened fire on him. He was fatally shot before the gunmen in the car, in a fog of booze and coke, started firing too, just to join in. Most of their shots went wild, and Rosenthal, eyewitnesses Webber and Rose later told Rich, was crumpling to the pavement before the gunmen started firing, which would have made a shot straight through the heart—the one that got Rosenthal—impossible for them. Vallon meanwhile disappeared, and it was several hours later that he told Rich the story of the shooting, subsequently corroborated to Rich by Rose and Webber.

Rich's story of the shooting rings true, even on the surface. It certainly would have been crazy to plot to murder a man virtually at the crossroads of the world when there were so many safer ways of taking care of him. The whole crime smacked of drunken hate and *haste;* certainly not of deliberate plotting.

The State fixed the date of the "Harlem conference" considerably in advance of the murder date. Rose, in his confession, spoke of delay after delay. Had there been so much delay, had so much time elapsed, is it reasonable to suppose that the culmination of such deliberate planning would have been so clumsy and amateurish?

My answer is an emphatic no. Whatever else the hard-headed Becker had ever done, one thing he never had been guilty of was foolhardy stupidity. Becker and the Rosenthal job simply don't add up, and never have.

But there is a physical side to Jack Rich's affidavit that would seem to knock the last prop from under the shaky case against Becker. Rich told both Becker and the reporter, Deacon Terry, that he was going to Bridgey Webber's to meet Sam Paul, to whom he owed $150. That untrue loan story was told, then, to two persons *before* the murder. In other words, it is now clear, in the light of Rich's deathbed confession, that he was alibi-ing himself and Sam Paul *before* the crime was committed. So he knew beforehand that something was in the wind regarding Rosenthal, and that his friend Paul was mixed up in it.

The fact that Rich did alibi himself and Sam Paul *before* the murder certainly authenticates his deathbed confession as nothing else could. The fact that Sam Paul was a plotter against Rosenthal is definitely established, and it discredits the tale of the Harlem conference as spun by Rose, Webber, Vallon, and Schepps. For even those four rats did not paint Sam Paul into the Harlem picture. Which immediately lends no end of weight to Rich's story that the snatch plot was hastily hatched at the Sam Paul Association outing the day after Rosenthal's blast in the World. And Becker wasn't at the outing.

Consider, too, Big Tim Sullivan and the indication that the Rosenthal case drove him out of his mind. Isn't Rich's assertion that the crime was the result of a nod from Big Tim to Bridgey Webber, O. K.-ing a kidnap plot, a sound explanation of Big Tim's hideous end? For didn't Big Tim have more to fear from the talkative Webber than from the closemouthed Becker?

Rich was friendly to everybody. He had no ax to grind. But he found himself in an ugly spot. He was fond of Becker, but he felt he had to stand by and see Becker go to the chair lest he himself go too, or go to prison. Through the long years since, there has been a letter which he never forgot—a letter written him by Becker from the death house on Becker's birthday. It was the Undertaker's farewell to the man who could have saved him, although Becker never knew that. The last part of it read:

> Jack, I ask you to do all in your power to clear my name and expose the conspiracy. . . . If there is ever anything you can do to help my loyal, brave, faithful, loving wife, I pray you to do so. I shall now bid you a last loving and fond farewell. May God bless you and keep you and yours from all harm is my prayer.

It now seems that the shadow of Jack Rich has at long last heeded this appeal of Charlie Becker. What the State of New York or other constituted authority may do in the light of Rich's confession is a question to which time alone will supply the answer.

THE END

HEADACHE strains your NERVES

Take Bromo-Seltzer. Millions do!

AFTER HOURS OF STRAIN AT SEA, THERE IS NOTHING BETTER THAN BROMO-SELTZER TO RELAX THE NERVES AND CLEAR AWAY HEADACHE
JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, Jr. (above) famous inventor, noted for his work on radio control of ships and in the field of radio telegraphy.

AIR DISPATCHER— William J. Conrad directs plane traffic by radio at the Newark Airport, often clearing as many as 65 ships an hour. He *must* have a clear head, steady nerves. "Bromo-Seltzer helps both headache and jumpy nerves," he says.

WITH A HEADACHE, your nervous system is disturbed. You feel irritable, depressed. That's why headache is best treated with a special kind of remedy —made to do at least two important things . . . relieve *pain* fast—and steady your *nerves.*

Bromo-Seltzer does both. Tests by a group of doctors have proved this. Next time *your* head aches, try Bromo-Seltzer. It relieves the pain fast. You feel calmer, steadier, less dragged down.

For frequently recurring or persistent headache, see your doctor. For the ordinary headache, take Bromo-Seltzer. Keep it at home always. Buy it at any drugstore—soda fountain.

BROMO-SELTZER
for HEADACHES

EMERSON'S
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$2,000 Crossword Contest

SIXTH WEEK!

You've Still an Excellent Chance to Win if You Start an Entry Today!

WITH Puzzle No. 6 on this page, Liberty's cash prize Crossword Contest enters the homestretch. Even so, if you have not yet started, it is possible for you to get into the game now, make up lost ground before the series ends, and capture one of the many worth-while cash awards. If you have already started an entry, get busy right now on Puzzle No. 6, another of Ted Shane's famous Cockeyed Crosswords that will give you plenty of amusement as you work its solution. If you are just starting, be sure that you understand the rules thoroughly before proceeding. Note particularly the statement required by Rule 2. And save your solution until your set of ten is complete.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

For the convenience of contestants just entering, Liberty has prepared reprints of the first five puzzles of this series. Make written request to the address in Rule 4 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. These will enable you to bring your entry even with the field. Puzzle No. 7 will be published next week.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.

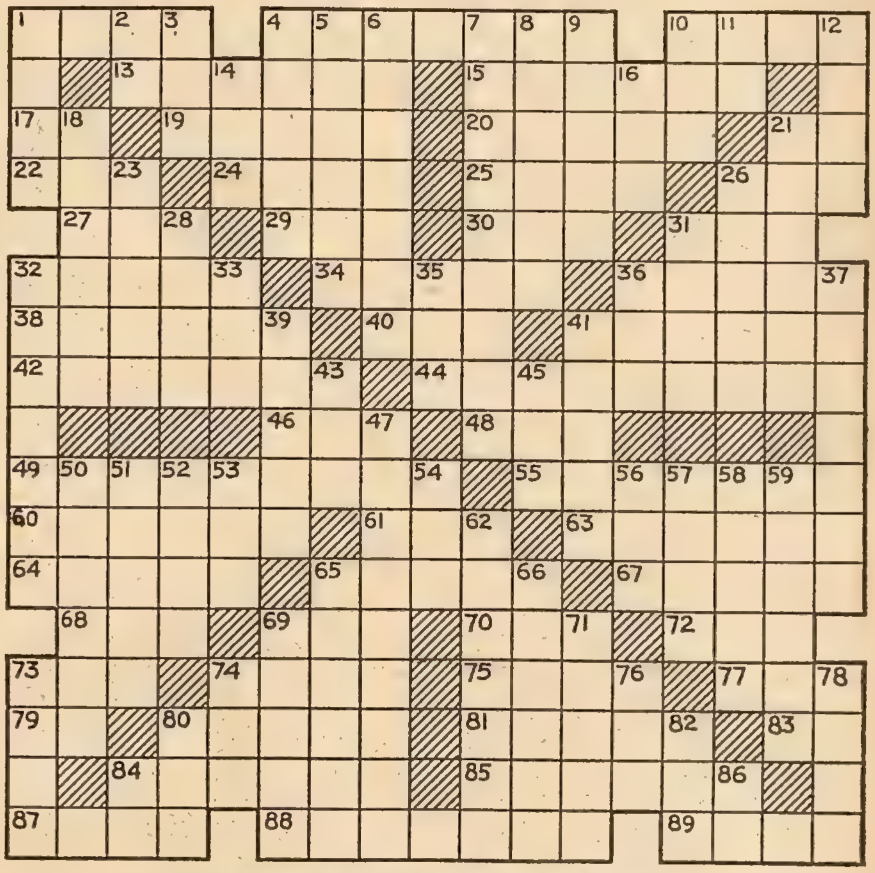
2. When you have solved all ten puzzles, enter them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words on the subject, "The Story, Article, or Feature I Have Enjoyed Most in Liberty During This Contest, and Why."

3. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The next best will receive the $200 Second Prize, and the next best, the $100 Third Prize. In the order of their excellence the next twenty will be awarded $10 each and the next 200 will receive $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORDS EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Thursday, March 30, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.



CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 6

A Cockeyed Crossword by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

1 Prince of Wails
4 What cool breezes do on hot days
10 Theme song of Sixth Avenue, New York
13 What he guided the schooner across the bar for
15 Most breakable thing in modern apartments (pl.)
17 A pretty girl saying "Buy, buy!"
19 Where men see a lot of their women
20 Kidney peeker
21 Edna Ferber's novel was this big
22 Pat
24 A little department
25 What the Piper of Hamelin was
26 Private hangout (abbr.)
27 Barber's college yell
29 Down a thousand
30 This turned up in woman's clothes
31 She's object
32 He's bound to get up in the world
34 Nose warmer (var.)
36 Harlem's most popular man
38 Present-day German
40 Picked 'em up and laid 'em down
41 A starry place in California
42 The old oil
44 Issue jockey
46 Kind of dishpan
48 Man who sees through glasses
49 Next year's bag
55 Slogan before the house
60 Wrinkled grape
61 Kind of stick young men don't mind
63 Sudan province
64 Brawn's foe
65 Chief products of Limburger works
67 Baby Patricia
68 Happy politicos
69 A little mousetrap
70 University of Argumentative Liars (abbr.)
72 Moderately Educated Idiots (abbr.)
73 Cry of the woolgatherer
74 What Charlie McCarthy spent his boyhood in
75 What she used to stop his progress
77 Non-Commissioned Ogre (abbr.)
79 Wot's yer 'urry, 'ere's yer ——
80 The thickest thing at the dinner table
81 Liquor Bill
83 Why Turkey hates Thanksgiving
84 Place for spinach and romance
85 It's good for an unkind cut
87 The preacher tied them into one
88 What janitors bounce around
89 Heal holes

VERTICAL

1 An African evening dress
2 Cold spell
3 Kind of man who takes dictation
4 Old hickory's white whiskers
5 Makes a quick getaway for altarior motives
6 How you feel after a steam roller passes over you
7 Trunk with power (pl.)
8 If one glamour girl is sexy, what would two be?
9 Turkish delight
10 Napoleon's noman
11 Roman bone
12 A big woof-woof
14 Passing fancy
16 Blooey
18 Just a bight
21 Pen holder
23 Lowdown
26 He takes care of idle hands
28 Mark of smartness
31 All an old maid hopes to do to a man
32 Celery with high blood pressure
33 Three fifths of a king's rule
35 Hurry water
36 Alas, alas, his kingdom for alas!
37 Bawlroom
39 Spaghetti destroyer
41 Ball-and-chained
43 This is generally cracked
45 What the newlyweds had for breakfast
47 Flash in the pan (pl.; two words)
50 Good noose
51 It runs up trees
52 Nut's daughter
53 Kind of mill 48 horizontal works in
54 A Grande flower
56 Extra seat in the subway
57 Stuff nuts
58 How we like paydays
59 Part of the latest Jekyll and Hyde
62 Diss blace makes der best mechanical solchiers
65 They help the wheels go round
66 Corner pickle works (sing.)
69 Where the 100-per-cent coolie system originated
71 Sings out the laurels
73 Vox pup
74 The Colossus of Roads
76 Greek maiden's lament
78 Good for a pull (pl.)
80 A tippet's end
82 You're nearing it this very instant
84 You can get immediate action on this demand
86 End of Asininity (abbr.)

A Picture Pleads for Peace

Miss Shearer and Mr. Gable, reunited in a four-star film, give you the tale of a strange encounter with war

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ IDIOT'S DELIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Edward Arnold, Charles Coburn, Joseph Schildkraut, Burgess Meredith, Laura Hope Crews, Skeets Gallagher, Peter Willes, Pat Paterson, William Edmunds, Fritz Feld, Virginia Grey, Lorraine Krueger, Paula Stone, Virginia Dale, Joan Marsh, Bernadene Hayes. Screen play by Robert E. Sherwood, based on Mr. Sherwood's stage play, Idiot's Delight. Directed by Clarence Brown. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

BOB SHERWOOD'S Pulitzer Prize play was a strong attack on war, on jingoism, on dictator egomaniacs—and it pictured, from a lonely mountain resort in the Italian Alps, how a strange and variegated assortment of guests reacted to the sudden outbreak of a new world conflagration. Now the location is Nowhere—in brief, the mythical-kingdom idea carried to a new high—and I mean high. The natives speak Esperanto, the film is a guarded plea for peace. Since Mr. Sherwood himself made the screen adaptation, I take it he approves of his own changes.

The underlying story remains pretty much unaltered. In what was the small Hotel Monte Gabriele you still find Harry Van, honkytonk vaudeville entertainer, and his traveling troupe, Les Blondes, otherwise six dancing girls. Present, too, is a Russian countess, the mistress of a prosperous international munitions and poison-gas seller. Besides the dealer in death, there is a German scientist anxious to get back to his laboratories, a French pacifist confused by the world's collapse, and a motley assortment of others. In the midst of the din of aerial bombs, Van suddenly realizes he knows the "countess." She is a phony, a onetime vaudevillian he had cared for, back in Omaha, years before. Here, on the peak in Bedlam, the two face the great cataclysm.

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne played Idiot's Delight for a year on Broadway. Now Clark Gable and Norma Shearer have the roles, the first time they have played together since Strange Interlude in 1932. Shearer wears everything from spangled tights to extravagant gowns by Adrian (one clinging white one aroused Czar Hays, they say), and she sings and actually appears to swing by her teeth in an aerial act. That's because the film, unlike the play, starts back in Omaha. And Gable, who never danced before, does Shuffle Off to Buffalo and a Charleston, vocalizes Puttin' On the Ritz, affects a brash variety front, a straw hat and a cane. While he was learning his corny routine, studio doors were guarded. It took him six weeks. At California previews, audiences howled at Gable. Maybe you will.

Clark (Harry Van) Gable and Norma (Countess) Shearer in Idiot's Delight.

The play was in three acts and a single setting. There are 167 scenes and forty-two sets in the film and Gable is in all but five scenes. After the dance sequence was filmed, Carole Lombard presented Clark with a ballet skirt and size 11-C ballet slippers. Harry Van's Les Blondes—called Gable's Glamour Girls around the studio—include Paula Stone, Fred's daughter. The Esperanto chatter was supervised personally by Joseph R. Scherer, president of the Esperanto Association of North America.

The Inside Dope: This should be one of the season's big films, if, in the final release picture, the punch hasn't been pulled in fear of annoying current sensitive dictators. Both Shearer, as the small-time charmer gone royal, and Gable, as the hoofer with the funny music-hall soul, have the greatest opportunities of their careers.

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, February 22. The winner will be announced in the issue of April 1.

★ ★ ★ CAFE SOCIETY

THE PLAYERS: Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, Shirley Ross, Claude Gillingwater, Jessie Ralph, Allyn Joslyn, Paul Hurst, Don Alvarado, Cupid Ainsworth, Mary Parker, Robert Emmett Keane, Hilda Plowright, Bryant Washburn, Ethel Clayton. Story and screen play by Virginia Van Upp. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. Produced by Paramount.

THE rich society-girl-hard-boiled-reporter formula, this time carrying a title suggested by none other than Lucius Beebe, blue-blooded chronicler of New York high life, Harvard alumnus, and one of America's ten best dressed men. Thus you see that the title at least carries the authority of an expert on the glitterbug life of the New York night clubs.

The lovely champagne blonde and artist James Montgomery Flagg's favorite actress, Madeleine Carroll, plays the spoiled offspring of millions who has become engaged to a shabby European prince. Returning to America, she encounters a ship news reporter (Fred MacMurray) who somehow arouses her jaded interest. In no time at all they're married, largely because the heiress wants to win a bet from Manhattan's leading society commentator. She wins, the reporter sells his scoop—and both are

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madder than mad. Slap! Wham! You'll have to see the rest to find out how the Chick O'Bannons achieve their fade-out happiness.

It's a decorative, decadent yarn of the bored, alcoholic strata of our so-called civilization. Sleek Dusenbergs purr in close-ups. Intimate night clubs, jammed with the élite and bad air, do their bit. Lovely boudoirs reveal the pulchritudinous co-star in enchanting what-have-yous. Miss Carroll wears nineteen costumes—nineteen. She falls overboard from her yacht in one of them. The great Paramount 300,000-gallon tank was used. Fire engines worked for forty-eight hours heating the water to the right temperature so that La Carroll would not get a chill.

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the January 7 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Mrs. J. W. Gordon, 1009 Old Orchard, Dayton, Ohio, for her review of Kentucky.

John Barrymore originally was scheduled to play the society reporter, but the role finally went to Allyn Joslyn. Claude Gillingwater, specialist in crotchety old millionaires, is Madeleine's shrewd grandpappy. Glance among the bit players and you will find ex-stars Bryant Washburn and Ethel Clayton.

★ ★ ★ MADE FOR EACH OTHER

THE PLAYERS: Carole Lombard, James Stewart, Lucille Watson, Charles Coburn, Eddie Quillan, Renee Orsell. Screen play by Jo Swerling from a novel by Rose Franken. Directed by John Cromwell. Produced by David Selznick-United Artists.

AT last Carole Lombard gets off the goofy cycle. Here she plays a career woman who almost loses everything she cares for. She is a student of journalism and she weds a law clerk. There are two babies; one dies. In desperation, she authors a best seller, wrecks her home life with prosperity, even is involved in divorce. James Stewart plays the young man who can't keep up with his wife, at least in earning capacity.

Mostly New York was shot in California. True, process shots—close-ups superimposed on actual location backgrounds—were utilized to catch Carole and Jimmy in Times Square on New Year's Eve.

Bonnie Belle Barber, ten-days-old girl, earned $73.50 playing the couple's baby boy at $22.50 a minute. Carole gives baby a bath—and no shots could be longer than thirty seconds at a time. That's the Hays-Producer regulation.

The Inside Dope: A pleasant little story with two personable young players. And Carole doesn't once get kicked in the—er—film.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

The pictures are classified according to the reviewer's prediction. The figures in parentheses after a picture title show the final classification by Liberty's reviewer and the consensus of our readers' ratings.

★★★★—That Certain Age (4, 4), Suez (3, 3½), You Can't Take It with You (4, 4), Men with Wings (3½, 3½), Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—Jesse James, Walt Disney's Shorts (3½, 3½), Sweethearts (3½,—), If I Were King (3½, 3½), The Great Waltz (3½, 3½), The Sisters (4, 3½), Spawn of the North (3½, 3½), The Lady Vanishes (3½, 3½), Four Daughters.

★★★—Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy (3,—), Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber (3,—), Pacific Liner (3,—), Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky (3, 3), Stand Up and Fight (3, 3), Pygmalion (3,—), The Great Man Votes, Gunga Din, Christmas Carol (2, 3), Trade Winds (3, 3), Dawn Patrol (3, 3), Out West with the Hardys (3, 3), Submarine Patrol (3, 3), Dramatic School (3, 3), Just Around the Corner (3, 3), Angels with Dirty Faces (3½, 3½), The Shining Hour (3, 3), Sixty Glorious Years (3, 3), The Cowboy and the Lady (3, 3), Gangster's Boy (3, 3½), Brother Rat (3, 3), The Arkansas Traveler (3, 3), Mr. Wong Detective (3, 3½), There Goes My Heart (3, 3), Service de Luxe (3, 3), Room Service (3, 3), Garden of the Moon (3, 3), Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—George Eliot.
2—R.
3—Cucumbers.
4—Spain and Portugal.
5—The harp.
6—Crackers.
7—The Johnstown (Pennsylvania) flood.
8—Elijah, 1 Kings 17:6—"And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening."
9—Doped.
10—Two seconds (actual contact of the lips).
11—Oregon.
12—Tea.
13—Florence Nightingale.
14—Monaco.
15—The Missouri.
16—Wales.
17—Charles Robert Darwin.
18—Jonathan Swift.
19—Earthquake tremors.
20—Martinus Luther

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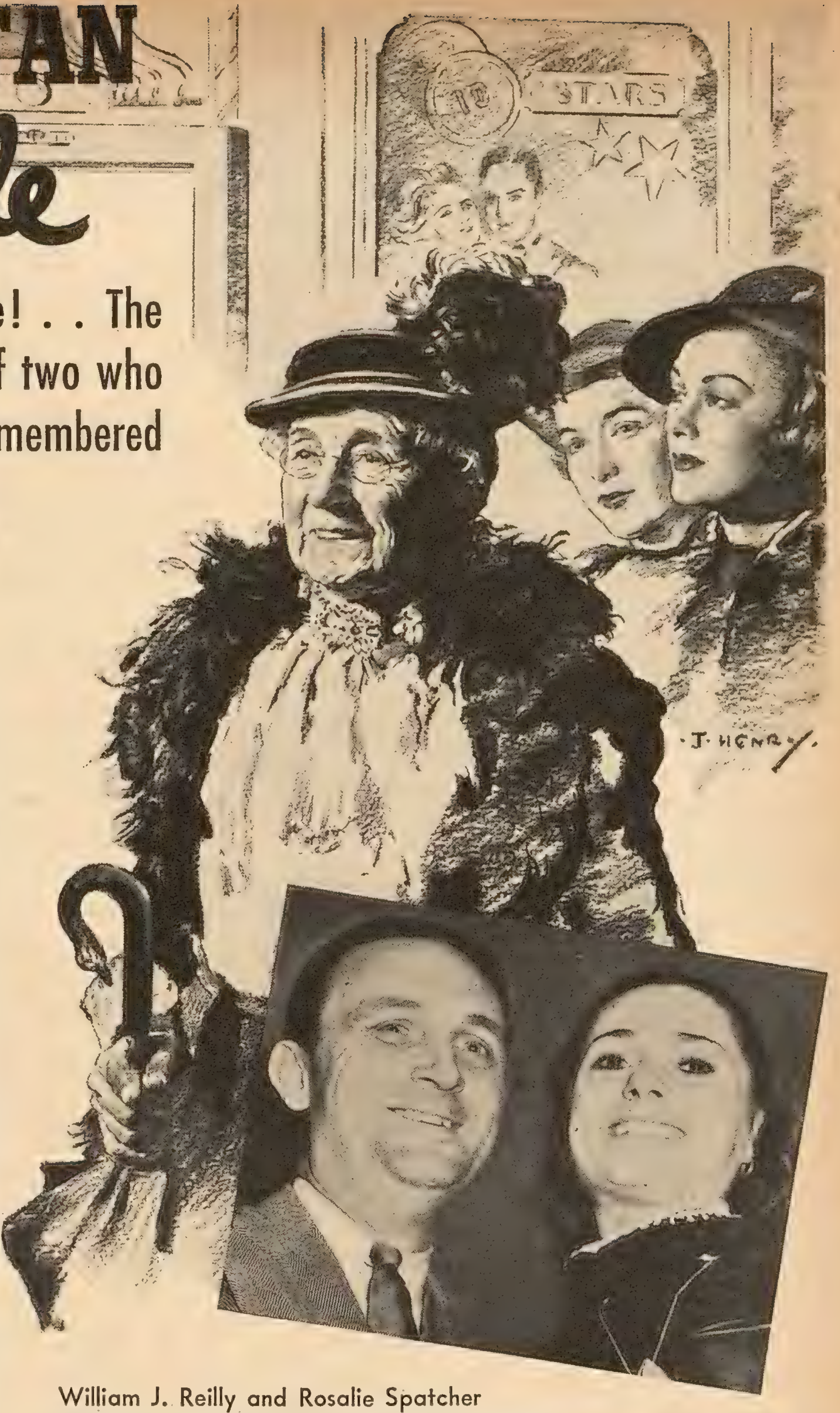
MANHATTAN Miracle

Like a fairy story come true! . . The stranger-than-fiction tale of two who were kind—and one who remembered

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS



William J. Reilly and Rosalie Spatcher Kniskern, the Irishman and the ballet dancer whom Fate cast for leading roles in a strange drama.

THIS is the strange story but true of a nearsighted old lady who loved artificial shadows, was terrified by real ones; of a young ballet dancer, pretty and fragile, who yearned to be a great painter; of an Irishman in a hospital, tagged by the cold fingers of persistent misfortune.

It is the story of these three. Their friendship. And of how death came to one of them.

It was the Irishman who first met the old lady. He was assistant manager of New York's Roxy Theater that rainy day in 1927 when the accident happened. Waiting outside the theater in the early-morning line for the doors to open, she had slipped, fallen, been efficiently removed to the theater's infirmary. There she was found suffering nothing worse than annoyance that she should have lost first place in line. The Irishman asked that she be brought to his office.

An usher told him about her: "She's first in line every week. Dressed funny. Carries an umbrella and a paper bag. Wait until you see her."

She was something to see. Leg-o'-mutton sleeves, voluminous skirts, half-gloves, feather boa, Queen Mary hat. She came in, umbrella clutched in one hand, paper bag in the other. The assistant manager guessed shrewdly that the bag held a sandwich. Her age—about sixty. She said her name was Mrs. Elliott.

Curious, he held her for a chat. He was amazed to discover that she had seen practically every picture produced since films acquired a voice. Her favorite actor was Gary Cooper. She said she'd had a son once, but he had died. Her husband was dead, too. She loved fine paintings, loved the theater. But there, he was busy. She'd go back and get in line now.

No Irishman is going to send an old lady out to stand in line on a damp, ugly day.

"The stage show's rehearsing," said the assistant manager. "Would you like to go inside now and watch?"

She watched the rehearsals, sat through the regular performance, and stayed through a second showing of the feature picture. It was four thirty in the afternoon when she came out into the lobby, approached an usher.

"That young man that took me inside—the assistant manager—what is his name?"

"William J. Reilly," she was told.

From then on, she came to the Roxy every week, was admitted to morning rehearsals. Always she brought her umbrella, her sandwich. Late in the afternoon she would look up her young friend Reilly.

She invited him one afternoon to have tea with her. "At my home," she said.

Reilly explained—carefully, lest he offend her—that he couldn't go so far away from the theater of an afternoon. They had tea in a drugstore near by. She insisted upon paying the check, and he hoped she wasn't squandering next week's sandwich money.

The Roxy closed temporarily in 1932, and Reilly lost his job. The little old lady, a fixture now at the theater, was greatly perturbed. What would he, her friend, do?

Reilly didn't know. But he assured her cheerfully that he had another job lined up, out of New York.

"You'll write to me, won't you?" she pleaded.

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He said he would. He did send her a Christmas card that year. But after that, things went from bad to worse and he found no time to think of the little old lady.

New York's Radio City Music Hall opened about the time the Roxy closed. Many of the Roxy people went there; ushers, doormen, performers. With them went Mrs. Elliott.

The transferred personnel knew her from the older theater, and each Thursday morning that a new show went on, she was admitted to watch rehearsals.

It was at one of these rehearsals that she found her second friend, Rosalie Spatcher, tiny brunette ballerina. The timid ballet dancer and the graying woman in Victorian clothes talked of the ballet and of Rosalie's ambition to paint, and they soon became friends. When Rosalie married Maynard Kniskern, a doorman at the Music Hall who wanted to be a writer, the old woman solemnly wished the pair happiness.

Radio City Music Hall presented You Can't Take It with You. Mrs. Elliott went to see it three times.

On Thursday, September 22, 1938, the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire picture, Carefree, opened.

On that morning, about eight o'clock, a worried Scottish maid ran out of the three-story brownstone house at 146 West Eighty-eighth Street and up the steps of No. 148, next door. Dr. John J. McMahon answered her ring.

"I wonder if you would help me?" asked the maid. "Mrs. Elliott told me last night to wake her by seven thirty. I've been ringing her bell, but she doesn't answer. I've been here less than a week, and I . . . well, I simply don't know where her bedroom is."

DR. McMAHON could understand that. Mrs. Elliott lived the life of a recluse; had no visitors. He had been her neighbor for twenty-two years without having been inside her house. He could not recall having ever seen a light turned on. There was no electricity in the place. Only gas. When dusk came, he knew, the timid old lady, who lived in terror of the night, went to bed.

As he went into the gloomy house Dr. McMahon looked about him incredulously. All of the furniture was covered. Scaling paint hung in festoons from the ceiling. The kitchen door was steel-lined.

He reached the bedroom door, to find four heavy locks. The old lady had built a strong jail for her terrors. He knocked. No answer. He summoned police. A panel was forced out of the heavy bedroom door. They could hear the old lady groaning inside. By reaching through the smashed panel they unbolted the locks.

But they could not open the door. Some terror that came in the night had inspired the old lady to pile furniture against it. A detective on a ladder broke into a window, cleared away the furniture.

Dr. McMahon examined the old lady. A cerebral hemorrhage. One side paralyzed.

They sent for nurses. While they waited, Dr. McMahon and the detectives looked around the bedroom. From floor to ceiling, each wall of the room was covered with paintings in gold frames. Many were costly works of art. She had once said that she owned 500 in all.

Pneumonia set in. The old lady died the next afternoon. Her will revealed that she had not forgotten the two persons who had been kind to her.

Mrs. Edna Morse Allin Elliott had left practically all of her worldly possessions to the former Irish assistant theater manager whom she had not seen in six years, and to the gentle little ballet dancer.

To ballet dancer Rosalie Spatcher Kniskern she left stock and bonds and all of her coral and garnet jewelry—a fortune worth eighty thousand dollars. To Irish William J. Reilly—everything else, including the house she died in, an estate reportedly worth one million dollars.

HER will explained her decision: "I make this gift to him because through him I received numerous privileges at the theaters, which have helped to make the recent years of my life more pleasant. He and Miss Spatcher contributed a great deal to my happiness by their kindly and courteous acts. Neither ever expected anything from me for their many courtesies."

The old lady's lawyers had little difficulty finding the girl. She was still at the Music Hall. For Rosalie the future is bright. She will study dancing—and painting. Her husband will have leisure in which to write.

More difficult for Widow Elliott's lawyers was the task of finding William J. Reilly. They located his father, a stage doorman at Radio City Music Hall. But "Pop" Reilly wouldn't tell them where his boy was. To the old gentleman, lawyers meant such unpleasant things as summonses.

They found out, however, two days later, on September 27, 1938. William J. Reilly was a fifty-two-dollar-a-month attendant in a Bronx hospital.

Reilly told reporters he didn't know what he would do with his fortune. He said he'd like to do something for his father, but doubted whether the old fellow would accept a life of ease.

Around the great theater where, as this is written, an $80,000 heiress still dances in the line, they are inclined to share Reilly Junior's opinion concerning Reilly Senior.

For when Rosalie or the other girls call the Fifty-first Street entrance to ask rehearsal time, a voice with a rich Irish brogue answers, and announces, with a Celtic knack for dramatization: "Radio City Music Hall! Show Place of the Nation! Pop Reilly speaking!"

Now, how are you going to make a man like that retire?

THE END

THE BATTLE OF THE FAIRS

BY BARBARA WAKE

A blithe survey of 1939's contest of giants—New York vs. San Francisco!

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

"FIORELLO, you old son of a gun, how are you?"

This was the way Mayor Angelo Rossi of San Francisco greeted Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia of New York. Whereupon Fiorello sounded off as follows: "In this great republic we have two fairs dedicated to the welfare of man and to peace—and in all likelihood Europe will be engaged in two wars at the same time."

All of which was bravely spoken and heartening but may not be altogether accurate. For a highly touted European peace program has come to us, while "this great republic" is rent by a war to the death—the Battle of the Fairs—which was precipitated by a mere matter of $125,000.

Of course the sponsors of the rival expositions never were exactly crazy about each other. But they were putting on a not so bad cross-country good-neighbor act when Governor Lehman of New York unexpectedly threw cold and troubled waters on their oil.

California had taken the lead by appropriating $125,000 for a California building at the New York World's Fair, and had stuck the bullion in a bank.

New York promptly reciprocated. But there was a joker in the New York appropriation. This $125,000 was to be spent first for a grand legislative junket to California to pick out a site on which, if there was any money left over, a shack of sorts would later be erected.

Now, Governor Lehman used to be in the banking business. So he vetoed the appropriation—and the fairs were in the fire. Both states promptly withdrew their ambassadors, and California its bank deposit.

Zoe Dell Lantis, world's most photographed woman and official symbol of the San Francisco Fair, no longer posed in graceful amity with Grover Aloysius Whalen, world's best dressed man and official cymbal of the New York Fair. Instead, she deserted New York's cameras for Hollywood's—while Grover rushed over to Roxy's and had himself photographed with a stageful of Grover Boys.

It's a fair sight when the Great Greeter, resplendent in blue shirt, blue tie, blue kerchief, blue suit, and blue-black mustache, enters the Administration Building, which stands so nobly where once was Flushing Swamp. He has lost none of that grandiose urbanity which was his when he was Jimmy Walker's good-will quarantine ambassador to itinerant kings and Channel swimmers. If anything, his urbanity has grown with the years. In ordinary men it is the girth that grows, but in the Man of Tomorrow it is the urbanity; and very nice, too.

It is his own show, this World of Tomorrow, and he is running it in his own way.

His personal offices have been likened to a Hollywood conception of a super-luxury hotel.

One hundred and fifty million will be invested in the enterprise—a million for every year since George Washington was inaugurated. (In case you have forgotten, that inauguration is the excuse for New York's giving a fair in 1939.)

Sixty million admissions will be paid.

One hundred motorbuses will carry pilgrims from the eight great gates to the longest bar in the world—ten motor ambulances and 2,000 cops will carry them away.

According to Grover's statistical prognostications, thirty million hot dogs and hamburgers will be consumed.

Forty thousand patients will be treated in the fair's Department of Medicine. Twelve of these 40,000 will be mothers ushering babies into the World of Tomorrow.

Altogether, it *is* a Whalen of a fair.

Zoe's fair is not like that at all.

The promoters of the San Francisco Exposition realized from the first that they couldn't hope to compete with New York on New York's own ground. So while President Whalen was giving out figures galore, President Cutler gave out only one figure—Zoe's.

It was more than a good idea. It was an inspiration. Of all the harbors in the Western World, San Francisco's is the most beautiful. It is the American Bay of Naples, with the Golden Gate thrown in for a beauty bonus. Here, out of the shining waters, has risen a magic island, the largest man-made island in the world, Treasure Island, home of the Golden Gate Exposition.

"No common ordinary land," peals the Pacific pageant's press agent, "was good enough for *this* celebration. . . . On that man-made rectangle, framed by the two greatest bridges in the world, the West is going to make whoopee from February 18 to December 2."

Now, whoopee is one thing that Grover Aloysius does not make. At least, the joy belt of the New York Fair is called the Amusement Area; the one at San Francisco, the Gayway.

The theme center of the New York Fair boasts an

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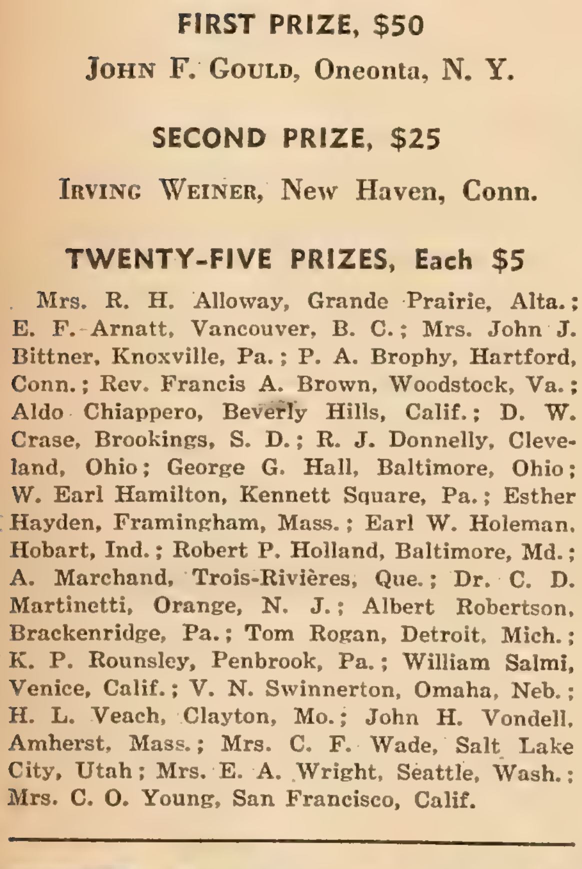


eighteen-story Perisphere, the largest ball ever made by man, and a fifty-story Trylon, the tallest triangular tower in the world, at which—across trees and buildings—a sixty-five-foot George Washington gazes.

"The philosophical suggestion," according to Mr. Whalen, "is that America can face the World of Tomorrow, represented by the Perisphere and Trylon, with the same cool assurance that the first President exhibits in his massive sculpture."

The San Francisco Fair has no theme center, but it has a Court of Reflections, patterned after the exotic Shalimar Gardens in the Vale of Kashmir, surrounded by such beauty spots as the Court of the Moon, the Court of the Flowers, the Court of the Seven Seas, and the Port of the Trade Winds, and graced by the 400-foot Tower of the Sun.

For the Father of his Country the San Franciscans have substituted huge Burmese elephants with howdahs. These pachyderms crown the pyramidlike structures which mark the main entrance. The fair designers called their pyramids the Portals of the Pacific; but San Franciscans, because of the G. O. P.s, call them "Maine" and "Vermont."

San Franciscans have been clever not only in challenging their Eastern rivals on beauty instead of size but in emphasizing not so much man's achievements as the leisure which those achievements have earned. This philosophy is embodied in the fair's slogan, "Be a Guest of the West in 1939." Or, more colloquially: "The visitor will be greeted in a real neighborly way and shown that he can have a darned good time and still learn a lot to boot."

THE "darned good time" naturally suggests the Gayway; but even the so-called serious exhibits on Treasure Island are not too serious. The Hall of the Mineral Empire weighs in twice daily with a spectacular mine disaster. A frog named Aurora Borealis, from Juneau, Alaska, will compete in the Hall of the Mineral Empire with the pick of the local Calaveras frogs in a jumping contest. A contribution of the Horticultural Division is named the Whoopee Tree. It's a native of Mexico and yields wine with a wallop.

Against this machine-gun barrage of beauty and ballyhoo, General Whalen brings up an attack which is unsilenceable and unanswerable.

Not that the San Francisco Fair isn't all that it claims to be. It *is* the Fair of the West and the Pageant of the Pacific, including every nation whose shores line that ocean.

But the New York Fair is what it set out to be, too. It is a World's Fair, and no fair since the days of King Ahasuerus has so deserved the name. "No previous international exposition," says Mr. Whalen, who is the Ahasuerus of today *and* tomorrow, "has ever gained the active support of sixty foreign countries. Never before have so many nations been concentrated in so small an area."

In that internationalism he doubtless feels that his fair leaves all earlier World's Fairs behind an eight-ball of Perispheric proportions.

It is claimed for the New York Exposition, also, that it is more truly a national fair than its frankly sectional contemporary. Grover Ahasuerus and his ambassadors have been extraordinarily successful in digging appropriations out of state legislatures.

One state attraction that the California Fair is reasonably sure not to have is a $350,000 two-and-a-half-acre display glorifying the citrus industry of the State of Florida!

Private exhibitors have needed no prodding. Mr. Macfadden, for one, is spending a quarter of a million dollars in a special Liberty exhibit, which is dedicated not only to the entertainment and comfort of visiting Liberty readers but to the spreading of the Liberty gospel of the American way of life.

NATURALLY, the fair itself is supplementing all these efforts. A score or more of model homes are being erected in what Mr. Whalen calls "the Town of Tomorrow." Even more impressive is "Democracity, or the City of Tomorrow," to be portrayed in miniature—more or less—in the huge interior of the Perisphere.

It is clear, therefore, that the New York Fair is not without what Hollywood calls "audience appeal." As for amusements, they are no more solemn than those along the Gayway. And there are 280 acres of them!

Here is one: the Marine Amphitheater, which seats 10,000 people and cost $2,200,000, and whose stage, surrounded by water, will be shut off from the audience between acts by a sheet of water shot up into the air. In this outdoor theater Billy Rose will produce, five times daily, the world's greatest musical extravaganza.

Moe Gale, proprietor of the famous Savoy Ballroom in darkest Harlem, will bring his dusky jitterbugs and his swingy bands to entertain on 7,800 square feet of floor space.

Morris Gest will present Little Miracle Town, a complete miniature community with one hundred and twenty-five midget inhabitants.

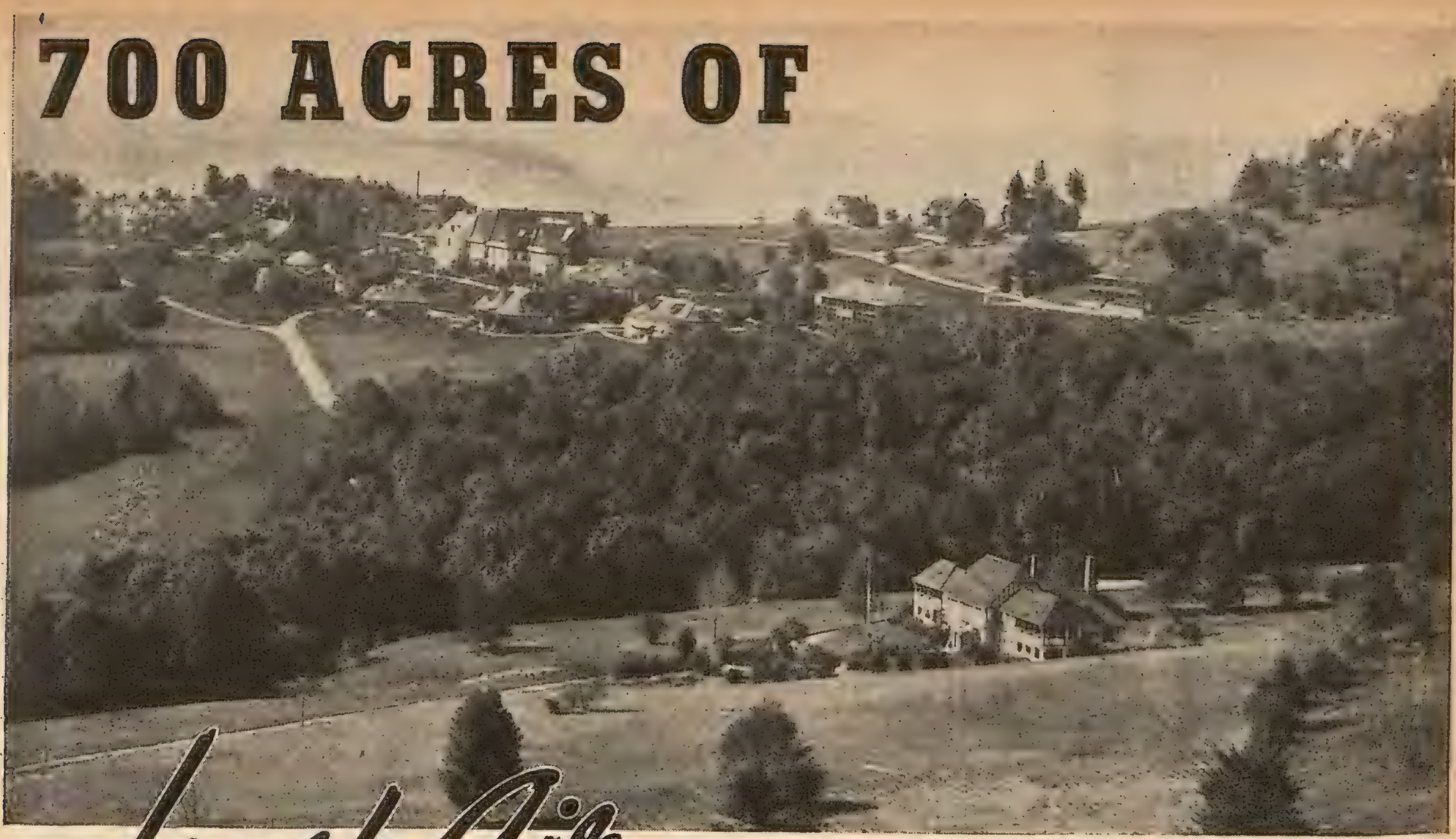
Next door is the six-acre Children's World, where children of all ages may be checked, amused, rested, and fed—all under the management of a group of public-spirited New York women and the supervision of a working staff of doctors, nurses, and trained play directors.

One might go on indefinitely. And make no mistake about it: the New York Fair *is* beautiful. In its resplendent color scheme New York's most colorful citizen finds full scope for talents hitherto confined largely to the sartorial.

Yes, the Battle of the Fairs is a pretty fair battle, any way you figure it. There would seem to be only one thing to do: Join the unemployed and see both World's Fairs!

THE END

700 ACRES OF fresh Air



Good news for those shadowed by fear of the Great White Plague! A forward stride on the road to hope and health

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

INTRODUCTION BY

BERNARR MACFADDEN

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE cure of tuberculosis depends first and foremost upon building additional vital power—more health and strength. No one can acquire this disease unless he is below par physically, a condition usually associated with poor digestion, frequent colds, and a loss of weight.

It is generally admitted by specialists everywhere that the principal means of curing this disease are quantities of fresh air, sunlight (that should be taken in the form of sun baths), foods that can be depended upon to improve digestion and assimilation, and environment which will improve the mental attitude. Tuberculosis, more than any other disease, is usually associated with a depressed state of mind and with the idea that recovery is difficult or impossible.

In addition to the rest cure, which I believe is advisable in the complete form only for limited periods, or while weight is being gained and digestion improved, there should be a health-building procedure which will greatly strengthen all parts of the body, with special attention to the spine. This need not necessarily be in the form of what might be termed physical exercise, but resisting movements given by an expert. This form of treatment can be employed without unduly agitating the breathing, which is sometimes harmful to those struggling against diseases affecting the lungs. Diet is one of the most important factors in the cure of this disease; to mix different kinds of food at one meal is often undesirable.

With the experience of over fifty years in advising diets for tuberculosis, my own case included, I have acquired a practical supply of knowledge on this subject that is indeed valuable. Naturally the physical-culture measures that are applied in the form of exercise must be used with a great deal of care; the inflamed surfaces of the lungs must not be irritated, breathing must not be agitated. However, after a careful examination by a diagnostician, followed by the careful supervision of experts, including diet and other measures, the patient suffering from this disease should be well toward recovery within a period of from two to three months.

Although I believe there are certain cases where surgical intervention is required, this means should not be employed until after the ordinary methods of building vitality have failed to prove effective.

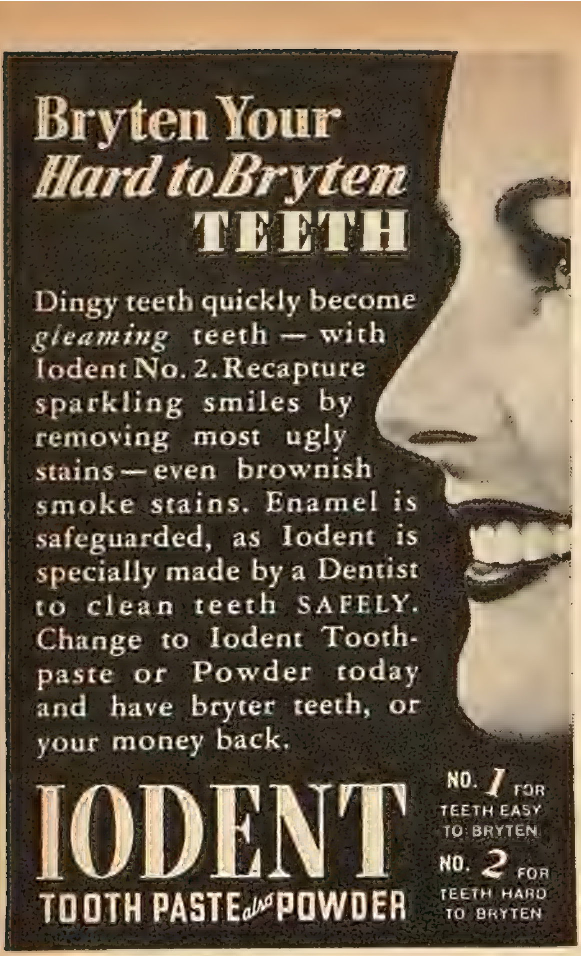
In offering to take one case each from the various states east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio River that would be treated without charge, we expect to make a demonstration of the value of Loomis in the cure of this disease that will be truly sensational in character.

Those desiring to present their cases in connection with this free-treatment offer, please address Loomis Sanatorium, Bartholomew Building, New York City.

(Signed) BERNARR MACFADDEN.

MY friend's average day was spent in a stuffy office. He was a clerk for a big industrial company. His was a fairly good job. It meant a pretty good living for himself and his wife and baby. He was young and strong. He used little muscular effort in his work; but he didn't mind that, at first.

But after a year or so he minded more and more. He felt as though he lived on a treadmill. He was tired every night, now, when he started home. He was tired when he rose in the morning.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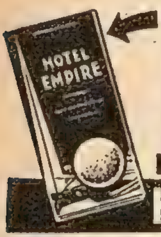
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GLOVER'S DOG MEDICINES

My friend was a great hulk of a man. He was well over six feet tall. He was ashamed to be so tired all the time. And he was confused too.

"It's not that I'm lazy, Nan," he tried to excuse himself to his wife. "It must be I don't eat enough, or that I don't get the proper nourishment from my food."

"You eat like a horse," his wife said, with a bitterness he couldn't understand.

But the bitterness passed in a moment, and she rushed to him and clung to him, and broke into sudden tears.

"It's sick you are!" she cried. "And me not ever suspicioning. It's the hardhearted dumb woman I am! Lie there now and rest, and I'll go for the doctor this minute."

The doctor was grave after he had made his examination, and reluctant to talk.

"What is it?" my friend demanded. "Out with it, man. I'm not afraid. I need a vacation. Is that it?"

The doctor shook his head.

"I suspect you need a longer vacation than you realize. You have tuberculosis."

The word "sort of thundered" through the room, my friend told me. "I felt smashed," he said. "If an angel had suddenly appeared and told me the end of the world was come, I couldn't have felt any worse."

"Tuberculosis!" my friend's wife said.

You could hardly hear her, but it sounded like a scream, the way she said it.

"Now, now," the doctor said. "None of that. I may be wrong, you know, since I haven't taken an X-ray." He scribbled a name and address on the back of a card. "Go see this man tomorrow. He's a specialist. He'll charge you twenty-five dollars, but it's worth it. He'll give you a thorough examination. When he's through, you'll know definitely whether you have t. b. or not."

The specialist confirmed the doctor's verdict.

"Yes," he said, "it's tuberculosis. Both lungs are affected, and you'll have to go to a sanatorium."

My friend laughed at the absurdity of this. A sanatorium, no less. Where was he to get money for a sanatorium? And how would Nan and his nibs get along while he was away?

"You laugh," the specialist said mildly, "like a man who thinks he's going to die. Thousands of people have tuberculosis nowadays, and are cured. Fortunately we've found out about you in time. You can be cured."

"But we have no money," my friend said.

The doctor looked surprised.

"Don't you know that the company you work for takes good care of its employees?" he asked. "Don't you know that it sends its tubercular patients to Loomis?"

My friend had never heard of Loomis. He suspected it was somewhere in Arizona or Colorado. He was sure it was some place far away, too far to take his wife and baby with him.

"Where is Loomis?" he asked.

"About a hundred miles from New York City," the doctor said. "A mile or so from the town of Liberty, New York. It's up in the Catskills. About two thousand feet above sea level. Seven hundred and some acres of the purest, freshest, most invigorating air in the world. Take you about three hours to get up there by car, bus, or train. Your wife can visit you any time. Or, better still, she might get a couple of rooms in Liberty, so she'll be close to you all the time."

ISN'T there any place in Brooklyn or Manhattan?" my friend's wife asked.

The doctor laughed at her.

"People contract tuberculosis in Brooklyn and Manhattan," he said. "They're not cured of it there. A patient must have expert, constant care. The best place is a sanatorium. And Loomis is the nearest to New York."

My friend was very bitter when he left for the sanatorium. He realized he had "got a swell break" from the firm, in that all his expenses would be paid. He even entertained the hope that he might be cured. But he was leaving his wife and son; it might be many months before he saw them again. And he was going to a strange place. He wouldn't see anybody but doctors and nurses.

"A living death, that's what it is," he said. "And seven hundred acres of fresh air? Baloney!"

He didn't change his mind after he had seen the place. Not immediately. There were so many buildings on the hilltop that he was confused. The doctor who drove him up there pointed out the guest cottages, the library, the hospital, the administration building, the shack that housed the fire engine, the meadows where cattle and sheep grazed, the baseball field, the chapel high up above all other buildings, the nurses' home, and other points of interest. He tried to jolly my friend into thinking he had come to a country club. But my friend wasn't to be fooled so easily.

"It's still a sanatorium," he said.

He looked around at the people inside the administration building. They were gay men and women. Some were playing bridge, some talking and laughing together.

TRADE **ENEMY** MARK

Every cougher is a public enemy. Don't spread germs. Carry with you Smith Bros. Cough Drops. (Black or Menthol.) Cost only 5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold infections.

"Visitors," my friend thought aloud.

"Wrong," the doctor said. "These are all patients."

"Then they're not as sick as I am, and never were."

"Brother, most of them were much worse."

Lying in bed a little later, my friend found some encouragement in that statement.

Months passed. I heard, through his wife, that my friend was getting better all the time, and that he was happy—happier than she'd ever seen him.

"It seems," she said, "that the patients make a joke of their illness. When any newcomer begins to cry about his spoiled life, the others kid him out of the idea that he's the only victim in the world. Strangely enough, it seems to be part of the cure."

A few weeks ago I had word from my friend direct. A terrible thing had happened. Loomis was to be closed, or sold. It was impossible to get money enough to keep the place going.

"When Loomis first started," he wrote, "there were many doctors who sent patients here. But these doctors are dead now, or out of practice. And the new generation of doctors never heard of Loomis, especially since it quit advertising.

"Loomis is now the loneliest place in the world. The hospital is vacant. Many of the rooms are vacant. There are more employees than patients. God alone knows what's to become of us all."

Fortunately I had good news to give him and a week-end that could be put to no better use than going to see him.

MY friend was asleep when I arrived. I didn't want to disturb him, so I went on a tour of the premises.

Empty rooms, empty porches, empty houses. Deserted as a ghost town.

A million dollars or more had been spent on plant and equipment. A reputation, a science, an art had been fostered here during the last four decades.

"But we didn't advertise," the superintendent said. "We never sought publicity. So we reaped neglect, loss of revenue. We could still cure tuberculosis here—but we hadn't the money to carry on. But now—" He finished the thought with a happy smile.

There was a happy smile on my friend's face too, when I was led into his room.

"Just heard the good news," he said, crushing my hand. "Somebody's taking over the sanatorium. Put a lot of money in it. Going to make it better than it ever was."

"Bernarr Macfadden," I said.

"The publisher of Liberty? Your boss?"

"Yes," I said. "My boss. The New York Medical Association asked him to take over the sanatorium, and he's done so. And one of the first things he's going to do is to admit free a patient from each of the states north of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi. You're going to have a lot of new friends.

"Then he's not only going to maintain the medical and surgical traditions of the sanatorium, but he is also going to use his own methods. Natural methods. Fresh air. Sunshine. Diet. Exercise."

The superintendent came into the room as I spoke.

"Those methods cured me," he said, "though at the time I didn't know they were Bernarr Macfadden's methods."

My friend and I both asked in the same breath, "You mean to say you were a tubercular patient?"

"Yes. I was too sick for surgery. Everybody up here thought I was going to die. But I fooled them all. I cured myself. The first winter I slept outside on one of the porches, no matter how cold the weather. Months I spent on my back. Then I started to exercise. The first day I walked up and down the corridor. It was all I could do. The following day I walked a few steps farther. Gradually I increased the distance of my daily walk, until I could stroll for miles and not feel tired."

WHAT did you eat?" I asked. "Raw eggs and milk?"

"Not on your life! I had to eat that stuff before I came here. Not afterward. Here I was given everything I wanted to eat, and plenty of it. The same is true of every other patient. Lots of people think raw eggs and milk is the proper diet for tuberculosis. They're just as wrong about that as about other things."

"You look perfectly sound," I couldn't help saying.

"I am," he said. "I have a physical examination made every year to prove it. Some of the doctors think it's a miracle I'm still alive and well."

Later I asked the doctor about Mr. Bricker.

"There's nothing the matter with him," he said. "Incidentally, did you meet his wife? He met her while he was a patient here, and asked her to marry him. She looked at his chart, found he was listed as a hopeless case. But she married him anyway. She was tubercular also. Cured herself in much the same way he did."

My friend was thoughtful when I left him.

"Anything I can do for you?" I asked.

"Nothing, except pass the word to Nan and his nibs. They're living in Liberty now. Tell them it isn't going to be so lonesome here any more; that we're going to have a lot more patients soon, that we'll have card parties and dances and walks and picture shows and everything we used to have.

"And tell them Loomis is soon going to be the best, the best known, and the most flourishing place of its kind in the whole world."

THE END

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25	.85	34	1.09	43	1.51	52	2.27
26	.87	35	1.13	44	1.57	53	2.39
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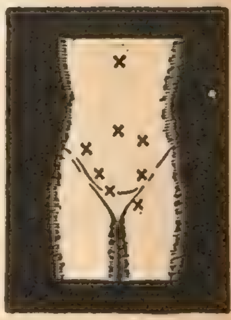

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VOX POP

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They Knew It Was the Work of Divine Power

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—During the worst flood in the history of California, a year ago, the water was rising a foot a minute during one of the cloudbursts, increasing our small twenty-foot mountain stream to a 400-foot-wide raging river and to more than a thirty-foot-deep wall of destruction to anything it touched.

We all stood at the window in awe—wondering what to do, where to go, so we wouldn't be trapped.

Before our electricity was cut off we had been listening to the radio report of the concern felt by the various flood-control departments about the Big Tujunga Dam giving out—in fact, one report was that it had gone out. This certainly did not help our mental state any.

It was hard to realize, even as one watched it, that the river could be rising so rapidly. It did not seem real. To see those huge oak trees, some of them one hundred and fifty years old, and the beautiful tall sycamores and big cone spruce go down the river straight up, the water was so swift, put one in a fearful daze. Huge boulders that could not be moved by the most powerful machinery of today were going down the river just like marbles, the grinding of which put our nerves on edge.

Homes on each side of ours were lifted and pushed away, going on top of the river like fantastic boats. Suddenly the home next to ours started to shift with the weight of the water, and through the windows came metal bedsteads and other furniture.

I was getting such a strange feeling—so faint and sick inside. I took a look at the housekeeper, and she had a strange look too. "Mary," I said, "please don't go out on me." She answered, "I think we are goners, as it looks as though the dam has given out. Don't you think so?"

"Let's offer up a prayer, Mary," I said, "that we will be spared to be able to be of service and benefit to mankind." So we did, as we stood by the window.

Right now, as we looked out, it seemed just as if a giant beaver were working feverishly. Large trees came down the river, turned, and ledged crosswise against three immense old trees still left remaining in the next yard. Then, after these tree crossbars were put into place, along came plenty of debris and packed tightly into place to the height of the tall trees. It built so fast and stayed just long enough to change the course of the river, washing out and undermining the mountain across the river from us. We watched the water rise and fall all night long with flashlights—no one could rest for the roar.

With all of this destruction going on, and after observing the immediate building of the dam, which *we know* was the work of the Divine Power which directs our destinies, we did not have any more fear. We felt the nearness of this great protection which cannot be described by just mere words.

To all of us, this miracle of protection was certainly indisputable evidence of an answer to a prayer, as all who were marooned with us can testify.

Indeed, we acknowledged the answer to the prayer by trying in our small way to do our part too, as the Red Cross and others will verify.

In times of stress—even though one is not religious and does not go to church, it is well to remember:

God is our refuge and strength, a very *present help* in trouble.—*Mrs. George C. Martin.*

RETRACTION FROM MR. SEESE

In December 17 Liberty a letter was published in Vox Pop from Robert S. Seese of Detroit, Michigan, stating vice was protected in Detroit. The writer of that letter has since addressed the following letter to Commissioner of Police Heinrich A. Pickert of Detroit. In justice to all, we publish this retraction from Mr. Seese.

DETROIT, MICH.—I have read your letter of December 12, 1938, in which you set out the letter that I heretofore sent to Liberty and which was published in that magazine.

In your letter you ask that I give you the benefit of any information which I may have with respect to the charges contained in the letter.

I must admit to you that at the time I sent the letter I had no reliable or authentic information upon which any of the charges contained in the letter could be based, and I confess that I did not realize the very serious implications contained in the letter.

I know I would not have written the letter if I had given the matter serious and mature thought.

I am convinced that there was no basis for the charges that in Detroit we have a protected vice district or a well organized numbers racket or a corrupt police department, and I admit that the "boss" mentioned in my letter is nonexistent.

I therefore publicly retract all charges made in my letter addressed to the Editor of Liberty and published in the issue of December 17, 1938, in Vox Pop on page 60, and I authorize and request the Editor of Liberty to publish this letter and retraction.—*Robert S. Seese.*

"GIVE ME A HARD-CUSSING, TOBACCO-CHEWING MAN!"

RICHMOND, IND.—John Bunyan Atkins says we navy blokes no longer chew tobacco (December 31 Vox Pop). That's what's wrong, maybe.

If I want a man to do a job, give me a hard-cussing, tobacco-chewing man, and it will be done. It won't be "We can't do that," or "It will hurt the railroads," etc. But it's done—it is if they work for me, anyhow.

One good tobacco-chewing foreman in the Detroit shops, and there would have been no sit-down strike.

They can't even hire a man nowadays without knowing what his grandfather died with. And the army and navy are worse yet.

I have done lots of things that they said couldn't be done, but I had good tobacco-chewing men under me. So, for the sake of the good men who have passed on, let's start to be men and get this country straightened out.—*Bill.*

IS IT ANY WONDER FARMERS SCRATCH THEIR HEADS?

HOLTON, KAN.—The farmer is now back to the good old horse-and-buggy day prices for most of his products. Taxes are from two to five times as much as they were forty years ago. But, ye gods! Look at union labor and the big-salary boys sitting on top of the world!

Is it any wonder we farmer hayseeds out here in the Middle West are scratching our heads and doing some thinking? —*A. H. Ister.*

SHE HAD A GREEN FACE!

TERRE HAUTE, IND.—You've had a lot to say about red faces in Vox Pop, but how about a green one? And I don't mean a seasick face, either.

A few years ago, when clay packs were the rage, I was giving myself one when I suddenly thought that I must pick beans for dinner.

Off to the patch I gaily went with my face a beautiful Kelly or good old Irish green. On the way down a man called from a distance to me for the route to the National Highway. I walked to meet him, giving directions as I went. All at once a child in the car began crying, and a woman yelled, "Come on, John, come on!"

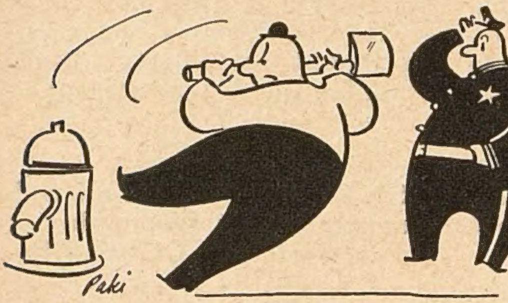
He hardly heard her voice. One glance at my face, and he scrambled over a four-foot ditch faster than our sheepherding dog could have done it. To this day I often wonder what those folks thought.—*Catherine C. Lee.*

FORMER CCC MAN TRIES TO CHOP DOWN FIRE HYDRANT!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—One night the police found a man vigorously swinging an ax at a fire hydrant.

" I found the ax on my way home from a tavern," he told Magistrate Thomas A. Aurelio in Harlem Court, and just couldn't resist the impulse to chop something down. I used to be in the CCC."

As might be expected, his sentence was suspended.—*Arthur Springs.*



WHICH WAS THE DADDY OF ALL ORANGE TREES HERE?

DUMBARTON, VA.—Observe that a December 31 Vox Popper, N. J. Miller, E. M., says that the first orange tree was planted in Bidwells Bar, Butte County, California, in the year 1852 on Feather River, instead of one planted in Riverside County in 1873 (November 5 Liberty).

In a greenhouse on the Department of Agriculture grounds, Washington, D. C., we find another " first " orange tree growing, with oranges, dated 1872. According to a sign under the tree, it was imported from South America—Brazil, I believe —and is the daddy of all orange trees in America.

Perhaps Uncle Sam's most obliging Department can enlighten California's Department or Chamber of Commerce and all of us?—*G. T. Broski.*

" IS THE NEW DEAL ON THE WAY OUT? "

LOGAN, W. VA.—After reading your publication for the past ten years I've come to the conclusion that you have the world's best five-cent magazine.

However, I think something should be done to convert the world's best " bellyacher " into devoting his time to something more constructive. Replying to his unjust criticism in Is the New Deal on the Way Out? (December 17 Liberty), I suggest that he try a little co-operation for a change. My politics are for the man that will do the country the most good, regardless of any party or personality.

I give our President credit for giving his undivided attention to his people's interest as a whole, so why not have your magazine co-operate until he proves otherwise?—*R. L. Gwynn.*

SAYS MEDICINE MEN ARE NOW ON THE RADIO

SPARROWS POINT, MD.—Do you remember when a two-horse wagon came into the village lot and a big man came out and fixed up a platform on the back of the wagon? Then he got a banjo out and played a tune to gather a crowd.

" Ladies and gentlemen," he'd say, " I have here the best corn cure that was ever made. Use it and you will never suffer any more," etc., etc.

Or it might be Indian oil he was selling, with a big Indian and a Negro to perform. " Now, ladies and gents, I have an oil that will take away all pains. Who will buy the first bottle while Sambo plays? "

Tell me where this business has gone?

Why, to the radio, of course, where with music and " shows " they sell their soup and soap and cure-alls.

But give me the old-timer and his spiel to any broadcast blah!—*Charles W. Brooks.*

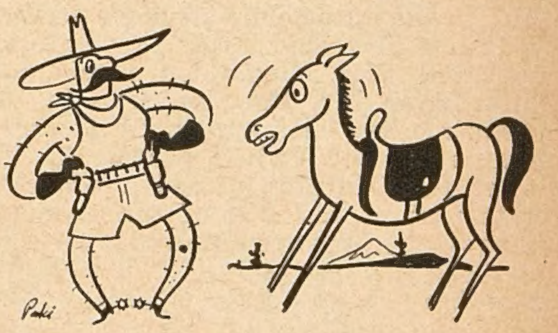
A MAN WITH MONEY MAY EAT IN HIS CELL

CLEARWATER, FLA.—Who told Mr. Collins (December 31 Liberty) that the convicted banker, Whitney, sits " down to prison chow " in Sing Sing?

Isn't it a fact that a man with money may eat in his cell whatever food he can pay for?—*George W. Watt.*

SUITABLE ATTIRE FOR BOWLEGGED COWBOYS

LITTLE FALLS, MINN.—And what would Florence Thomas (December 24 Vox Pop) decree as suitable attire for bowlegged cowboys? B. V. D.s and anklets? No doubt. She's that way. Nope, Florence; your idea is just a hoary mare's-nest.—*Julia E. M. Mrozik.*



MAKE THREE YEARS MAXIMUM PRISON SENTENCE

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Two articles appeared in December 10 Liberty concerning the much mulled over subject of crime: one by " Six-Time Loser," who places the cause of his many journeys to prison on the doorstep of public persecutions; the other by the federal Director of Prisons, who " mostly " agrees with S. T. L. and in general passes the buck to local authorities because of so many " repeaters," citing their lack of interest in discharged prisoners.

I would like to add, among other things, that our " big houses " should be put entirely into the hands of the military. That parole, probation, and time off for good behavior be thrown in the ash can. That long prison terms be done away with.

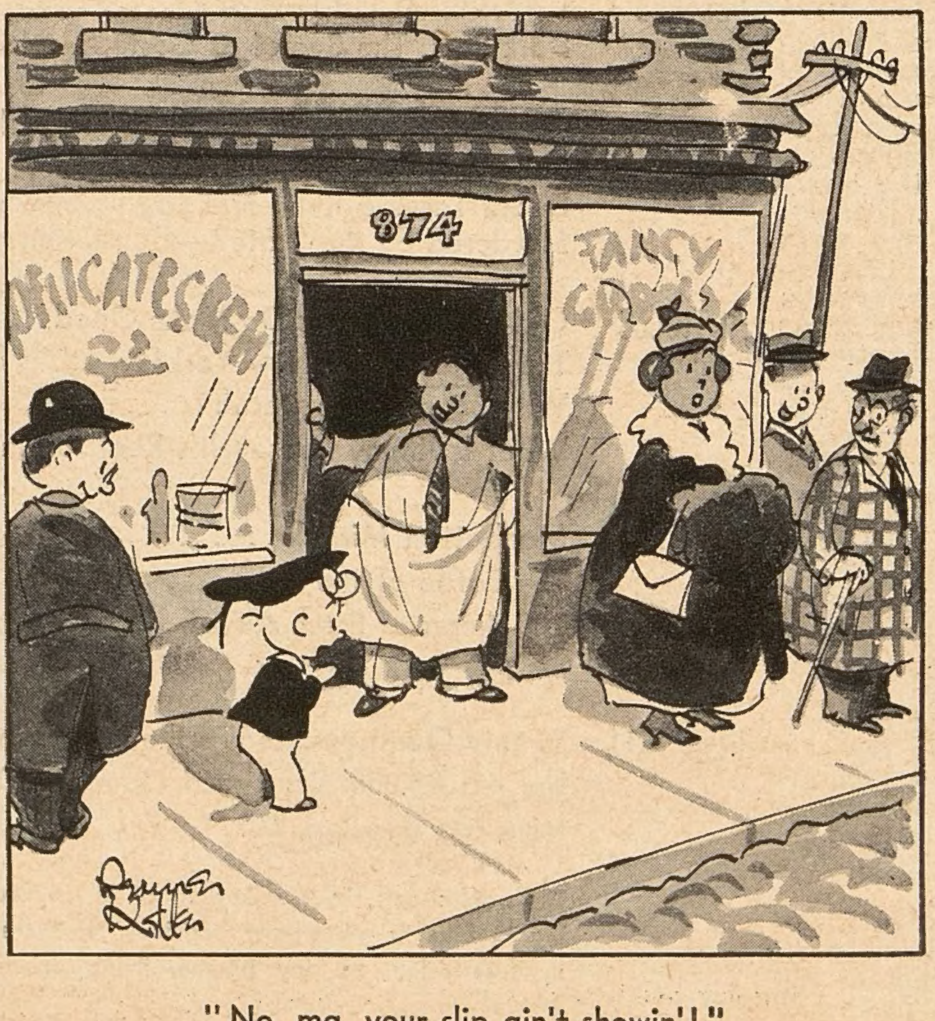
Three years as the maximum sentence would be plenty for any crime, or series of crimes, under such a system—short of murder. —*Ex-Copper and Prison " Hack."*

" YOUR MAGAZINE IS LOOKING NICE "

CLOSTER, N. J.—Macfadden's holding the unrighteous up to the light, Hardtack's drying the dishes with a floor mop, and all's well with the world. At least, that part of the world we live in. But God help those in some of the other parts. If I were a millionaire I would send free subscriptions of Liberty to the poor souls in Italy, France, and Russia.

Let me say, your magazine is looking very nice these days. Very witty, too.—*Mrs. J. Mackey.*

"HARDTACK"



" No, ma, your slip ain't showin'! "

Attorney General Murphy Answers Mr. Macfadden

SOME WEEKS AGO Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Liberty Magazine, wrote an editorial in which he discussed with forthright frankness the course of Frank Murphy, then Governor of Michigan, in the automobile sit-down strikes. Within a few days after the editorial appeared, Mr. Macfadden received a letter from Mr. Murphy, who in the meantime had been appointed Attorney General of the United States. In his letter Mr. Murphy offered a complete statement of his side of the sit-down controversy. We are proud to give space to Mr. Murphy's reply, for it presents the other side of a most important question. The practice of printing both sides of every question is, as you know, the foundation of Liberty's editorial policy. It is because we have unfailingly pursued that policy that Liberty is read today by millions of true Americans, intelligent sons and daughters of a democracy where men and women listen with patience to both sides of all public questions and make up their minds for themselves. That is why it is a distinction to be a regular reader of Liberty, and that is also why the greatest figures in all countries are anxious to tell their side of the story directly to you. . . . The letter from Mr. Murphy came while we were spending a few vacation days at the Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach. For the first time, we motored down, and that experience was a real adventure. On the steps of the beautiful Capitol at Richmond we inveigled a state legislator to talk about Liberty. "I hate its opposition to the New Deal," said he, "but I read it every week." . . . "Why?" . . . "Because it's fair," he said. "It gives both sides." . . . AT NEW BERN, NORTH CAROLINA, another charming incident. In the early hours of the morning we were called to the telephone by Mr. Sprinkle of the New Bern Tribune. We told him about our collection of 25,000 post cards, gathered on our travels around this old world. Next morning with breakfast came a copy of the Tribune with a cordial interview *and* a set of post cards of the lovely little city of New Bern. . . . Thanks, Mr. Sprinkle; hope to see you right there some other day. . . . Charleston is a gracious and fragrant memory; so is St. Augustine; and Miami is, as always, a city filled with enchantment. . . . Sat through a broadcast with our old-time friend, Walter Winchell, and marveled at the exhausting explosive physical effort he discharges into the microphone, a Winchell-raising performance. . . . AMBASSADOR JOSEPH P. KENNEDY dropped in at the Macfadden-Deauville for a chat just before we all left for the Orange Bowl game. What a straight-punching, hard-hitting, fast and clear thinker is this remarkable and completely winning man! He held us spellbound under a sunshade on the rim of the great pool with his views and news of foreign affairs. The verbal portrait he gave us of Elizabeth made the Queen of England seem to come magically to life in the warm Florida sunshine. . . . Was glad to talk again with Ethelda Bleibtrey, the swimming queen, who is teaching at Deauville, and to another old friend, Evelyn Law, who is in charge of the dancing classes. . . . Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., ran down for the aquatic carnival, and between a water ballet and a dive from a 130-foot ladder we talked over the plot of his new novel, which is soon to appear in Liberty. . . . We also attended the singing and exercise sessions several mornings. One must be dull indeed not to be stirred to a richer life in the midst of such gay and vigorous play. . . . EACH TIME WE LEAVE Miami Beach it is with deeper regret. But this time we had to hasten off to get to Washington in time for President Roosevelt's dinner to the Vice-President. That was a stately and picturesque occasion, and we wish there was space to gossip on about it, but we still have to tell you of the other good things in next week's Liberty. . . . BE SURE TO READ Achmed Abdullah's The New Hair-Do; and Gorillas Aren't People, by Roger Garis; and a new bridge story-problem by Sidney S. Lenz called The Maestro and the Miss. More good things we trust you won't miss are: Why Mussolini Turned on the Jews, by Donald Furthman Wickets; What the Champions Are Up Against in 1939, by Jack Dempsey; Tornado in Skirts, by Kenneth Collings; A Little Widow Is a Dangerous Thing, by Ruth Waterbury; Why Not Vamp the Boss? by Clara Belle Thompson and Margaret Lukes Wise; a new Valor in Citizenship story by Frederick Lewis, and many other features, including, of course, full courses of the current serials. . . . ONE READER, Hawley O. Burke of Elkhart, Indiana, writes in a new slogan for us: "Once upon a time the American people fought for liberty. Today Liberty fights for the American people."

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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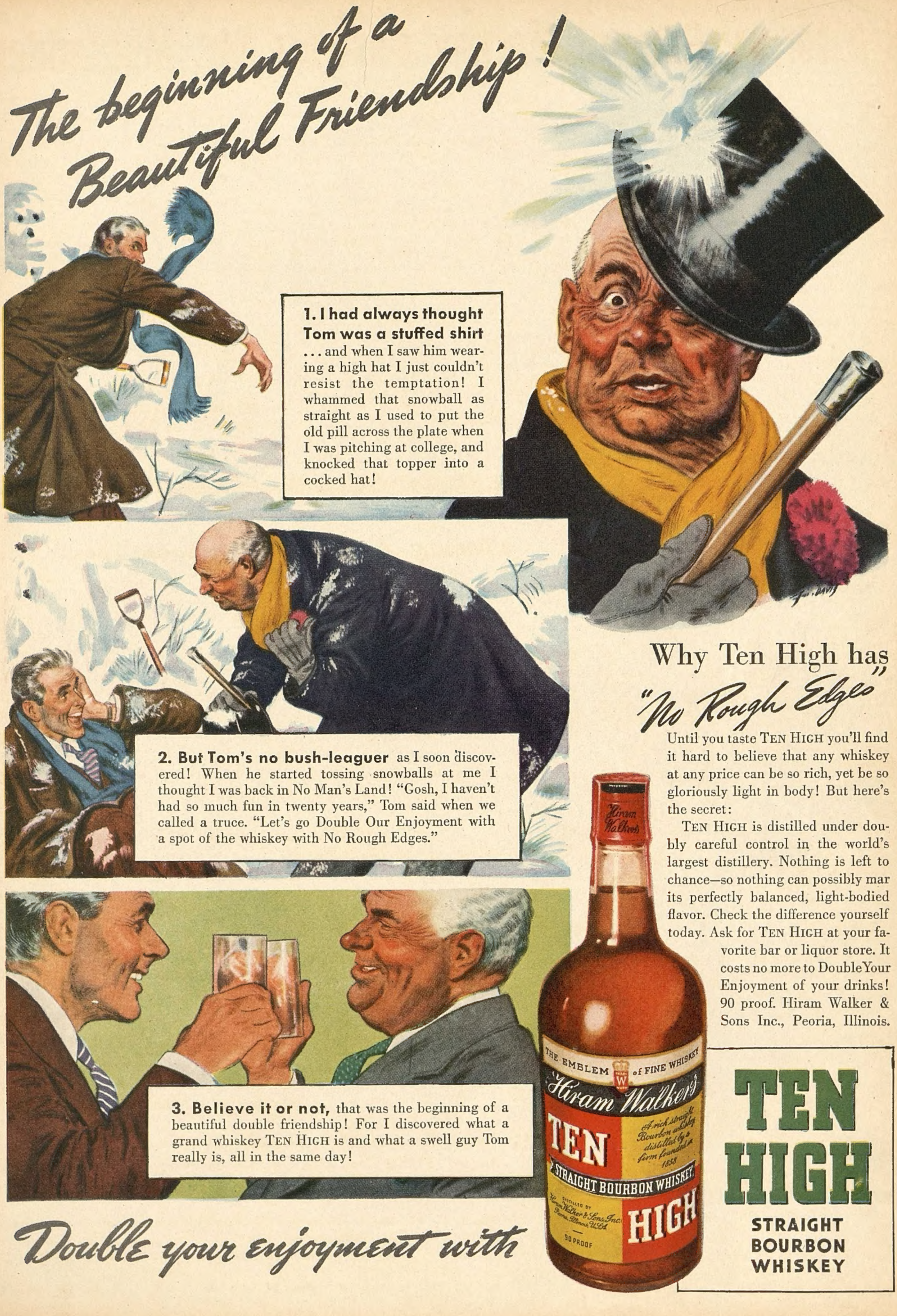
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MONTE CREWS

The beginning of a Beautiful Friendship!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Hiram Walker's
TEN
A rich straight Bourbon whiskey distilled by a firm founded in 1858
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Distilled by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.
90 PROOF
HIGH

1. I had always thought Tom was a stuffed shirt . . . and when I saw him wearing a high hat I just couldn't resist the temptation! I whammed that snowball as straight as I used to put the old pill across the plate when I was pitching at college, and knocked that topper into a cocked hat!

2. But Tom's no bush-leaguer as I soon discovered! When he started tossing snowballs at me I thought I was back in No Man's Land! "Gosh, I haven't had so much fun in twenty years," Tom said when we called a truce. "Let's go Double Our Enjoyment with a spot of the whiskey with No Rough Edges."

3. Believe it or not, that was the beginning of a beautiful double friendship! For I discovered what a grand whiskey TEN HIGH is and what a swell guy Tom really is, all in the same day!

Why Ten High has *"No Rough Edges"*

Until you taste TEN HIGH you'll find it hard to believe that any whiskey at any price can be so rich, yet be so gloriously light in body! But here's the secret:

TEN HIGH is distilled under doubly careful control in the world's largest distillery. Nothing is left to chance—so nothing can possibly mar its perfectly balanced, light-bodied flavor. Check the difference yourself today. Ask for TEN HIGH at your favorite bar or liquor store. It costs no more to Double Your Enjoyment of your drinks! 90 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

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Chesterfield
Chesterfield
Nothing else will do—

Chesterfields give me more pleasure than any cigarette I ever smoked

A HAPPY COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

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